

Men's Monologues

As always...read the entire script before performing your monologue. Don't be a slacker!
When you are ready to print, please highlight, copy, and paste into a document. If you
just hit "print" every single monologue will print!!!

From Published Scripts

Humorous

Actor's Nightmare	Bebe Fenstermaker	Beyond Therapy	Born Yesterday	Brighton Beach
Bums	Eat Your Heart Out	Fools	Drive Angry	Fortinbras
Hooters	Jimmy Shine	Nerd	Odd Couple	Rim of the World
Say Goodnight, Gracie	Warm up Guru	Lone Star	Greater Tuna	Babes/Brides-Charlie
Album	Foreigner	Rosencranz and Guildenstern	Bedrooms	Learning to Drive
Elliot Loves	Where Have Lightning Bugs	This is How it Is	Willie Wonka	Goodbye People
Bleacher Bums	Coming Attractions	Pygmalion	Rumors	God's Favorite #1
God's Favorite #2	Jakes Women	Plaza Suite--Roy	Producers	Dr. Strangelove (film)
You're a Good Man Charlie Brown	Ferris Bueller's Day Off	Saving Private Ryan (film)		

Dramatic

187	Biloxi Blues	Cat on a hot Tin Roof	Dylan	Electric Roses
Gingerbread Lady	I Never Sang, Father	Keely & Du	Lost in Yonkers	M Butterfly
Rashoman	Roosters	Tangled up in Blue	Waiting for Lefty	Boy who ate Moon
Lottery	Where Have Lightning Bugs	Glass Menagerie	Death of a Salesman	American Clock
The Crucible	Open Meeting	Glass Menagerie	All My Sons	Whose Soldier
Tracers--Dinky Dau	Tracers--Baby Sam	Me and Mom	Usual Suspects	Breakfast Club (film)
Boy Meets World (TV)	The Rock (film)			

Classic Pieces

Cyrano de Bergerac	Cyrano #2	Tartuffe---Orgon	Tartuffe---Cleant	Tartuffe---Tartuffe
Merchant of Venice	Clouds	Hamlet	Mandrake	Oedipus
Romeo & Juliet--Ben	Romeo & Juliet--Ro	White Devil	Romeo & Juliet--Ty	Much Ado About Nothing--Don Jon
Julius Ceasar, Anthony	The White Devil			

Stand Alone Monologues

Ben	Benjamin	Dan	David	Dean
Derrick	Ernie	Harrold	It's a Dog's Life	James
Jerry	Jim	Les	Martin	Observations
Rick	Sam	Soap Opera	The Auditions	I'm Not Dumb
I Remember	The Guest	The Good German	Girl Problems	ST. Patrick's Day
Day of Liberation	Tommy Boy	Driver's License		

187
by Jose Rivera
John

(The City of Industry, CA. Present day. Five PM. A bus stop. ALEJANDRA waits for a bus. She 's exhausted after working an eight hour day in a factory. JOHN comes running up to her He*s run a long distance. He is exhausted from working the same job.)

There's something I have to tell you..... hi... hi... I'm sorry, hi...(Catching his breath.) I—I don't chase people. I have my pride, you know. Pride's very important these days. Not much of it left. "Specially when you're working a crap job like we are, huh? The conditions in that place... like a slave labor camp... some gulag... I don't think they're gonna pass a hike in the minimum wage... looks like we're stuck in this Dickensian hell forever... Dust, cat crap, bad lighting, noise, filth, low pay: it's immoral is what it is; but it's **work**, I guess, and I don't let the work get me down. I have my pride, like I said. That's why I feel weird, you know? Chasing you. I don't chase people. Hard to have a lotta pride when you're waiting for a bus, I imagine. (**Beat.**) I've got an old T-bird. Twenty trillion mules. But it's an ass kicker. Red interior. Original everything—except the engine. Which I rebuilt myself. You've probably seen it in the lot. It's right over... there. I could drive you... I mean, I swallowed my pride and ran all the way out here chasing you to ask if I could drive you home in my ancient but very cool T-bird. Wanna? I'm John. You're from a Spanish speaking country. But you don't look like a lot of the Spanish speakers at the plant. You are, uh... well... they're kinda smaller..., they have more Indian, I guess, features... dark... and eyes that really penetrate... you don't know what their minds are doing... you look into their eyes and it's like looking into an infinite tunnel going into this deep ancient place and all you can see is this dark alphabet spelling words and feelings you can't read. You're not

like them. *Your* eyes aren't so... unfathomable. There's light in that tunnel. A sparkle. Something I can recognize and read. A friendliness. Like you don't wanna, you know, cut me up on some Mayan pyramid and offer my heart to some jealous horrible god. You're not gonna do that! There's a frightening, primitive *distance* I feel with the other Spanish speakers at work. But you're different. You're a different branch of the Spanish speaking world. Where is your home? Where? Oh, Argentina. (*Smiles.*) That makes sense. There's something more Italian about you than those Guatemalan chicks I see all the time. A Sophia Loren kinda quality... Whoa, back up... I *know you're not Sophia Loren*. Just want to say hello. I don't know. You don't have to... *Idiota?* That doesn't sound like a compliment! Who's talking about love anyway? I just wanna drive you home in my car. I don't want you to wear yourself out taking four buses every day. I don't want to see you breaking your back any more than you have to. I'm offering you something good in your completely crappy day. I didn't imply anything else. You—you— brought up sex and love, not me! I have feelings too. Latin Americans don't corner the market on feelings! Yeah, that's fine. You can do that. You say no it's no. I'm not from the 1950s when no didn't mean jack to a man. I know what "*pendejo*" means: you can't call me that 'cause I ain't one! (*Slight beat.*) I was drawn to the light reflected in your eyes. It warms me. I don't get enough of that light in my life. Thought if you spent a little time in my car as I drove you home you could tell me about your world and I'd be able to enjoy that light a few extra minutes. (*Slight beat.*) Because I live in darkness. I live in a pit. I live among the moles and shrews and earthworms, all these eyeless creatures digging in the crap of the world looking for their love and their sex. You're the one person I've seen in a year in this city that's got more than survival on their minds, whose laughter I've heard louder and clearer than all the sounds of all the machinery in that damn plant. I thought I could live on that a few extra minutes a day. To keep me from suffocating in the darkness. You have *that much* you could hold over me. That much. And I don't have anything. No money, no degrees, no family, no politics: just a pathetic old car my older brother gave me 'cause he felt sorry for me. (*Slight beat.*) The only thing I have, I guess, is that I live here. I'm American. And you're not. I have this country and its laws. And you don't. You have your papers, honey? You have that green card? You have a right to be standing here waiting for my bus? Using up my roads and my housing? I've seen it happen before—I've seen the company call Immigration every time there's a little agitation at the plant. Union talk. Unhappy workers. I've seen it. It's not nice. The place goes crazy when those agents appear. You see old people running pretty fast! I'd laugh—I would—I'd laugh watching those pretty legs running from the INS like a dog. (*Beat.*) I'm sorry. Forget that. Sounding like a Nazi ass. I don't mean to make threats to you. I'm not the kind to do that. I guess it's the only power I thought I had over you. And I guess I don't even have that.

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The Actor's Nightmare

By: Christopher Durang
GEORGE

Setting: A theater Situation: An accountant named George Spelvin is baffled to find himself on the stage of a theatre. The stage manager tells him that "Eddie" (Edwin Booth) has been in a car accident and George will have to go on for him. The curtain goes up on a play with is either Private Lives, Checkmate or Hamlet. George wings it as well as he can, but is lost when his co-stars exeunt.

Oh don't go! (*Pause, smiles uncomfortably at the audience.*) Maybe someone else will come out in a minute. (*Pause.*) Of course, sometimes people have soliloquies in Shakespeare. Let's just wait a moment more and maybe someone will come. (*Spotlight suddenly flashes on GEORGE.*) Oh dear. (*GEORGE fidgets awkwardly then decides to do his best to live up to the requirements of the moment.*) To be or not to be, that is the question! (*Doesn't know any more.*) Oh maid! (*No response, he remembers that actors call for "line"*) Line. LINE! Ohhhhh. Oh, what a rouge and peasant slave am I! Wheater tis nobler in the mind's eye to kill oneself, or not dreams are made on ; and our lives are rounded by a little sleep. (*Lights change. Spot goes out.*) Uh, thrift, thrift, Horatio! Neither a borrower nor a lender be. But to thine own self be true. There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. Extraordinary how potent cheap music can be. Out, out damn spot! I come to wive it wealthy in Padua. (*Sings.*) Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now...Da da da!!! (*GEORGE moves center stage*) I wonder whose yacht that is. How was China? Very large, China. How was Japan? Very small, Japan. (*Looks around nervously, then says the first thing that comes to mind.*) I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, under god, indivisible with liberty and justice for all. Line! Line! Line! Oh my god. (*Gets idea.*) O my god, I am heartily sorry for having offended thee , and I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell. But most of all they offend thee, GOD, who art all good and deserving of my love. And I resolve to confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life. AMEN! (*Friendly.*) That's the act of contrition that Catholic schoolmasters say in confession in order to be forgiven for their sins. But ARGH! I'm not Catholic or a school master! What am I doing? (*Explaining*) When you call for a line, usually the stage manager gives it to you! Y'know to just refresh your memory! LINE! The quality of mercy if not strained. It droppith as the gentle rain upon the place below. Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him well. Get thee to a nunnery! Line! Nunnery! Oh who am I kidding? I am an accountant. I've studied ogarithms, and cosine and tangent..... (*irritated.*) LINE! (*Apoligetic.*) I'm sorry. This is supposed to be Hamlet or Private Lives or something. And I keep on rattling like a maniac. And I expected to see Edwin Booth, and now I have to go on for him! I'm so embarrassed. Line! I don't know what else to do? (*Sings alphabet song.*) A B C D E F G.....etc. (As he starts to sing, ELLEN TERRY enters dragging to large garbage cans. She puts them side by side, and gets in one.) Oh, good. Are you Ophelia? Get thee to a nunnery. (*She points to the other garbage can indicating he should get in it.*) Get in? Ok! (*He does*) This must be one of those modern Hamlets.

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ALBUM

By: David Rimmer

BOO

This scene takes place in Boo's room at school. Boo is sixteen, fast talking and fidgety.

Hey...I just remembered this dream I had last night. I was at this big post party in London, at this really rich house. It was really high up and there was these big picture windows, you could see all the river and the lights of the town. I was with this girl- you know who it was? Trish. We were just lookin' out the window--And all these rich little old ladies started runnin' around all over the place, all excited, saying "Mick Jagger's coming, isn't that wonderful, Mick Jagger's coming. They came up to us and they told us be careful cause

the latest thing in London now was sadism, and Mick was really into it. Then they flitted away, laughin' and eatin' *hors d'oeuvres* and stuff, and everybody was just waitin' for Mick to show up. Finally he did, he just walked right in, Marianne Faithfull was with him -- she had purple hair. And this whole crowd of little old ladies swarmed all around him. They introduced me to him, and he was incredibly scary-looking, his face, he really made me scared just lookin' at him. He had lipstick on and make-up and he was dressed like a woman, but it was more like he really was a woman, a woman and a man at the same time. All of a sudden he started pullin' my hair really vicious, and he had these bracelets on that were made outta spikes, they jabbed into me, I saw drops of blood drippin' off 'em like a horror movie. I screamed or somethin', I just ran away I was so scared. I ended up in this room away from the party, nobody around, and I saw this guy sittin' on a couch, just sittin' there by himself, really quiet, watchin' TV. I sat down and watched the TV for a couple of minutes, then I turned and looked at the guy...and it was Dylan.

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THE DAYS & NIGHTS OF BEEBEE FENSTERMAKER

By: William Snyder

BOB

A young man with an Arkansas accent has shows up at Beebee's apartment, believing that a friend of his lives there. Beebee, along on her birthday, has invited him in, and in this scene, he talks about himself.

My name is Bob Smith, care of Claude and Esther Berry Smith, Box 231, Hughes, Arkansas. I'm twenty-five years old and I have an eighth grade education. My daddy run me clean out of town. Bought me a one way ticket on a Trailways Bus. Told me he'd buy me a one way ticket to anyplace in the U.S.A. Even rode with me as far as Le-Hi. (*Pronounced Lee-High*) to make sure I didn't pull a fast one and slip back after sundown. He said Hughes wasn't big enough for the both of us. Hughes is tee-ninacy all right. But I didn't think it was that small. Last I seen of my Daddy was when the bus puled into Le-Hi. he got off the bus and bought me a Dr. Pepper and this comic book. (pulls a comic book from hip pocket) He said, "Well, so long, Bob. I'll see you in the funny papers." Before I could even say anything he skipped across the highway and was thumbn a ride back to Hughes. That was the last I seen of my daddy. The very last I seen of him before he took off for Hughes. I bet he was back there before supper. I know he's back there by now. (*Pleasantly. He looks at the kitchen table*) I wonder what Momma and Daddy had for supper? Fried chicken most likely. I sure do love friend chicken. I sure do miss Hughes. I never been no further than Blackfish Lake cept the time Momma and Daddy took me up to hear Reverend Moore Preach a revival at Proctor. Momma's a bug on religion, but old Reverend Moore's one somebody sure igged her. Reverend Moores the shoutin foot stompin kind of religion, and Momma's is the toe the line, hoe the row kind. They don't even sing in Momma's church. It was started up right there in Hughes by Reverend Bitsie Trotter. He does odd jobs with a pick-up truck during the week. Folks said the reason he didn't allow singing was cause he couldn't carry a tune.

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BEYOND THERAPY

by Christopher Durang

STUART

Hello. What's on your mind this week? Dammit, I don't feel like dragging the words out of you this week. You pay me to listen so talk, damn it. (*pause*) I'm sorry, I'm on edge today. All my patients are this way. None of them talk. Well this one guy talks, but he talks in Yiddish a lot, and I don't know what the hell he's saying. How was your week? Another series of lonely, loveless evenings. I'm still here, babe. Just kidding. Now, we're reaching the richest part of our therapy and already I see results. But I think you're entering a very uncharted part of your life just now, and so you must stay with your therapy. You're going out with homosexuals, God knows what you're going to do next. Now I'm very serious. I'm holding out the life line. Don't turn away. You're a very sick woman, and you mustn't be without a therapist even for a day. What do you mean your discontinuing your therapy? You're obviously afraid of a real man. You go ahead and leave me, and you know what's going to happen to you without therapy? You're going to become a very pathetic, very lonely old maid. You know what's going to happen to you? You're going to break off with that clown in a few days, and then you're not going to go out with men anymore at all. Your emotional life is going to be tied up with your cats. Do you know what she does in her apartment? She keeps cats! Some guy she almost married last year wanted to marry her but he was allergic to cats and so she chose the cats! You're gonna end up taking little boat cruises to Bermuda with your cats and with spinster librarians when you're fifty unless you decide to kill yourself before then! And all because you were too cowardly and self destructive and stupid to keep yourself from being an old maid by sticking with your therapy. (*hysterical*) You're a terrible terrible patient.

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BILOXI BLUES

by Neil Simon

Arnold

I was in the latrine alone. I spent four hours cleaning it, on my hands and knees. It looked better than my mother's bathroom at home. Then these two non-coins come in, one was the cook, that three hundred pound guy and some other slob, with cigar butts in their mouths and reeking from beer. . . They come in to pee only instead of using the urinal, they use one of the johns, both peeing in the same one, making circles, figure-eights. Then they start to walk out and I say, "Hey, I just cleaned that. Please flush the johns." And the big one, the cook, says to me, "Up your ass, rookie," or some other really clever remark. . . And I block the doorway and I say, "There's a printed order on the wall signed by Captain Landon stating the regulations that all facilities must be flushed after using" . . . And I'm requesting that they follow regulations, since I was left in charge, and to please flush the facility.. . And the big one says to me, "Suppose you flush it, New York Jew Kike," and I said my ethnic heritage notwithstanding, please flush the facility. . . They look at each other, this half a ton of brainless beef and suddenly rush me, turn me upside down, grab my ankles and — and — and they lowered me by my feet with my head in the toilet, in their filth, their poison . . . all the way until I couldn't breathe.. . then they pulled off my belt and tied my feet on to the ceiling pipes with my head still in their foul waste and tied my hands behind my back with dirty rags, and they left me there, hanging like a pig that was going to be slaughtered. . . I wasn't strong enough to fight back. I couldn't do it alone. No

one came to help me... Then the pipe broke and I fell to the ground.. . It took me twenty minutes to get myself untied... Twenty minutes! . . . But it will take me the rest of my life to wash off my humiliation. I was degraded. I lost my dignity. If I stay, Gene, if they put a gun in my hands, one night, I swear to God, I'll kill them both. . . I'm not a murderer. I don't want to disgrace my family...But I have to get out of here...Now do you understand?

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BORN YESTERDAY

by Garson Kanin

Brock

My point is you can't do me no harm if you make me out to be a mugg. Maybe you'll help me. Everybody gets scared, and for me that's good. Everybody scares easy. You can't hurt me. All you can do is build me up or shut up. Have a drink. I thought you wanted to intraview me. *(A pause.) I was born in Jersey, Plainfield, New Jersey, 1907. I went to work when I was twelve years old and I been workin' ever since. I tell you my first job. A paper route. (He pronounces it 'rowt.' * bought a kid out with a swift kick in the keester. And I been working ever since. I tell you how I'm the top man in my racket. I been in it over twenty-five years. In the same racket Junk. Not steel. Junk. Look, don't butler me up. I'm a junk man. I ain't ashamed to say it. Lemme give you some advice, sonny boy. Never crap a crapper. I can sling it with the best of -em! I tell you. I'm a kid with a paper route. I got this little wagon. So on my way home nights, I come through the alleys pickin' up stuff. I'm not the only one. All the kids are doin' it. Only difference is, they keep it. Not me. I sell it. First thing you know, I'm makin- seven, eight bucks a week from that. Three bucks from papers. So I figure out right off which is the right racket. I'm just kid, mind you, but I could see that. Pretty soon, the guy I'm sellin' to is handin' me anywheres from fifteen to twenty a week. So he offers me a job for *ten!* Dumb jerk. I'd be sellin' this guy his own stuff back half the time and he never knew. *(Relishing the memory.)* Well, in the night, see, I'm under the fence *(A shovel-like gesture with both hands)* and I drag it out *(He does so.)* and load up. *(Puts stuff on his back.)* In the morning *(Tracing the way with a wide arc.)* I bring it in the front way and collect! *(Pockets imaginary money, gleefully.)* So pretty soon I owned the whole yard. This guy, the jerk? He works for *me* now. *(Happily.)* And you know who else works for me? That kid whose paper route I swiped. *(Magnanimously.)* I figure I owe 'im. *(Modestly.)* That's how I am.*

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THE BOY WHO ATE THE MOON

By Jane Martin

James

I'm James. I'm dying. The moon is inside me. It went down my throat but it's not there now. No, I've never done drugs of any kind. The date? It's the 17th. I'm dying of distension. I'll explode, I suppose. I have something in mye... you know, pressing, pressing out. It grows in there and it presses out... presses the feeling out. The feelings. Plural. Is my .. hand hot? The pressing makes me hot. I've been getting a little hotter each day for several years. It used to be I could control it with ice cream. I would eat ice cream but now it melts without cooling and I don't like the sweet taste. Winter was good. Lying down in the snow was good, but I got so hot that steam...steam came out of me like I was smoking. I can boil water with my right hand. I can't take a bath anymore... showers, sure... I mean I'm not dirty or anything... but a bath, after a few minutes, it could boil me like a lobster. I warm the air. Can you feel it? Melanie can't touch me anymore. Well, I mean for a second, sure... like you touched my hands... But for longer... you know... not anymore. People only want you to give off so much heat... I'll move further back if you want me to. Last night I could see my hands in the dark. It suddenly occurred to me that I was going to ignite. I think it must be very painful to burn...I mean that's different from heat. I would be very afraid to burn... Remember how they taught you that by rubbing two sticks... well that's... my inside rubs against my outside. It was raining last night so I figured it would put me out. I went out... went out in the rain and down by the laundromat... down by Spring Street there was a pool and the moon...I was pretty sure that if the rain on the outside, the outside'of me didn't... well then I'd just drink the water... put me out that way... but I wasn't... you know... thinking clearly and I...and I swallowed the moon. Well just the beginning of one... part of a moon. It's going to grow inside me... you know... for however many days... making pressure...making me hotter...I'm uh...I'm uh going to leak flame. . . I'm pretty sure it will set me on fire... you know, in my condition...see the thing is that once you start getting hot it's really hard to cool down.

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BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS

by Neil Simon

EUGENE

"That's-what-they-have-gutters-for". . . *(to audience)* If my mother knew I was writing all this down, she would stuff me like one of her chickens. . . I'd better explain what she meant by Aunt Blanche's "situation" . . . You see, her husband, Uncle Dave, died six years ago from . . . *(He looks around.)*, this thing. . . They never say the word. They always whisper it. It was — *(He whispers.)* — Cancer! . . . I think they're afraid if they said it out loud, God would say, "I HEARD THAT! YOU SAID THE DREAD DISEASE! *(He points finger down.)* JUST FOR THAT, I SMITE YOU DOWN WITH IT!" ... There are some things that grown-ups just won't discuss ... For example, my grandfather. He died from — *(He whispers.)*—Diphtheria! . . . Anyway, after Uncle Dave died, he left Aunt Blanche with no money. Not even insurance. . . And she couldn't support herself because she *has*—*(He whispers.)* Ashma So my big-hearted mother insisted we take her and her kids in to live with us. So they broke up our room into two small rooms and me and my brother Stan live on this side, and Laurie and her sister Nora live on the other side. My father thought it would just be temporary but it's been three and a half years so far and I think because of Aunt Blanche's situation, my father is developing — *(He whispers.)*

—High blood pressure! My cousin Laurie has a "flutter in her heart." Because of her "condition," I have to do twice as much work around here... Boy, if I could just make the Yankees, I'd be in St. Petersburg this winter. . . . (*He starts out and down the stairs.*) Her sister Nora isn't too bad. She's sixteen. I don't mind her much. (*He is downstairs by now.*) At least she's not too bad to look at. (*He starts taking glasses down from open cupboard.*) To be absolutely honest, this is the year I started noticing girls that weren't too bad to look at... Nora started developing about eight months ago ... I have the exact date written in my diary.

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BUMS

By Robert Shaffron
BROADWAY VIC

(*A chant.*) Spare a little change, your luck might change. Spare a little change, your luck might change. (*A beat.*) You believe in luck? Never mind. Doesn't matter. 'Cause I'm about to tell you a little secret. This is a little secret I know. I know it right down to the bone. I'm gonna tell you this secret so you can know the truth. Then you can stop wonderin'. And when you stopped wonderin' and you know the truth, then maybe you'll slip a little somethin' into my cup. You like this cup? Found it. Found it right there 'bout where you standin' at. Seen a man come out that little cafe 'crosst the street he had this little cup in his hand. Dropped it. Dropped it in the gutter right there 'bout where you standin' at. Fat, short little man. Had this big coat on, had some kinda fur 'round the collar. Had it turned up half up to his face so it just about touch his hat where it come down on his head, so's you could only see a little bit o' face kinda, you know, peekin' out. Pink face. Short, fat little pink face man. I pick up this cup here, and I shook out the last few drops of coffee, an' I held it out to this man, say, "Spare a little change, your luck might change." So this fella he look at me he say, "That don't rhyme. Can't rhyme 'change' wif 'change." Can't rhyme a word wif its own self." I say, "I don't claim to be rhymin". I'm just aslin' for a handout." He walked. Didn't gimme nothin' either. But I got this cup off 'im, so I guess that's somethin'. (*A beat.*) Spare a little change, your luck might change. (*A beat.*) I ain't forgot. I'm gettin' to it. You wanna know that secret I promised you. Here it is. Whether you believe in luck or not, it still is. Damn, that's all there is. It's all luck. Good luck and bad luck and dumb luck. Everything there is and everything there ain't it's just luck. I know 'cause I *lived* luck. How come I'm here on this corner in these pissy pants talkin' to you is luck. May not be good luck, but it's luck. Very happy to make your acquaintance. My name is Broadway Vic. This here's my corner. You got a dollar?

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CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

by Tennessee Williams
BRICK

All right. You're askin' for it, Big Daddy. We're finally goin' to have that real, true talk you wanted. It's too late to stop it now, we got to carry it through an' cover ev'ry subject. Maggie declares that Skipper an' I went into pro football after we left Ole Miss because we were scared to grow up, wanted to keep on tossin' those long long, high, high passes that couldn't be intercepted except by time, th' aerial attack that made us famous! An' 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 down the law to me--she said now or never, and so I married Maggie. She went on the road that fall with th' Dixie Stars. Oh, she made a great show of bein' the world's best sport. She wore a tall bearskin cap! A shake, they call it, a dyed moleskin coat, a moleskin coat dyed red. Cut up crazy! Rented hotel ball rooms for victory celebrations, wouldn't cancel 'em when it turned out--defeat. Maggie the cat! But Skipper, he had some fever which came back on him which the doctors couldn't explain, an' I got that injury--turned out to be just a shadow on th' X-ray plate, an' a touch of bursitis. 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 the 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, so she took this time to work on poor dumb Skipper! Poured in his mind the dirty, false idea that what we were, him an' me was a frustrated case of ole sissyboys like Jack Straw an' Peter Ochello! He, poor Skipper, went to bed with Maggie to prove it wasn't true, an' when it didn't work out, he thought it was true! Skipper broke in two like a rotten slick--nobody ever turned so fast into a lush--or died of it so quick. Now--are you satisfied?

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THE CLOUDS

by Aristophanes

How my son and I first began to bicker I will tell you very soon. You know that we'd been feasting. I asked him for a song, Simoides' Shearing of the Ram, with lyre accompaniment. Lyre music, says he to me, is a stale accomplishment. Only fools, says he, at a table sing, like an old woman grinding grain. I was scarcely able to hold back my temper when Simonides the Old he dubbed a poetic hack! Next I asked for a bit of Aeschylus, holding my temper back. That noisy mouther of trash, says he, that fashioner of claptrap crude! Is Aeschylus really first class?--Though my bosom heaved, I held my mood. So I revised my request. What he gave was Euripides, some tale of vile incest! No longer could I hold it in, with abuse I'd make him smother. He paid me back, as you might guess: one insult provoked another. I brought you up, you shameless wretch, your lisping I understood. If you cried *bry*, I brought you drink, if *mam* I brought you food. Before you'd finish saying *cac* I'd rush you out to the yard. But when I complained and cried to you that cramps were gripping me hard, you take me out of doors. Nowhere does the law provide that fathers should be so treated. My son, if the cock your model you make, be consistent please. Roost upon a bush, and off the dunghill take your meals.

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DRIVE ANGRY

by Matt Pelfrey
Rex
Rex the Mex behind the wheel. Chemo-Boy rides shotgun.

Concrete, concrete, concrete...lights, neon, billboards..... rich cars, poor cars, ugly cars, dented cars, cars with tint, with our-of-state plates, cars with vanity plates...cars with loser zoos, cars with stupid bumper stickers, cars with no bumpers, hot rods, jeeps, vans, busses...Asian dudes, Armenian dudes, Arab dudes, black dudes, brown dudes, white dudes. . .everyone mixing, merging, honking... Like this freeway is just a big concrete bloodstream full of mechanical germs... .angry mechanical germs...Can I give you a lift tomorrow to where? Oh, man, your chemo treatment? What time? Nine o'clock? (*Slightly annoyed.*) Yeah, I can give you a ride. I'm not annoyed... I just wanted to sleep in. (*Increasingly annoyed*) *I'll drive you!* I said I'd drive you...I said I would stinkin' drive you, okay? Stop sniveling.You are. You're sniveling like some kinda *victim*. Little Chemo-Boy suffering from cancer. Waaaaa! You're not even losing your *hair*. I mean, you know, what kind of wimpy cancer you got that your chemo doesn't make you go bald? You know? On TV, all the cool cancer patients go bald. Your stuff doesn't do that? It's cause you got pussy chemo. No, I'm not being a jerk. I'm chemo for your manhood. You heard me. I'm like chemo for your whatever, yeah, your manhood. I won't let you become one of those people who start to feed off their disease. My uncle got pancreatic cancer, and that's what he became. Pancreatic Cancer Man. Everything was about his disease. How he's "bravely battling cancer." All that disease hype. The whole time, I'm thinking, what's so damn brave about battling something that you have no choice about? You got cancer. You deal with it. Its like how we treat cops and firemen. They save someone, they catch a killer, and, yeah, that's great, but it's their job. It's not like some civilian that risks his life to intervene and save someone. A cop or fireman has no choice. That's no more than what's expected. It's their job. They're not being heroes, they're earning a paycheck and enjoying a privileged position in society. Let me ask you a question. Let me pose a thought to you...Why did you get cancer? But what did the doctors tell you? But at your age, ass cancer is rare. So why did this stuff grow inside of you? You may not know, but I *do*. I do, man. I really do. What you continually fail to grasp, my diseased little friend, is that I am not burdened by over-education. I haven't spent eight years after high school getting taught how to think or what pre-packaged crock to spout so that I appear smart at parties and espresso bars. I actually think. I have forced myself to remain open to the Cosmic Whatever. My diagnosis? Existential pollution. That is all the crap out there. All the crap that pisses you off and eats at you day in and day out. All that crap has crawled up inside your ass and died like a sick rat. And that got everything infected. What kind of crap? Well, as I touched on already Call the chicks that piss us off, our crappy jobs, our parents and especially the psychotic, selfish, asshole drivers who plague us every day of our lives. You see, all these elements are out there, like secondhand smoke "like *smog*" *it's* drifting, hanging in the air, contaminating our world. Am I right? You know I am. Food for thought? It's a stinking all-you-can-eat buffet and it's all true. Feast on that for a while, my friend. Feast on that.

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DYLAN
(*dramatic*)

I'm me. I smoke too much. I drink too much. I never like to go to bed. But when I go to bed, I never like to have to get up! I sleep with women. I'm not much on men. Necrophilism--that's with dead bodies--leaves me cold. I never watch the clock and it doesn't pay much attention to me. I write poems and I read 'em out loud. I lie, I cry, I laugh, I cheat, I steal, when I can. I must have an iron constitution as I've been abusing it for years to an extent which'd kill a good horse in a matter of hours. I love people, rich and poor people, dumb as well as smart people. people who like poetry and people who never heard of poetry. I'm life's most devoted, most passionate, most shameless lover. I must be. And I like a good party and a good time and applause and lost of pats on my back and pots and hats full of money which I then spend without thinking. Comforts make me comfortable; nails in my shoe, an ache in my tooth and grit in my eye do not. I'm not as confused as anyone I ever met or heard of. Because I am me. And I know me. I've sung a few songs just for the pleasure of singing, but now I have come to a point in my life when I think I have something to say. I think it's something about having the guts to thumb your nose at the social shears that clip the wings of the human heart in our mushrooming, complex, cancerous age. I'm hot for fireworks in the dull of night. I want the factual killing world should go back to fancy kissing for it's livelihood. I'm about to write a play on my own, my first called UNDER MILKWOOD. And I've been offered to play the lead in a play on Broadway. Things are looking up. But I'm spitting a lot of blood and blacking out more often than I'm used to. and I think I had a touch of the d.t.'s this past week as I've started seeing things that aren't there---mice, for example. Miss Meg Stuart, my friend, suggested that I come to see you, Doctor, as it's entirely possible and not a little ironic, now that things are finally looking up...that I'm dying.

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EAT YOUR HEART OUT

By: Nick Hall
CHARLIE

This is a humorous play that takes place in a Manhattan restaurant. Charlie is a personable and attractive young waiter who wants to be an actor. Between comical scenes with customers, he comes downstage and talks directly to the audience.

If there's one thing I can't stand in theater, it's walking out along on stage at the beginning of the evening to open a show cold. (*Grins*) But it's better than waiting tables. I'm Charlie (*ironic*). .your waiter for the evening. I'd rather be on stage tonight. Waiting tables is a toy job. You probably don't know what a toy job is. I'll explain. A toy job is a job that you don't really care about, that you do to make a living, while you wait for the chance to do the job you want to do. (*Beat. He measure the audience*) But maybe you know already. Being a waiter is sort of a standard job for an actor, it's expected. I mean, if you're a dentist or an insurance salesman and someone ways "where're ya' working' nowadays?", and you say, "I'm a waiter at this little French place on fifty-sixth street," they think you're a failure. But if you're an actor, they understand. So. (*Indicates the restaurant with a gesture*) Ici, personne ne parle francais. (*Beat*) That's the name of the place (*Beat*) Yeah, well I didn't get it the first time either. It means no one here speaks French. It's really a lunch place. At lunch they use four waiters. After lunch through dinner: one waiter. (*Indicates himself*) We just get a few semi-regulars in the evening, and now, between lunch and dinner, nothing. (*By now Charlie has started to fiddle with things on the tables.*) The food's good, French, reasonable. At lunch you can get a great meal here for about three-fifth, four bucks. Of course, the price soars if you start ordering little extras like coffee.

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ELECTRIC ROSES

by David Howard
Russel

You ever been to Las Vegas? . . . It's something, I'll tell you. . . . You gotta go at night, though. All those lights, man, it's something. (*He laughs a little.*) Somebody said they musta built it at night, cause it's so damn ugly in the day. An' Darrell said the only thing you ought to do in Las Vegas is eat. You try to do anything else, they're just taking your money . . . Course, you can drink for nothing if you gamble, but . . . I suppose he's right anyhow . . . you can't drink enough to make it worth-while. So, we figured, you know, what the hell, you gotta do something, you can't just sit there. . . . an' you know as well as I do there's nothing to do here in Yuma at night . . . The sun goes down, this place turns into a damn grave yard. Feel like you're in Tubac or somewhere. So, he called Abby, an' we went to get Sara. She was working. She works over at Jerry's Tastee Cone . . . Used to be the Tastee Freeze, til they run outta money. Now it's the Tastee Cone . . . An' we go over there, an' said, you know, we're goin' to Vegas. You wanna come? You see, a woman like Sara . . . I mean, she was pretty an' all, but . . . that ain't it. It was like, when I looked at her, something happened . . . (*He puzzles over what he feels.*) She put a hook inside of me that wasn't ever gonna let go . . . I knew that . . . I knew that the minute it happened. So, anyway, we're drivin' up there. We're out therein the desert, up past Needles, an' you know, there ain't nothing out there. It's just black. An' Darrell pulls the car over, and, I don't know, runs off to take a piss or something, an' me and Sara get out of the car. . . . Abby was asleep. She always does that in the car . . . An' you know, there's nothing around. . . The only light you've got is from the stars. And I'm telling you, you look up and you look up and you can see things you never believed were up there We were standing there, an' I could feel her there next to me . . . that dark all around us. And I said, "You know why we're going to Vegas, don't you?" And she said, "Why's that?" And, I said, "So I can marry you." An' she said, "Bullshit." An' I said, "I am. I'm takin' you to Vegas, and I'm gonna marry you when we get there." And she laughs, and she says, "Why in the hell should I marry you?" And I said . . . (*His tone becomes much more sign dl cant — the words mean considerably more.*) I said, "Cause no one in the world is ever gonna feel what I feel for you right now." (*There is a pause.*) Hell, I don't know what was in her head to say yes to me, but she did. I guess maybe she knew how much I wanted it . . . (*He thinks a moment.*) First thing we did when we hit town was find a place that would do it for us. You know, they've got places that will do it all night. An' we found one . . . this little white house with electric roses that lit up the outside, an' . . . I married her. Later on, we were sitting in this bar . . . Darrell's eating shrimp cocktail. You know, forty-nine cents. An' Abby's over playing the nickel slots. An' this guy . . . this ass-hole, keno player . . . He's got this shirt with flowers all over it, and his hair looks like . . . you know, Mr. California-Dude. An' he's sittin' there lookin' at Sara . . . just staring at her, an' you know what I'm talkin' about . . . Hell, I wanted to break his greasy neck. An' I said, "What are you lookin' at, pal?" An' he says, "Do you own her?" An' I said, "Yeah, I do." And then I broke his friggin' nose. (*Over a speaker, we hear the voice of the bus station announcer.*) See, you gotta understand, a woman like that, geez, if you Could see how they are around her. I start thinking about that, and . . . something happens inside of me. (*It is painful for him to speak.*) I admit it . . . I've hit her . . . (*Pause. He looks over the audience.*) Well, what do you want me to say? I'm not proud of it . . . Sometimes, when I drink . . . all them looks . . . (*quietly*) Sometimes, you just wonder how strong a person is, you know?God knows, I love her . . . She's the most important thing in the world to me . . . she knows that, too. No matter what happens, she knows it.

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FOOLS

by Neil Simon
Leon

Miss Zubritsky! (*He turns aside, dazed.*) Is that my breath that has just been taken away? Is that vision before me human or have I too been cast under the spell? Never have I felt such a stirring beneath my breast Watch yourself, Leon! She is your pupil, not the object of your dormant feelings of passion. (*He turns back to them.*) Excuse me.. Won't you please sit down, Miss Zubritsky? Miss Zubritsky—may I call you Sophia? Please, madame. We must allow the girl to speak for herself. (*To SOPHIA.*) I should like very much to be your friend. Would it please you if I called you Sophia? I think she wants to say something. I've come a very long way to help you with you education. I have every reason to believe that under ordinary circumstances, you have the capability of being an extremely bright and intelligent young woman, that deep inside you somewhere is an intellect just crying to be heard, that you have enormous powers of reason. But someone has put a cloud over these powers and it is my intention to remove this cloud so that enlightenment can once more shine through those unbelievably crystal-clear blue eyes once again. But I need your help, Sophia. Will you give me that help? I should like to ask you a few very simple questions. If we are to begin your education, it is important that I know at what point to begin. It won't be taxing, I promise you. I would never want to be the cause of a furrow or frown on that fair face . . . Now, then — what is your favorite color? Yes, is it red or blue or green or orange? Any color at all. Which one is your favorite? I'll ask you once again, Sophia. What-is-your-favorite-color? Yellow! Her favorite color is yellow! Why, Sophia? Why is yellow your favorite color? Because it doesn't stick to your fingers as much? That's a very interesting answer, Sophia. There is a certain logic to her response. The fact that that logic escapes me completely doesn't alter the fact that she has something in mind. Sophia, I'm going to ask you something quite simple now. I'm going to ask you to make a wish. Do you know what a wish is? If you could make a wish that did come true, anything at all, what would you wish for? Sophia, that is the most beautiful wish I have ever heard. (*To the Sophia's parents*) Don't you see what her wish means? To fly like a bird means to sever the bonds that chain her to ignorance. She wants to soar, to grow, she wants knowledge! And with every fiber of my being, from the very depths of my soul. I shall gather all my strength and patience and dedication, and I make this promise that I, Leon Steponovitch Tolchinsky, shall make Sophia Zubritsky's wish come true. She touches me so. Your daughter has such a sweet soul and such a pure heart. We must begin as soon as possible. Not another moment must be lost. I shall return in the morning at eight o'clock sharp. What subject shall we begin our studies with, Sophia? Languages! Of course! Even I should have thought of that. Languages it shall be, my dear, sweet Sophia. . . And what language shall we begin with first? *Rabbit?*

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FORTINBRAS

by Lee Blessing
Fortinbras

God, what is all this? You can't keep something like this quiet. Captain, why don't you take these, um — *bodies (Indicates the bodies.)* and put them someplace safe for now, ok? Is everyone dead? The whole family, I mean? Two families?! No one's left? Of the whole royal —? They all just kill— each other, or what? Say, who's in charge now, *anyway?* I mean, who can understand all this stuff? So, what you're telling me is a ghost appears to Hamlet and tells him his uncle killed his father, so Hamlet pretends to go crazy — or maybe he really is, who cares?— and he decides to kill his uncle. But he stalls around for a long time instead, kills a guy who's *not* his uncle, gets sent to England, gets rescued by pirates, comes back and kills everybody — including himself. I mean, come *on*. Horatio, we've got to have a new story. You want to tell everyone in Denmark that their entire royal family killed itself, plus a family of reasonably innocent nobles, *plus* two attendant lords? Good God, Horatio — how much do you think people can take? No one wants to hear their whole royal family's incompetent. Personally, I think we should just replace the whole story. We need a story that'll do something for us: explain the bodies, preserve the monarchy, give the people some kind of focus for all their — I don't know — anger, loss, whatever. And most of all, something that'll show people that everything that's happened up till now had to happen so that I could become king. I know how I'd like to explain it. A Polish spy. It's the perfect idea. Look — the Poles, bitter at Claudius's pact with my uncle to grant me and my troops free passage through Denmark so that I can kick their Polish butts, send a spy to the court here in Elsinore. His job is to destroy the entire Danish royal family. You know, as a lesson to all who would conspire against the Polish crown — all that crap. Anyhow, he successfully sabotages the fencing match, bares the swordtip, poisons the weapon, the wine — see how easy this is, all one guy — sets the unsuspecting participants against each other in a sort of frenzy of sudden rage and paranoia, and executes the most extraordinary mass-regicide in the history of Europe. *And* we can even add a lot of stuff about the horror when the royal Danes, each mortally wounded and/or poisoned, suddenly realized that Poland had achieved its ultimate revenge — blah, blah, blah. You don't think it will be believed, Horatio? I bet it will be. It's just so much better. Anyone can understand it. And the best thing is, it gives me that historical reason-for-being that's so important to a new king. You see? I'm here to save Denmark from an imminent attack by Poland. (*Horatio looks incredibly dubious.*) Of course, if you want to tell people that ridiculous story of yours, be my guest. But I'll bet mine's the one that catches on. (*He winks conspiratorially*)

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THE GINGERBREAD LADY

by Neil Simon

JIMMY

I'm okay, I'm not upset anymore. I'm alright...I know my leg is shaking, but I'm alright. They pushed the opening of the show back one night...It's opening Tuesday instead of Monday. It's also another actor, instead of me. They fired me. The little son of a bitch fired me three nights before the opening. Fired by a nineteen-year-old producer from Oklahoma A & M...Look at that leg. Do you realize the tension that must be going on in my body right now? If he didn't like me, why'd he hire me in the first place, heh?... The entire cast is shocked. Shocked. Three night before the opening. He didn't even get somebody else to tell me. He wanted to tell me himself...He stood there with a little smile on his Goddamned baby face and said, "Sorry, Jimmy, it's just not working out.".... Three night before the opening. My name was in the Sunday Times ad. I've got eighteen relatives from Paterson, New Jersey, coming to the opening. Six of them already sent me telegrams...My Aunt Rosario sent me a Candygram, I already ate the Goddamned candy. Everybody in the cast wanted to walk out on the show. I wouldn't let them. Even the director was crazy about me...I can't breathe, I can't catch my breath, I'm so upset...I gotta calm down, I'll be alright. You know how it feels for a grown man to plead and beg to a child? A child!... I said to him, "You're not happy, I'll do it any way you want. Faster, slower, louder, I'll wear a dress, I'll shave my head, I'll relieve myself on the stage in front of my own family, I'm an actor, give me a chance to act.".... He turned his back on me and shoved a Tootsie Roll in his mouth. It's the worst piece of crap every put on a stage. That's why I'm so humiliated. To get fired from a piece of garbage like that, who's gonna want me for something good? Do you know who they gave my part o? The understudy. He's not even a full-time actor, he drives a cab in the day...A Puerto Rican cab driver. Can't speak English. He go me coffee the first two weeks, now he's got my part... Look how my neck is throbbing. That's blood pumping into the brain, I'm gonna have a hemorrhage. What am I going to tell my family in Jersey? My sister's taking my twelve-year-old niece, her first time in the theatre, never saw me on the stage, she's gonna think she's got a Puerto Rican uncle...I was thinking maybe I wouldn't tell anyone. Opening night I'll show up in the theatre, walk out on the stage, two of us will play the same part, one in Spanish, one in English, the critics will love it. Look at my fingers. There's no color in the nails. That's a hemorrhage. I'm having a Goddamned hemorrhage and I can't find it. What the hell difference does it make? What am I going to do? I'm not going to make it, I'm never going to make it in this business. Republic for which it stands, one nation, under God, indivisible, with Liberty.

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GREATER TUNA

by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, Ed Howard

Stanley

Stanley is at the funeral by himself, speaking to the body of the Judge who sent him to jail.

Guess who! Well, don't you look just like yourself? Don't you though, your honor? Dead. You can't imagine how safe I feel. 'Course, I had a lotta time to think about it while I was in reform school. That's about all I can say for Gatesville. Plenty of time to think. Yeah, Judge, I had to nuzzle up to that homely housekeeper of yours. Yolanda. She thought I was in love. Oh, I kept it up 'til I got me a copy of all her keys. And I got all my information bit by bit. Ya know, like her schedule and your schedule and that one hour- that one hour on Wednesday morning when you were all alone. When she went out to buy groceries. Yeah, I found out about that, and I set you up. I just parked across from the Piggly Wiggly and waited. And when I seen Yolanda go into that store, I done a beeline to your house. Drove right up the curvin' driveway. Walked right through the goddamned front door, right up the stairs to your bedroom. And all you could do was lay there on your half-paralyzed ass and stare, but you knew what I was there for, didn't you? You knew! Man, it was hell gettin'

you into that swimsuit! It was worth it. But you wanna know what my favorite part was? Huh? You wanna know what my favorite part was, your honor? It was when I pulled out that syringe, and you started pleading with me. You pleading with me! And all it took to finish you off was a few air bubbles, right in the vein. . . just a few little air bubbles - stroke! I guess we're even. Then why don't I feel like it, huh? You know, someday, after my mama's dead, I may just turn myself in. Won't everybody be surprised? Oh, I can hear 'em now: "Why, who would have thought Stanley Bumiller would have the brains to pull that off?" Sheee. . .

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HOOTERS
by Ted Talley
RICKY

Is this far enough away? Okay, I'm glad your satisfied now. I'll just stay over here and do a little sunbathing. What? So, you'll cough once if the girl's a dog twice for something you should shut up because we might want to hit on it. Three coughs means they're out of range again. Cool! Four coughs could mean a chick who's kind of ugly but looks like she might have a nice personality, and five coughs means you got a piece of hotdog stuck in your throat. What is this, some kind of college trip? The guys down at the frat cooked this up, or what? Some plan. Lying twelve feet apart and coughing. Sounds like a t. b. ward. Maybe we'll get a couple of nurses. Oh ho HO! I don't see where you're such a big stud all of a sudden, Mr. BMOC! I'm not even gonna talk to you anymore, cause I don't need this, you understand? I don't need this advice. Not from old "Clint the Splint," strikeout king of Eisenhower High. The only place you ever made time was in study hall! (*pause, a slowly dawning realization*) The real reason you want to break up the act is so you can have her all to yourself. I did spot her first, in case you're wondering. I'm keeping you in my sights at all times from now on. If you're planning on sneaking out and asking her to go for a drink or something, you can just forget it, because I'll be right on your heels. I don't know how you could do that to your best buddy. I haven't even introduced you to this girl, and now you're practically planning to marry her. And don't tell me I'm paranoid, because you've changed, buster! You've changed from high school, and I know how your little brain is working. Get rid of the old Richard, right? Get her off alone and pour on this whole line of college crap, right, how goddam sophisticated you are or something, sure, if she won't go down for you she's bound to go down for Silas Marner. And who am I, I'm just this dumb schmuck that sells Pontiacs for his old ma. Well, you know what I think? I don't think this girl is even gonna give you the time of day! Chicks like here don't have to waste their time with assholes! Chicks like her can take one good look at a guy and tell right away whether or not he's some kind of moron! Just by the way he looks! And once they've made up their mind you're a dork, forget it!

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HAMLET
HORATIO

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince:
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

(*Thanks?*)
Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' reads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild: lest more mischance
On plots and errors, happen.
(PRINCE FORTINBRAS this following is Fortinbras's lines, but they seem to work to end this monologue for Horation.)

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally; and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

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I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER

by Robert Anderson
GENE

Dad, I asked you to come with me to California. What do you want? What the hell do you want? If I lived here the rest of my life, it wouldn't be enough for you. I've tried, God damn it, I've tried to be the dutiful son, to maintain the image of the good son...Commanded into your presence on every conceivable occasion...Easter, Christmas, Birthdays, Thanksgiving...Even that Thanksgiving when Carol was dying, and I was staying with her in the hospital. "We miss you so. Our day is nothing without you. Couldn't you come up for an hour or two after you leave Carol?" You had no regard for what was really going on...My wife was dying! No, Dad, it's not terrible to want to see your son. It is terrible to want to possess him...entirely and completely! UNGRATEFUL! What do you want for gratitude? Nothing, nothing would be enough. You have resented everything you ever gave me. The orphan boy in you has resented everything. I'm sorry as hell about your miserable childhood. When I was a kid, and you told me those stories, I used to go up to my room at night and cry. But there is nothing I can do about it...and it does not excuse everything...I am grateful to you. I also admire you and respect you, and stand in awe of what you have done with your life. I will never be able to touch it. But it does not make me love you. And I wanted to love you. You hated your Father. I saw what it did to you. I did not want to hate you. I came so close to loving you tonight...I'd never felt so open to you. You don't know what it cost me to ask you to come to California with me...when I have never been able to sit in a room alone with you...Did you really think your door was always open to me? Good bye, Dad

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JIMMY SHINE
BY Murray Schisgal
Jimmy

Do you ever think about dying? I know I got years to worry about that but I can't get it out of my mind. Sometimes I think if I don't make it as a painter, I'm going to have to kill myself. You being a nymphomaniac...why? I mean, do you get any thrill or excitement from doing it; sex must be a mechanical act for you. Yeah? Then why do you do it? Stop. You could stop if you made up your mind. I'm a painter, Millie. A serious painter. And I know how to exercise self-control and self-discipline and how to say to myself, "no. I will not do this-and-this I will do that-and-that." You have to say the same thing to yourself, Millie. You have to say, "No. I will not give in to temptation. I will not under any circumstances be degraded and used by dirty old men and degenerate creeps who have no feelings for me as a person.--You have to say that to yourself. And promise and swear that after today you will never, never go to bed with a man unless you're married to him. I've become very fond of you, Millie. But you don't have to start now, today! That's not self-discipline. Self-discipline is when you say to yourself, 'Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock sharp I'll stop doing this dirty thing but up until eight o'clock sharp tomorrow morning I'll do this dirty thing as much as I like.'" That's self-discipline! Well, wait...I don't mean today! Wait till tomorrow! But...*(Calling after Millie as she exits.)* Millie, wait a minute! Millie, don't make a decision you'll be sorry for! Millie!! I just bombed out with a nympho!

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KEELY AND DU
by Jane Martin
Cole

Hello, Keely. *(No answer. She regards him.)* Your dad's well. I see him every day. I brought one flower because I didn't know what else to bring. I got it out of your yard. *(He puts it at the bottom of the bed and backs away again.)* Are you all right? You look all right. *(He turns to WALTER.)* What I did, it was something an animal would do. I should have been killed for it. I would wake up in the middle of the night and think that. Every night. I couldn't stand to look at myself. I didn't like to look down and see my hands or my feet. I wouldn't use a pen or a pencil because then you have to see your hand. I grew a beard because I couldn't shave. I wore the same clothes all the time, I was up to a quart of booze a day. I was out. I wasn't human anymore. I won't describe it. Remember when we went down to Pensacola? That was some trip. Hey, I got your cat. I'm taking care of your cat You got it after, right? I've been wondering what its name is? Your cat. What its name is? It's a great cat. I call it Stripes, you know, because I don't know. *(A long pause.)* I would cut off my hand, you know, like they used to do. I would do that if it would make a difference. I would do anything. Anything. Take me back. Forgive me. I loved you in a bad way, a terrible way, and I sinned against your flesh and spirit. God forgive me. I'm an alcoholic but I don't drink now. I don't know. . . I was. . . lived like. . . didn't know right from wrong, but I'm with Jesus now. I accept him as my Lord and he leads me in his path. I will stay on the path. I will stay on the path. We were married, Keely, you are carrying my baby, let's start from there. I put you on a pedestal, Keely, I do, I wouldn't say it, and I am in the mud, I'm drowning and I ask you to lift me up and then we minister to this child. Jeez, Keely, our child. You know in my house, in my father's house, Jeez, what were those kids, they were nuthin", they were disposable. In your house, right, you know what a time you had. You know. But it can be different for him. I'm different, look in my eyes, you know that. Hey, my temper, you know, I don't do that, it's over. *(Indicating WALTER.)* Ask him is it over. I think about you every minute, every day. I want to dedicate my life to you, because it's owed, it's owed to you. You got my baby. I hurt you so bad you would kill a baby! That's not you, who would describe you, you would do that? Jeez, Keely, don't kill the baby. I brought a book we could look up names, we could do that tonight. You pick the name, I would be proud. I'm going to wait on you. You're the boss. They got me a job. I'm employed. Five o'clock, I'm coming home. Boom. No arguments. I help with the house, we can be partners, I understand that guys, you know, we didn't get it, you know, that was yesterday, that's over. I'm back from the dead. I don't say you should believe, me but because the baby you should test me out. You gotta take my hand here, we could start from there, I'm asking you. *(His hand extended)* You don't have to ask me to be on my

knees, I'm on my knees. What am I without you? I'm only what I did to you. I can't demand. What could I demand? Choose to lift me up. Who else can you save, Keely, but me? I'm the only one you can save. This is make or break, Keely. Right now. Right now. Close your hand, take my hand. You know what I mean? One gesture, you could save me. We could raise a child. With one gesture we could do that. Come on, Keely. Come on, Keely.

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LONE STAR
BY James McLure
Roy

Did I ever tell you about the time Wayne and me went to Bossier City, Louisiana? Bossier City! Bossier City! Kinda got a sound to it, don't it? Bossier City! Babylon on the Red River! Sin. Hot women. Sticky summer nights. The biggest strip of night clubs 'tween Vegas and Miami Beach! Bossier City! One aff'ited bandits! Teenage prostitutes! Drunken driving! All the things that make life worth living. One summer morning in 1967 Wayne said to me, "Roy, we can either get drunk here in Maynard or we can get drunk in Bossier City!" So we drove to Louisiana! And I mean, Ray, as soon as we got there, wham! Just like that things started to happen! We saw a car wreck. That was nothin'. We saw three before we left town. We were in two of them. *(Pause.)* Wayne was a helluva driver. I tell you we started at one end of that Bossier Strip and worked our way to the other. Club Flamingo, the Log Cabin Club, Kim's Lounge, and the Immortal-Merle Kimberly's Whisk A-Go-Go. Ray, it had three dance floors that lit up! Did we get in any fights?

We got kicked out of The Ace's Lounge and Mr.. Torch for fighting. We started them. Then! At the Swamp Club, Wayne tried to pick up these two Italian girls. Well, their boyfriends didn't like that one little bit. And let me tell you something, Ray. If you're ever in that part of the world, don't ever get involved with no Louisiana Eye-talians. There ain't nothin' worse than the Southern Mafia! The Italians pullout their knives, and me and Wayne run back to the truck to get my shotgun. But then the Eye-talian guys pull out their guns and start shootin' at us! But we made it back to the truck, and while Wayne backs the truck out of the parking lot I fired out the window at the Eye-talians. Wayne backed up into one car, hits a fence, and then as he's leaving the parking lot he side-swipes an oncoming Lincoln Continental. We had ourselves a time. Anyway, me and Wayne ended up in Kim's Lounge. And Wayne begins to sweet talk this girl down at the end of the bar. And pretty soon he's taking this girl out to the pickup truck. He told me it wouldn't take long. So I ordered another drink. Then, in about five minutes old Wayne comes back in as white as a sheet and says: "Roy, let's get the hell out of Bossier City." So we did. But after only six hours on the Bossier Strip we had ourselves two fights, two car wrecks, had a gun battle with the Southern Maffla, and Wayne Wilder had french-kissed a man in a dress! *(Pause. lifting beer.)* So Wayne, down in Huntsville-here's to you boy.

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LOST IN YONKERS
Neil Simon
Eddie

It's so damn hot in here, isn't it? So, I just had a talk inside with your grandmother ... Because I've had a problem ... When your mother and I had a problem, we always tried to keep it from you boys because we didn't want to worry you ... Well, you can't keep cancer, a secret forever ... You knew without me telling you, didn't you? I did everything I could. The best doctors, the best hospitals I could get into ... she had a nice room didn't she? Semi-private, no wards or anything ... We're not rich people, boys. I know that doesn't come as a surprise to you ... but I'm going to tell you something now I hoped I'd never have to tell you in my life ... the doctors, the hospital, cost me everything I had ... I was broke and I went into debt ... So I went to a man ... a loan shark ... A money lender ... I couldn't go to a bank because they don't let you put up heartbreak and pain as collateral ... A loan shark doesn't need collateral ... His collateral is your desperation ... So he gives you his money ... And he's got a clock. ... And what it keeps time of is your promise. ... If you keep your promise, he turns off the clock ... and if not, it keeps ticking ... and after a while, your heart starts ticking louder than his clock. ... Understand something. This man kept your mother alive. ... It was his painkillers that made her last days bearable. ... and for that I'm grateful. ... So you never take for yourself. ... But for someone you love, there comes a time when you have no choice. ... there's a man in New York I owe. ... Nine thousand dollars. ... I could work and save four more years and I won't have nine thousand dollars. ... He wants his money this year. To his credit, I'll say one thing. He sent flowers to the funeral. No extra charge on my bill. ... There is no way I can pay this man back. ... So what'll he do? Kill me? ... Maybe. ... If he kills me, he not only loses his money, it'll probably cost him again for the flowers for my funeral. ... I needed a miracle. ... And the miracle happened. ... this country went to war. ... A war between us and the Japanese and the Germans. ... And if my mother didn't come to this country Thirty-five years ago, I could have been fighting for the other side. ... Except I don't think they're putting guns in the hands of Jews over there. ... Let me tell you something. I love this country. Because they took in the Jews. They took in the Irish, the Italians and everyone else. ... Remember this. There's a lot of Germans in this country fighting for America, but there are no Americans over there fighting for Germany. ... I hate this war, and god forgive me for saying this, but it's going to save my life. ... There are jobs I can get now that I could never get before. ... And I got a job. ... I'm working for a company that sells scrap iron. ... I thought you threw crap iron away. Now they're building ships with it. ... Without even the slightest idea of what I'm doing, I can make that nine thousand dollars in less than a year. Don't say it till I finish. ... The factories that I would sell to are in the South. ... Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Texas, even New Mexico. ... I'd be gone about ten months ... Living in trains, buses, hotels, any place I can find a room ... We'd be free and clear and back together again in less than a year ... Okay? So now come the question, where do you two live while I'm gone?

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M. BUTTERFLY
David Hwang

*The first paragraph is as "Butterfly," the "woman" who seduced Rene Gallimard, the French diplomat, a male.
The second is as Song, the man, explaining to the court why it was so easy to deceive Gallimard.*

The first paragraph is as "Butterfly," the "woman" who seduced Rene Gallimard, the French diplomat, a male. The second is as Song, the man, explaining to the court why it was so easy to deceive Gallimard.

"Am I your Butterfly? Yes, yes I am your Butterfly. I am your treasure. Though inexperienced, I am not...ignorant. They teach us things, our mothers, about pleasing a man. I'll do my best to make you happy. Turn off the lights...."

You ask how did he not know I was a man? He knew I needed the documents, and that was enough. And he never saw me completely naked. It is too simple. It was my job to make him think I was a woman. And chew on this: it wasn't all that hard. See, my mother was a prostitute along the Bundt before the Revolution. And, uh, I think it's fair to say she learned a few things about Western men. So, I borrowed her knowledge. In service to my country. Would you like me to enlighten the court with this secret knowledge? I'm sure you are all very curious. Rule One: Men always believe what they want to hear. So a girl can tell the most obnoxious lies and the guys will believe them every time---"This is my first time"---"That's the biggest I've ever seen"---or both, which, if you really think about it, is not possible in a single lifetime. You've maybe heard those phrases a few times in your own life, yes, Your Honor? (*sly smile*)

Sorry, just trying to lighten up the proceedings. Okay, Rule Two: As a western man comes into contact with the East--he's already confused. The West has sort of an international rape mentality towards the East. Do you know rape mentality. Basically it's "Her mouth says no, but her eyes say yes." The West thinks of itself as masculine--big guns, big industry, big money--so the East is feminine--weak, delicate, poor...but good at art, and full of inscrutable wisdom--the feminine mystique. Her mouth says no, but her eyes say yes. The West believes the East, deep down, wants to be dominated--because a woman can't think for herself. You expect Oriental countries to submit to your guns, and you expect Oriental women to be submissive to your men. That's why you say they make the best wives. When Monsieur Gallimard finally met his fantasy woman, he wanted more than anything to believe that she was, in fact, a woman., And second, I am an Oriental. And being an Oriental, I could never be completely a man. That's why you'll lose in all your dealings with the East.

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Merchant of Venice

SCENE IX. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

ARRAGON

I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one

Which casket 'twas I chose: next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage: Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,

Immediately to leave you and be gone.

And so have I address'd me. Fortune now

To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'

What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach:

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

Even in the force and road of casually.

I will not choose what many men desire,

Because I will not jump with common spirits

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house:

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

And well said too: for who shall go about

To cozen fortune and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees and offices

Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover that stand bare!

How many be commanded that command!

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honour! and how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times

To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

He opens the silver casket

What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot.
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

What is here?

Reads

The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is.
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss:
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis.
Silver'd o'er: and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath.
Patiently to bear my wroth.

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THE MANDRAKE by Machiavelli

I'd be surprised if there's a stupider person in the world than this worthless man. And yet look how Fortune has favored him! He's disgustingly rich. His wife is ravishing; she's elegant; she's smart. She's clever enough to rule a kingdom, as a matter of fact; and instead, she's the wife of a fool. That's why I really hate that old proverb, "God makes men and women in a heap, and they sort themselves into sweet little pairs." God-when I think how often I've seen really good men getting married to pigs, while the intelligent women give themselves willingly to maniacs and clowns...All the same, sometime I get such exquisite pleasure out of listening to the man talk-it's just so perfect, I really enjoy it-you know Lord Nicia, my friend. He's a very pinched and petty little man, and he's afraid to leave the city. But I inspired him a bit. He ended up saying that he'd do what I think best. So we could certainly get him to one of those resorts, if you still like that plan. But you know-I'm really no longer so certain that that our plan would best serve our interests. Well-I'm not quite sure. It's a feeling I have. You see, people of every kind come to these resorts. What if someone showed up there to whom this strikingly delicious -looking girl seemed just as exciting as she does to you?-I mean, someone let's say with a lot more money, or some devastating, irresistible charm-I mean, I don't know. But there's always that danger in a place like that-you wouldn't want to go through all that trouble just to benefit some other chap, if you see what I mean. Callimaco-please-please don't doubt me, Callimaco! Even if this situation should turn out not to have in any way the financial benefit for me that I believe it will have and certainly hope it will have, nonetheless there still would be a reason to trust me, you see, because-I feel we're people of the same kind, the same blood, Callimaco. Yes, my blood flows together with your, it really does, and my desire for you to achieve your chosen prize is, truly, almost as great as your own could ever be. -But let's not discuss this anymore. The professor has asked me to find him a doctor in order to determine which bath he ought to go to, and this provides us with a certain opportunity. But you must allow yourself to be guided by me. Believe me-I know what I'm doing. You must be that doctor. You only have to say that you've studied and practiced exclusively in Paris. The professor will certainly believe you if you behave like an educated man and manage to address him a few words in Latin.

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THE NERD by Larry Shue *Willum*

Six days. Has it been just six days? To think—only a week ago, the day before my birthday (*he gives a sad little laugh*) Tansy was leaving, the hotel design was being rejected and rejected...I found out I was being audited by the IRS—and in my folly I imagined myself unhappy. He ... he follows me. He seems to have unlimited time, unlimited funds — brother Bob's life savings, I guess — he takes an interest in my work, he goes with me into town. The other day — I'm not sure I can even talk about this yet — the other day, I had to take a commuter flight to St. Louis—that's where they're building the outside elevator for the Regency — and Rick wanted to come along. So I said, well, okay, it won't be much fun, but—. So, Rick came along. Everything's fine, he's sitting next to me on the plane, a DC-8, I think. He's wearing a little pilot's hat he bought at the airport: he's leafing through a bound copy of *Redbook*. Then suddenly — suddenly the plane starts shaking, the safety-belt lights come on — people are in fact starting to get alarmed. So what happens in the middle of this? Rick jumps up, stands in the middle of the aisle, and shouts. (*Finding it difficult to say.*) and shouts — "Urinate! . . . Urinate, or your kidneys will explode!" Honest to God. And I think—I mean I'm really pretty sure — some people *did*. I mean, he was wearing this dumb little pilot's hat, and that white shirt and tie he always wears. And, you know, in a panic situation like that—. Anyway, naturally, the next thing we hear is the pilot saying, "We experienced a little

turbulence back there but we're out of it now, and we'll be landing in St. Louis in one minute." And Rick just sat down again, with no idea how many of those people wanted to murder him. I think he only escaped because the ones who really had the grounds didn't want to stand up. It's a hundred things a day like that. Little things mostly, but they're starting to take their toll. I'm becoming irrational, snappish—I don't know what to do.

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ODD COUPLE

Neil Simon
Oscar

Hello, Oscar the poker player!..Who?..Who did you want, please?...Dabby? Dabby who?..No there's no Dabby here...Oh, Daddy! (*to the others*) For Christ sakes it's my kid (*into phone: clearly a man who loves his son*) Brucey, hello, baby. Yes it's Daddy! (to the others) Hey come on, give me a break will ya? My five-year-old kid is calling from California. It must be costing him a fortune. (*phone*) How've you been, sweetheart?...Yes, I finally got your letter. It took three weeks...Yes but next time tell your mommy to give you a stamp...I know, but you're not supposed to draw it on...(proud, to the others) Do you hear? (*phone*) Mommy wants to speak to me? Right... Take care of yourself, soldier. I love you. (*and then with false cheeriness*) Hello Blanche, how are you?...Err, yes I have a pretty good idea why you're calling...I'm a week behind with the check, right?...Four weeks? That's not possible...Because it's not possible...Blanche I keep a record of every check and I know I'm only three weeks behind!...Blanche, I'm trying the best I can...Blanche, don't threaten me with jail, because it's not a threat, with my expenses and my alimony, a prisoner takes home more pay than I do...Very nice in front of the kids...Blanche, don't tell me you're going to have my salary attached, just say goodbye...Goodbye! (*hangs up, to the others*) I'm eight hundred dollars behind in alimony, so let's up the stakes.

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OEDIPUS

Apollo, friends, Apollo was he that brought these woes of mine to pass, these sore, sore woes; but the hand that struck the eyes was none save mine, wretched that I am! Why was I to see when light could show me nothing sweet? Say, friends, what more can I behold, what can I love, what greeting can touch my ear with joy? Hasten, lead me from the land, friends, lead me hence, the utterly lost, the thrice accursed, yes, the mortal most abhorred of heaven! Perish the man, whoever he was, that freed me in the pastures from the cruel shackle on my feet, and saved me from death, and gave me back to life--thankless deed! Had I died then I would not have been so sore a grief to my friends and to my own soul. I would not have come to shed my father's blood, nor been called among men the spouse of her from whom I sprang. But now I am forsaken of the gods, son of a defiled mother, successor to his bed who gave me my own wretched being; and if there is yet a woe surpassing woes, it has become the portion of Oedipus. Do not show me at length that these things had better not be done so: give me no more counsel. If I had sight I do not know with what eyes I could even have looked on my father when I came to the place of the dead, yes, or on my miserable mother, since I have sinned against both such sins as strangling could not punish. Do you suppose that the sight of children born as mine were born was lovely for me to look upon? No, no, not lovely to my eyes forever! No, nor was this own with its towered walls, nor the sacred statues of the gods, since I, thrice wretched that I am, I, noblest of the sons of Thebes, have doomed myself to know these no more by my own command that all should thrust away the impious one, even him whom the gods have shown to be unholy--and of the race of Laius. Alas, Cithaeron, why did you have a shelter for me? When I was given to you why did you not slay me straightaway, that so I might never have revealed my source to men? O marriage-rites, you gave me birth, and when you had brought me forth you bore children to your child, you created an incestuous kinship of fathers and brothers and sons, of brides and wives and mothers, yes, all that foulest shame that is wrought among men! Nay, but it is improper to name what it is improper to do. Hurry, for the gods' love hide me somewhere beyond the land, or slay me or cast me into the sea, where you shall never more behold of me! Approach, deign to lay your hands on a wretched man; hearken, fear not--my plague can rest on no mortal beside.

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RASHOMAN
by **Fay Kanin**
Tajomaru

Tajomaru fall from a horse? (*He spits at the DEPUTY, who retreats a little.*) There's no horse living can throw Tajomaru! I was

sick—poisoned! (*Contemptuously.*) *He* captured me! (*With one foot, lie kicks at the* DEPUTY, *who recoils.*) Go away, little bug, before I step on you! (*To the Magistrate.*) Do we have to listen all day to this puffing about what a great hero he is? You want to know what happened? I'll tell it myself. Tajomaru thrown from a horse— Ha! He was a good horse, that one, strong and surefooted. I ran him hard all day. But it was hot—I got thirsty. Near the Osaka Pass is a stream—you may know it—the water comes down sweet from the mountains. But it wasn't sweet this day. Something must have poisoned it—a dead serpent, maybe, in the upper stream. I rode on an hour or so and then my belly began to swell. I got dizzy. I don't feel pain like other men, but this— (*His face contorts.*) Near the river bed I couldn't bear it any longer. I got off the horse and doubled over on the ground and— (*He stops, doubled over, remembering the agony. Then he shakes off the weak moment.*) Tajomaru fall off a horse! Only a fool could have such a foolish idea. (*As the Magistrate directs a question to him.*) . . . The man? Did I kill him? (*He shrugs.*) I know I'll hang from a tree on the execution ground no matter what I say. I can see you've decided the time has come for me to pay for my crimes—the ones I've done, the ones you think I've done and the ones you're afraid I might do. So why should I lie? (*Breaking his bonds in a gesture of strength and defiance.*) Yes, it was I, Tajomaru, who killed the man! . . . Why? (*He smiles.*) Because of a little breeze. (*Nodding.*) . . . You heard it right. A little breeze that swept through the green leaves. If it hadn't been for that, the man would never have been killed. As I said—a little puff of air. And I saw a woman's face. Or was it a vision? I had to know. In that first moment, I made up my mind to take her. Even if I had to kill the man. (*He squats down, facing the Magistrate.*) To me, killing isn't a matter of great importance. Blood is ugly to you "polite" people who kill with power and money instead of the sword. Sometimes you even say it's for their own good, the ones you destroy. They don't squirm or cry or bleed —they're in the best of health. But all the same — (*He stops at the Magistrate's obvious reprimand.*) . . . I *am* giving you the facts. Didn't I say I killed the man? You asked me why. I kill to live, to eat, to have pleasure. Whenever I capture a woman, I always have to kill her man. But this time, it's funny—this time I didn't mean to kill him. I thought if I could take a woman once without killing the man, it would be— (*There's a pause. Then he shrugs, unable to explain it.*) So I made my plans to get him out of the way and have the woman alone. It was easy. He was greedy, like all of them are. He went with me to the bamboo grove. When we got there, I seized him from behind. He was a trained warrior and strong—--I had to take him by surprise. He struggled like a trapped tiger. But I tied him up to the root of a bamboo. (*He shakes his head ruefully at the memory of the struggle.*) Then I thought of the woman—

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RIM OF THE WORLD TONY

I can't wait to grow up and move out! I love my parents, but one thing I will never miss is the discipline. You should see them sometimes. My favorite is when they try to get a rise out of me. But I don't let them see how they make me feel. It makes them nuts. Like last week. Remember Eric's party. Raging! Most of my friends didn't get home until dawn. Hey, most of them didn't get home until daylight. I play the good boy and come in at 2:30. Hey, I know my curfew's at 1:00. I know I'm late. I'm a teenager! I can tell time. So, here they both come, trying to make it like it's some big deal. Completely ignoring the fact that I will soon be moving out and will be an adult. Ok, so they say (*imitating his father's voice*) "Son, you are grounded." Ha, what a shock, you know. So I say, "Ok." Now here is the great part. I give them this little half smile. Not a smirk, you understand, because that would give them what they like to call "just cause". Then I'd really get it. No, just a little smile, sort of a Mona Lisa kind of thing. It just kills them. They don't know what the hell I'm thinking. So, even though I get punished...I win!

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ROMEO AND JULIET

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

There lies that Tybalt.

O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

'Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than
 his tongue,
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes: underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

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ROMEO & JULIET

Romeo—the fight scene

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 To such a greeting: villain am I none;
 Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

I do protest, I never injured thee,
 But love thee better than thou canst devise,
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
 And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
 As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
 Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
 Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
 Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
 Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

I thought all for the best.

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
 My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
 With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
 Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
 This but begins the woe, others must end.

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
 Away to heaven, respective lenity,
 And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBALT

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
 That late thou gavest me: for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company:
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

This shall determine that.

They fight; TYBALT falls (just one stab forward, drop to knees over Tybalt's body

O, I am fortune's fool!

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ROMEO AND JULIET

Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

(TO Benvolio)

By my head, here come the Capulets.

By my heel, I care not.

(To Tybalt)

And but one word with one of us? couple it with something: make it a word and a blow.

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick: here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze: I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower: Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter, drybeat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT

Come, sir, your pasado.

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ROOSTERS

By Milcha Sanchez-Scott
Hector

Papa? Ay, we're better off without him. And he can't see my rooster. It's my bird. He can see it later. He would be proud of me? Ha! This is news. How would ne know, he hasn't seen me in years. Yeah, mama, you brag about us in your letters to him. Well, what does he call me when he "brags" to his friend? Did he call me a winner? A champ? A prince? And did you tell him I was working the fields? Angela, he said nothing about you. Nothing, you're a girl and a retard. What possible use could he have for you? Grow up! You want me to give him a chance? What chance did he give us? Fighting his birds, in and out of trouble. He was never here for us, never a card, a little present for Angela. He forgot us. Just make it clear to him. Abuelo left the bird to me, not to him, to me. Yeah, I'll be nice to him. As long as we all understand the "bird business," I'll be nice to him even if it kills me. Mother. I'm not feeling sorry for myself. Fine, I'll eat. I'll eat now and feel sorry for myself later. I got nine minutes before I have to work.... I will now put on the same old smelly, filth-encrusted boots, I will walk to the fields. The scent of cow dung and rotting vegetation will fill the air. I will wait with the same group of beaten-down, pathetic men ... taking their last piss against a tree, dropping hard warm turds in the bushes. All adding to this fertile whore of a valley. At 7:30 that yellow mechanical grasshopper, the Deerfield tractor, will belch and move. At this exact moment, our foreman, John Knipe, will open his pig-sucking mouth, exposing his yellow, pointy, plaque-infested teeth. He yells, "Start picking, boys." The daily war begins ... the intimidation of violent growth ... the expanding melons and squashes, the hardness of potatoes, the waxy purple succulence of eggplant, the potency of ripening tomatoes. All so smug, so rich, so ready to burst with sheer generosity and exuberance. They mock me ...I hear them ..."Hey Hector," they say, "show us whatcha got," and "Yo Hector we got bacteria out here more productive than you." ... I look to the ground. Slugs, snails, worms slithering in the earth with such ferocious hunger they devour their own tails, flies oozing out larvae, aphids, bees, gnats, caterpillars their proliferation only slightly dampened by our sprays. We still find eggsacks hiding, ready to burst forth. Their teeming life, their lust, is shameful Well it's time ... Bye Ma. (*He exits.*)

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SAY GOODNIGHT GRACIE

Ralph Pape
Bobby

See, basically, in my job, ya can perform new stuff, which is to say right now stuff, or ya can do '70's stuff, mainly the ballad stuff for the slow numbers, but ya gotta stay away from '80's stuff 'cause for some reason the kids just don't wanna hear it. Yeah, one night I figured the whole thing out. What it boils down to is cycles. C-Y-C-L-E-S. Cycles. Like ya have cycles of war and cycles of peace. And of course your washing machine has three basic cycles. It's the same with everything. People are born, people die, little people, called children, grow up and take their place. Ya follow what I'm talkin' about? I mean it's life, it's the way Jesus intended. And it's the same thing with music, man. So, the way I figure, '80's stuff should become real, real popular again in the '10's, and '70's stuff will probably be, like, modified, and become the new music. Now, I really dig a lot of the sounds that were put down in the '80's, ya see what I'm sayin'? But what can I do? It's not my job to tell people what they should like, and besides, everything comes around again in the end, so it don't, really matter. And I'll tell ya, I take great comfort from that, I mean I used to worry about gettin' old, but the beautiful thing, man, is that THERE IS NO SUCH THING! 'Cause somewhere out in space, or time ... or someplace ... all the moments of our lives are still goin' on ... it's like this movie ... and we're all in it ... and after the universe is destroyed by, uh, whadayacallit? Armageddon? Yeah! Right. After that happens, then everybody will realize that OUR ENTIRE PURPOSE on this planet was just to sort of lay back, stay mellow, and go with the flow. ... and that's why, in this cosmic sense, it don't matter whether it's '70's stuff or '80's stuff or '90's stuff or '50's stuff or whatever ... 'cause it's all the same stuff!

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Tangled Up in Blue
by Brad Boesen

A man has confessed his love for a long time friend and been rejected.

Yeah, so am I. (*turns to leave. Stops short. Pause*) You know.--I know this was bad timing. I know you guys... I know you just broke up. I do. But ever since I've known you, you've always been in a relationship. You always have. Always. And in the few, brief times when you weren't in a relationship, I was, so we... We just never... And I know I've had too much to drink, but I just need to finish this now, and say what I need to say, because--the way things... The way it looks now, we're not going to be spending so much time together anymore. (*cutting her off*) And I just need to say this. I need to say this. I need to get this out. (*pause*) I'm sorry--that I put you through this. But for as long as I can remember, since--as long as I can remember, I've been settling, you know? I remember-it must have been seventh or eighth grade-my first girlfriend. I mean, we'd talk to each other in the halls, and sit by each other in study hall, and, next thing I knew, she was calling me at home, asking what I though she should wear to the dance that I hadn't actually asked her to. So I guess she was my girlfriend. But I remember walking home from school one day, and thinking I don't, really, even like her. I mean, she was nice, you know? I liked her. But I didn't--like her. She bored me when we'd talk. But I remember, even then, that long ago, in junior high school, thinking, what if I never meet anyone else? What if--no one else ever wants to go out with me? Because, believe

me, the offers weren't pouring in any better than they are now. And I really didn't think I would meet anyone else. (pause) And then I met you. (pause) I mean, you know, several years later, but... (pause) You remember the first time I saw you? (*shaking his head*) That's the first time we met. The first time I saw you was in the park about--a month before that, on the swings. (*slight smile*) You remember? I thought I told you. It was really late at night, and I couldn't sleep, so I was walking. And you were--sailing back and forth in the moonlight with your eyes closed--your hair blowing... Even now, when I think about it, I can remember every detail. And then, when I actually met you at the party, we were so good together. We were just so--good. But you were with someone. And you've been with someone ever since. And we've gotten to the point, now, where I really can't imagine not being your friend. I can't... I just can't imagine my life without you. (pause) You asked me why I never stayed very long with the women I've dated: it's you. Because of you. Because I didn't want to settle any more. I've been doing it all my life, and I didn't want to settle. And every woman I met, every one, I would compare them to you, and they weren't you. They just weren't. And I refused to settle until...until I knew one way or another. So don't tell me that I'm just drunk, or that I don't really feel the way I feel, because I've had four years to think about this, and I know how I feel.

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WAITING FOR LEFTY

By Clifford Odets

Agate

Ladies and Gentlemen, and don't let anyone tell you we ain't got some ladies in this sea of upturned faces! Only they're wearin' pants. Well, maybe I don't know a thing: maybe I fell outta the cradle when I was a kid and ain't been right since--you can't tell! Who's paying you for those remarks, Buddy?--Moscow Gold? Maybe I got a glass eye, but it come from working in a factory at the age of eleven. They hooked it out because they didn't have a shield on the works. But I wear it like a medal 'cause it tells the world where I belong--deep down in the working class! We had delegates in the union there--all kinds of secretaries and treasurers . . . walkin' delegates, but not with blisters on their feet! Oh no! On their fat little ass from sitting on cushions and raking in the bucks. Oh, I know it ain't true here! Why no, our officers is all aces. Why, I seen our own secretary Fatt walk outa his way not to step on a cockroach. No boys, don't think...Out of order?? (to audience): Am I outa order? Yes, our officers is all aces. But I'm a member here-- Today I couldn't wear my union button. The damnest thing happened. When I take the old coat off the wall, I see she's smoking. I'm a sonovagun if the old union button isn't on fire! Yep, the old celluloid was makin' the most god-awful stink: the landlady come up and give me hell! You know what happened? That old union button just blushed itself to death! Ashamed! Can you beat it? What's the answer, boys? The answer is, if we're reds because we wanna strike, then we take over their salute too! Know how they do it? (Makes Communist salute.) What is it? An uppercut! The good old uppercut to the chin! Hell, some of us boys ain't even got a shirt to our backs. What's the boss class tryin' to do--make a nudist colony outta us? (The audience laughs and suddenly AGATE comes to the middle of the stage so that the other cabmen back him up in a strong clump.) Don't laugh! Nothing's funny! This is your life and mine! It's skull and bones every incha the road! Christ, we're dyin' by inches! For what? Joe said it. Slow death or fight. It's war! You Edna, God love your mouth! Sid and Florrie, the other boys, It's war! Working class, unite and fight! Tear down the slaughter house of our old lives! Let freedom really ring. Don't wait for Lefty! He's never gonna come. Why? Cos they found Lefty...Behind the car barns with a bullet in his head! Hear it, boys, hear it? Hell, listen to me! Coast to coast! HELLO AMERICA! HELLO. WE'RE STORM. BIRDS OF THE WORKING CLASS WORKERS OF THE WORLD. . . . OUR BONES AND BLOOD! And when we die they?'ll know what we did to make a new world! Christ, cut us tip to little pieces. Well die for what is right! put fruit trees where our ashes are! (To audience): Well, what's the answer? STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE!

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THE WARM UP GURU

by John Driver & Jeffery Haddow

Namaste. Shanti shanti, om, om, om. Why did the sacred cow cross the Ganges? Anyone? (*wait for audience response*) Sharp group. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Perfect Master Ka Ka Ji and I am going to teach you the esoteric doctrine of audience warmup yoga as it was taught to me by my teacher, the even more perfect Master Gah Li Ji. His most famous exercise was designed to increase the circulation in the hands and to develop the shoulders and the bicep region. The first thing I am going to be asking you to be doing is to taking the left hand, that's this one and putting it behind the back like so. And to be taking the right hand, that's this one, and putting it out in front of your shoulder like so. (*No one does it.*) You know, sometimes I say to myself, you should get out of the guru business. Open a delicatessen. Call it the New Deli. (*Moving on*) It is very important to see some hands for illustration. Thank you. Alright, I want you to be moving that hand back and forth, back and forth in opposite directions very fast, very fast, when I say go. Ready? Go. Let me see them. Oh, that's very good. Namaste, shanti om. Now that is what you have been doing for the first act. For the second act, I want you to be taking the left hand out from behind the back and putting it shoulder width apart from the first hand and moving both hands in opposite directions very fast, very fast when I say go. First we take this side of the house. Ready? Get ready. Get them up there, get 'em up. What's the matter, sir, you can't get 'em up? Ready, go. Thank you. Now this side, ready go. Thank you. this side you are very good. You are like Brahmin priest, you are close to Krishna. (to other side) This side, you have been eating meat. You cannot fool Ka Ka. But I am going to give you one more chance to get even with the other side of the house. We are going to do the exercise one more time. But this time we are going to use a visual aid. You will do the exercise when you see the Applause sign. Are you ready? Everybody get ready. Can you do it twice in one night, sir? Ready, go! (*holds up Hindi applause sign*) That's applause in Hindi. Thank you. Namaste, shanti, om.

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THE WHITE DEVIL

Monticelso

I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
 Your follies in more natural red and white
 Than that upon your cheek.
 I must spare you till proof cry whore to that;
 Observe this creature here my honoured lords,
 A woman of a most prodigious spirit
 In her effected.
 Oh, your trade instructs your language!
 You see my lords what goodly fruit she seems,
 Yet like those apples travellers report
 To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood:
 I will but touch her and you straight shall see
 She'll fall to soot and ashes.
 I am resolved.
 Were there a second paradise to loose
 This devil would betray it.
 Who knows not how, when several night by night
 Her gates were choked with coaches and her rooms
 Outbraved the stars with several kind of lights,
 When she did counterfeit a prince's court
 In music, banquets and most riotous surfeits,
 This whore, forsooth, was holy?
 Shall I expound whore to you? Sure I shall;
 I'll give their perfect character. They are first
 Sweetmeats which rot the eater: in man's nostril
 Poisoned perfumes. They are coz'ning alchemy,
 Shipwrecks in calmest weather! What are whores?
 Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren
 As if that nature had forgot the spring.
 They are the true material fire of hell,
 Worse than those tributes i'th Low Countries paid,
 Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep;
 Ay even on man's perdition, his sin.
 They are those brittle evidences of law
 Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
 For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
 They are those flattering bells have all one tune,
 At weddings, and at funerals: your rich whores
 Are only treasuries by extortion filled,
 And emptied by curs'd riot. They are worse,
 Worse than dead bodies, which are begged at gallows
 And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
 Wherein he is imperfect. What's a whore?
 She's like the guilty counterfeited coin
 Which whoso'er first stamps it brings in trouble
 All that receive it.
 You, gentlewoman, Take from all beasts, and from all minerals
 Their deadly poison.
 I'll find in thee a pothecary's shop
 To sample them all.
 You know what whore is: next the devil, Adul'try,
 Enters the devil, Murder.
 And look upon this creature was his wife.
 She comes not like a widow: she comes armed
 With scorn and impudence. Is this a mourning habit?
 See my lords,
 She scandals our proceedings.
 Nay hear me,
 For you Vittoria, your public fault,
 Joined to th'condition of the present time,
 Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity.
 Such a corrupted trial have you made
 Both of your life and beauty, and been styled
 No less in ominous fate than blazing stars
 To princes: here's your sentence: you are confined
 Unto a house of convertites— a house of penitent whores.
 Take her hence

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NO SCRIPTS

BEN

Ben, the son of a working single parent, experiences loneliness.

My mother and father were divorced two years ago, and because of my father's drinking problem I live with my mom. She's a salesperson for this big clothing manufacturer in New York, and her job requires her to travel a lot. She covers three states—Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois.

At first I thought it was neat that she was gone a lot. I mean, I get to be here alone, I can do what I want, I can stay up late, hang out, have friends in, whatever. I have total freedom. For a young guy, it has to be like this perfect situation, right? Like this dream life. And all of my friends envy me. They tell me all the time how I've got it made, how lucky I am, you know. They say that they'd love for their parents to take off and leave them home alone. Then they could party all they wanted and not have to do a lot of stupid regimented crap. They all wish they had the freedom I do.

But more and more, as time goes on, I'm starting to think maybe they're the ones who have it made, not me. When I go to their homes, it feels different. They feel like... like..., they feel like *homes*. Here, to be honest, it doesn't feel like anything. It's just this empty, vacant, nothing. It's just a... just a big nothing place. I mean, yeah, it's a nice house, furnished nice and all that, sure. But it doesn't have any warmth, any

feelings. At least, when my parents were together, even though they got into major hassles, at least then it felt like a home.

You know, after a while, all the partying and hanging out, the freedom isn't so cool anymore. I mean, how long you can goof off and party? Not that I'm against freedom. No way, not at all. Freedom's important. Freedom is part of us, one of the greatest things in life. But when there's freedom without sharing, without caring, what the hell's the good of it, anyway?

I guess what I'm saying here is that a lot of the time I'm lonely. So lonely that I actually ache inside. Yeah, I really do, sometimes I actually hurt from loneliness. Sometimes when I come home to this empty place, or after a party, after everyone has gone, I get super down, super depressed. And a guy my age shouldn't feel lonely, and empty, and depressed, you know. Hey, it's not right.

I know that my lifestyle looks good to my friends, but they don't realize; they don't realize that they're the ones who have it made. I may have this so-called freedom, but they have a family. They have people around who care.

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BENJAMIN:

18 year old homeboy talking to his dead buddy.

Just a few minutes here 'fore I go back 'cause they let me out so I could spend a few minutes...Billy. I know you loved my rappin' an' I loved you lovin' it an' I appreciate the way you used to beat an' rap with my homies. I knows I was angry with the way yous won over Lakesha, and how yous made an uncle out of me when I was gonna make an uncle out of yous, but now with yous gone and Li'l Billy busted up an' sprayed..I'm just so sick of the whole damn thing, man, if I'd known killin' was gonna kill my own kin, then I should a never taken up killin' in the first place, bro, 'cause now they's blood everywhere. They got yellow tape around the whole hood, Billy, it's one big crime scene with black an' whites an' them helicopters hoverin' over head. Everybody's walchin' they's backs 'cause everybody's got a gat so maybe I'm safer behind razor wire with staff tellin' me what to do 'cause I know I'd hunt down the enemy who took you out 'cause its payback. Can't go to your funeral 'cause of my offense. Last time I'll see you before they take me back. I love you bro. I never thought I could say that. I looked out the window the other day and seen this fool playin' catch with a football like you and me used to do 'fore all this killin' came like an avalanche down all around us, and I seen this pretty bird flying free like it was in the air and nothin' could pull it down where nothing' could get it 'cause I seen it fly there 'fore 'cause I'm locked up 23 hours a day in my room so I pays attention to the way the trees sway an' the clouds sail across the sky, and so this fool threw the ball right at the bird as it was flying to the nest, and, BAM, he smoked it right there and now all the little birdies up in the nest ain't gonna make it, bro, and I don't know that I'm gonna make it either...

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DAN

Even though the divorce of his parents presents problems, Dan believes the dissolution is necessary.

It's nothing new. My parents have been talking about getting a divorce for years. They bring it up every time they have an argument. Which is often. For no apparent reason, they get into these wild, screaming, off-the-wall arguments all the time, accusing each other of the damndest things, laying blame, cursing. They spin out, go completely out of control. Worse than kids anytime. And you can hear them all over hell, all over the neighborhood. In a way, this is the worst part, you know. The fact that the neighbors can hear them. It's really embarrassing that the whole neighborhood can hear your parents fighting. Then, for a while afterwards, after they have these terrible brawls, they go through these periods where they treat each other okay. It's like this is their way of making up for the screaming and all the crummy things they said to each other. It's like they call a truce. But the truce never lasts very long. Before you know it, they're fighting again. And the periods between their fights have gotten shorter. To the point now where it seems like they're at each other's throats constantly.

I think the hardest thing for me to understand is how they can be so hateful to each other. The things they say you wouldn't say to a dog. It's almost as if they hate each other's guts, or something. Maybe they do.

I think about my parents a lot, you know. About how sad it is they've lost all respect for each other. It couldn't have always been like this. I'm sure that at one time or other, when they were young, they were in love. After all, isn't this is the reason people get married? Because they love each other and want to make a life together? Because they're in love and willing to make a lasting commitment?

But what happens along the way to make them get to this point? What goes wrong? I think maybe it's little things. Little lies. Little indiscretions. Small slights. Offhand remarks that would be better off not said. I guess it's this and a lot more things that add up to emotions going out of control.

I used to hate the thought of my parents splitting up. Just the threat of it, the insecurity of the whole thing turned me around and really messed with my head. But lately, lately I think that it'd be the best thing for everyone. For them, for me, and my sister, Carrie—everybody. It's no good for people to live around constant hostility. When there's no more love, only meanness and hatred, what the hell's the point of going on?

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DAVID

David responds negatively to the suggestion that he should date the local brain.

Hey, how about you? Why don't you date Irma Peterson, okay? run- I mean, if you're so red hot for Irma Peterson, why aren't you taking her out? (*Beat.*) Oh yeah, sure, sure, tell me another one.

"Because she's a bad dancer." Yeah, right. Anyway, how would you know? Like how many times have you danced with her, anyhow? Besides, you can't dance. You dance like a spas tic robot. Face it, the reason you don't want to make it with Irma Peterson is because she's like this walking encyclopedia, that's why. That's why nobody wants to take her out. Because it's like taking out a library. Once you date Irma Peterson is the last time you date Irma Peterson. Hey, I know from personal experience. Irma Peterson is the date from hell.

I took her out about three months ago. To a movie. Cost seven bucks apiece plus parking and popcorn and Cokes. And do I get to hear the movie? No way. I get to hear Irma Peterson, movie reviewer. I can't tell you what the picture was about because Irma Peterson was leaning into my ear all night about a bunch of stupid intellectual garbage. Who the hell is Kurosawa, anyway? She kept talking about this dude and comparing the movie to one he made. Something called *Rashomon*. It takes place in medieval Japan. It's supposed to be this masterpiece. If it's so great, how come I've never heard of it?

Then, after fifteen bucks plus parking, popcorn, and Cokes, she has the nerve to accuse me of not being intellectually inquisitive. Hey, like everyone's supposed to know all about medieval Japan, right? All most people know about Japan is that this is where Toyotas come from. Toyotas and Hondas. What else is to know? And, oh yeah, Walkman. She says the picture's convoluted and that the main guy's motivation is weak. Whatever this means. Who knows what she's talking about? And with her yelling in my ear, who would know if there was a plot or not? Then the crazy bitch goes off on this tangent about something that Alfred Hitchcock did called *The 39 Steps*. How it's like, and I'm using her exact words—"This unparalleled use of timing and comic relief juxtaposed against a 1930s English milieu." If you wanna know how I remember this, it's because she repeated it in my ear at very close range about thirty times. To the point where the people in front of us were turning around and flipping us off.

I wouldn't date Irma Peterson again for anything. Because she's a smart-ass-know-it-all-motor-mouth. And the sad thing of it is, she's beautiful. Which goes to prove, beauty's only skin deep.

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DEAN

Dean likes to "play the field."

You've got like these guys who get hooked on just one babe, you know. They get all hot for like this one girl and they go get involved and before you know it they're going steady. Hey, you see them all the time. And it screws 'em up bad. Like take a look at Jim Ritter. Here you have your perfect example of a young guy who's already hen-pecked. He can't go anywhere without Dana Harris hanging on him. It's like they're handcuffed together or joined at the hip, or something. Just seeing them makes me realize how lucky I am..

The way I see it is, there are too many women around to get involved with just one babe. There are too many drawbacks. Like for example: Say you're going steady with this babe and you see another one who's neater, okay? What can you do, huh? Nothing, that's what. Nothing, because you're locked in, screwed, dead meat in the romance department. I mean, here you are like stuck with this dame and you can't put on any moves. 'Cause if you do, the babe you're going steady with gets all weird and comes off-the-wall and yells at you and makes you feel guilty. And hey, face it, man, guilt sucks.

I'm not putting any story on you here: I'm speaking from experience, okay? I've been through the steady routine a couple of times and I know where I'm coming from, okay? Remember when I dated Angela Campo? Whoa! (*He shivers at the thought.*) My life wasn't my own. I had no freedom. It was always like, "What are we doing tonight, Dean?" "How about coming over later, Dean?" "What you wanna do that for, Dean?" "You wanna go with Bob tonight? You just saw Bob last night, Dean." It

was Dean this and Dean that to the point where I hated my own name. Not to mention seriously hating Angela Campo. And then, breaking up was sickening. When I gave her the dump, she went bananas and started accusing me of all kinds of crap—having other girlfriends and stuff. (He shivers again.) Like I said, guilt sucks.

How people stay married, I'll never know. I mean, even being around the same girl for a few nights is too much. A guy has to be nuts to tie himself down with just one bitch when he can take his pick from a bunch. And another thing, this way you never get bored and you don't feel obligated and feel you have to go to her house on Sunday and eat chicken and sit around with a bunch of overfed dorks.

Look, what's the hurry to get super tied-down at our age? Right now, while we're young, we should be enjoying our freedom, okay? There's plenty of time later to get married and settle down and live like a couch potato. When you're older, you're ready for it. Like my mom and dad. They seem to love boredom.

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DERRICK:

It was the shadow of the boy I saw first. His arms hanging down over his head, the silhouette of his feet aimed up. *[Beat]* Then,-- I stepped into the room and saw his dead eyes, open, as if staring, unseeing, down at the pool of blood that had been drained from his body. *[Beat, trying to sound professional]* I looked around the room, made mental notes of where everything was and then crossed to him and cut him down, letting this body drop back into a more normal relationship with the ground. Just because he had died abnormally, didn't mean he had to sustain it in death. As we looked around the shack, most of the others got sick at what they saw. But it was the smell that got me. It wasn't that usual odor of death you find in scenes like this. That bloody mixture of excrement and sweat strained out of the contraction of agonized muscle. This was different. It was more acrid. Caustic. Like acid. But, worse of all, it's stench made me...afraid. *[Looks at her]* You know, always before these horror scenes filled me with rage, a determination to catch the bastard responsible and put him away. But this time -- *[Looks at her, trying to find the words]* This time...I...*[Stops, then goes ahead.]* Whatever is out there is more terrifying, more ugly than anything I've ever dealt with. It seems so grossly inadequate, but the only word I can think of to describe what we're up against is...evil. We're looking for something inhuman and that scares the hell out of me.

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ERNIE

The sudden death of a parent has left deep emotional scars.

It happened four years ago. But it seems like it was only yesterday. Something like this never leaves you; it's always in the back of your mind. You go over and over it, relive it, and remember all the details. Like when they called me up to the office from class. I remember it vividly. When they told me my father had been killed in an auto accident, at first I couldn't grasp it. The initial impact of the thing was so shocking that I just couldn't get it into my head. My father was dead! My father was dead! Hey, parents don't die, other people die: neighbors, relatives, people you read about in the papers. But parents—they live forever! This is what you think because the thought of never seeing your mother or father again is out of the question.

For me, the news was too much to handle. I think now that you can be overwhelmed by too much reality. That something can happen that is *so* real, *so* big, *so* personal that you can't cope with it. I know that this is the way the news of my dad's death affected me. Jesus! My dad! I'd just seen him that morning. We'd talked like always and joked as usual and he drove *off* to work like always Hell, he just couldn't be dead. But he was. But I chose not to believe it. Like I said, the reality was just too damned big.

After my father died, I became a different person—listless and depressed. I'd always been a good student, but after the tragedy, my grades went straight to hell. And I'd always been heavy into sports and had plenty of friends. But now, friends and sports didn't seem important to me anymore. I became more and more withdrawn and standoffish. Little by little, I became a loner. To where I started skipping school and avoiding people. Hey, it got to the point where I wouldn't even answer the phone.

My dad and I were very close. We did all kinds of things together. We were pals. He was a neat guy, someone I looked up to. I trusted him, respected him a lot. Then, alluva sudden, here he was gone. Alluva sudden I had no one I could trust. My mother tried to get me to relate to other men, wanted me to spend more time with my uncle. But it didn't work out. It just wasn't the same, you know. The only one I felt comfortable with was my mom. I wanted to be with her constantly. I didn't want to let her out of my sight because I was afraid if I did, something would happen to her, too. The thought of her dying like my dad drove me crazy.

It took a helluva long time for me to get over my fears and my feeling of emptiness. But, after a while, with my mother's and uncle's help and with the help of a few friends who would listen, I started getting myself together. Now, finally, I'm starting to live again.

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HAROLD

Harold, an accident victim, now paralyzed, tells of his ordeal. (Limping forward.)

Hey, it's... it's not easy to talk about, you know. I mean. (*He finds the words difficult.*) Up 'til now, I haven't told anyone; anyone outside my family, that is.

I was out cruising with Fred and Cliff. We always cruised on Saturday nights. It was like our thing. Like lots of people hit the streets on the weekend, you know. This is where it's happening. This is where you see your friends and talk to the girls. Everybody does it.

The big mistake was the drinking. We'd had a few beers at my place and then stopped off at a carry-out and picked up a twelve-pack. We were pretty blitzed, I guess. But, what the hell, I mean. .we were having fun, I mean.... You don't think you're as loaded as you really are.

We were in Fred's Camaro. It was a hot car and Fred could really burn it. We got into this thing with some guys and these babes in this 5.0 Mustang and they challenged us, okay? Said they could wipe us. So Fred punched it, and we took off for the canyon out off of Route 56. The canyon is a cool place to race. It has lots of curves and like this long tunnel you can blast through blowing your horn.

It was around midnight when we hit the canyon. We must have been going ninety with the Mustang right behind. The Mustang was really hot and the guy kept trying to pass us, but Jerry kept swerving back an' forth so he couldn't get by. But the guy was an ace driver, and when there was this opening, he blew us off. This really got Fred pissed. He jammed it and we were right on top of the Mustang at about a hundred miles per hour. The Camaro was singing, man, singing. Wow! Then, on this long, sweeping curve right before the tunnel, Fred makes his move by cutting inside the Mustang, okay? But just as we're passing, Fred loses it and we break away and shoot over the side of the road. All I remember is like the world being upside down for a few seconds. The cops say we plunged over two hundred feet.

Both Fred and Cliff were pronounced dead at the scene. I was airlifted to the hospital with critical injuries, where I was in surgery for over five hours. For a while, it was touch-and-go. They didn't think I was going to make it. I was busted up pretty good. I was in a body cast for four months, and I'm partially paralyzed on my left side. Maybe with therapy I'll gain back some feeling. They're not sure. I'm pretty lucky, I guess. Even though I'm half a person...I'm still alive.

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IT'S A DOG'S LIFE CHAD

The day the cast was posted, I stood out by the theatre door, afraid to go in. Everyone was crowding around, waiting. It was in the morning, about 8:30. The sun was trying to come out, but the clouds were forcing it out of the sky. These big black clouds, just floating slowly, you know, like clouds do. I watched them for a minute and I could smell the rain. Remember that song from *The Fantasticks*? The one that goes, "Soon it's gonna rain, I can feel it. Soon it's gonna rain, I can tell?" Well, I can always tell when it's gonna rain. I don't even have to see that there are clouds. I can smell the wetness in air. And that day, that cloudy dark day with the sun waging a losing battle with the atmosphere, I waited with a bunch of other kids to see if I got a part in the show. There was this other guy, about my age, pacing and smoking a cigarette. I watched him pace and watched that trail of smoke wind it's way up to join the other clouds and help block out my sun. He glanced over at me and gave me this tense smile. "Nerves," he said and pulled a long drag from his cigarette. He looked cool, though, in a very "with-it-part-of-the-in-crowd" sort of way. Right then the door opened and everyone rushed in to check the cast list. Mr. Cool Smoker Guy was dancing all around. Obviously he got the part he wanted. I looked up at the clouds and the sun. For just a moment the sun won the war and revealed itself full and glowing. I took that as a good sign and went in to check the cast list myself. Oh, I was there, all right. Chorus. Again. Well, at least I made it. I went back outside and the sun was shining fully, having burned the clouds away. I figured it was sort of like a natural spotlight meant just for me so everybody would know that, yet again, I was inadequate. No wonder I like the rain.

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JAMES

Physical exercise isn't for James.

I mean like, hey, I like to look good, too, you know. I mean, I don't wanna look like some bag of meatballs either, okay? But I also don't wanna look like some no-neck gorilla, some overbuilt goon. Being super huge is stupid.

We've got these guys in school who work out in the gym every day, you know. Most of 'em are jocks, muscle-heads. I see them down there sweating like pigs, pumping all this iron like crazy, doing clean-and-jerks and bench presses and curls and stuff. Here they are, grunting and groaning like animals. And you should see they way they look. Like these big sacks of cement on two legs. One guy, Jerry Mendez, is so musclebound he can't even walk right. He waddles around like a drunken duck, or something. And he's got this neck as wide as his head. The guy's more ape than person.

As for me, I like being built regular, you know. Normal. And besides, I'm not into cracking myself up and having sore tendons and bad knees when I'm twenty. The muscle-heads have this expression, "No pain, no gain," okay? Well, the way I see it is, "Feel pain,

no brain." Pain is like this built-in thing that keeps us from messing ourselves up. It's like nature's way of saying, "Easy pal." Pain is like nature's governor, you know. I try to keep my weight down and stay on the thin side. A guy who's thin looks much better in his clothes. You take a lookback at your old-time cool movie stars, and they were all on the thin side. Guys like Fred Astaire and Gary Grant and Gary Cooper and like that. And I never heard of any of those guys pumping iron and busting their buns in gyms. They were out somewhere in tailor-made tuxedos getting it on with the dames.

I tried pumping iron just once. Jerry Franks hyped me on working out with him. Jerry is built like this rhino, you know. He grabs this ton of steel off this rack and pushes it over his head. The veins in his face stood out so far it looked like they were going to pop. And his face turned this dark shade of purple—like rotten eggplant. He goes and pumps this truck-load of steel about ten times, okay? Then he hands me this loaded barbell, and it's so heavy I almost go through the floor. He tells me to curl it in my arms. Says it'll make my biceps bigger. I did about two curls, and the pain was so great even my Nikes hurt. I told him to forget it. I wasn't about to go blowing out my bones for nothing.

Another thing—girls don't like musclebound guys. They've told me so. Over-developed guys turn them off. What they like is normal-sized guys with nice butts. If you've got a nice butt, you can go a long way with the babes. Something that's more important than having big arms any day.

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JERRY

Jerry's sister and her baby have recently succumbed to AIDS. Here, Jerry speaks of the incident.

My sister, Janet, was just twenty-seven when she found out she had AIDS. She'd been feeling sick and tired for a long time and was developing these sores in her mouth. In fact, at first, the doctors didn't think of testing her for AIDS because she was married and had a baby. They just assumed it was a virus.

After she found out what was wrong, she told people around here that she was suffering from leukemia. Her husband, Cal, a carpenter, was the one who made up this lie because he was afraid if people knew the truth, they wouldn't use his services. Then, when their baby was a year old, they discovered it had AIDS, too. And they made up the same story, that the baby was suffering from leukemia also. This is how ashamed and guilty they felt. And I can understand. People around here have got some pretty straight-laced ideas, you know. So, Jan and Cal became locked into living this lie because they were afraid of what people might think.

But all of this secrecy and living this awful lie started to take its toll. Cal, who was an alcoholic, started to drink again, and Janet felt like she was being cheated out of life. Finally, about a year after she'd learned she had AIDS, Janet joined a group where she stood up and told everyone the truth. Afterwards, she said she finally felt relieved and relaxed and at ease. And her honesty seemed to relieve her fears, too. But for Cal, well, her coming out really hit him hard. He drank heavier and became more and more private and withdrawn. Then, last April, he went into his workshop and shot himself. In his suicide note, he said, "I just couldn't handle it anymore. I'm tired of running." That's how ashamed he was.

Janet died in September and her baby died just three weeks later.

During the last four months of her life, Janet spoke out about AIDS. She wanted people to know more about it and not be afraid of it or of the people who carry it. She became a real campaigner so that people would realize that AIDS is a disease, not a stigma, something you should run from and cover up for. She wanted people to stop judging. She told them that it didn't matter how people got AIDS—she'd gotten hers from tainted blood from a transfusion after an appendectomy. She told them that what matters is that people who have AIDS have a disease and that we should be understanding and give them love.

My sister was one hell of a person.

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JIM

Jim's brother was the victim of an unprovoked attack.

The neighborhood is bad. It's been bad ever since I can remember. We've been planning to move for a long time, but my dad lost his job and, well... it just hasn't been possible.

Even though we live in a rough area where drug deals go down on every corner, we've always stayed clear of the problem, free of those people and their habits. We know what happens when you get into crack, marijuana, ice—any of the substances.

Bobby, my sisters, and I kept clear of the streets. We've always tried to be better than that. Because of our parents. Because of their concern for us and teaching us about the importance of staying out of trouble and of getting a proper education.

I'm a straight-A student. So was my brother, Bobby. He was at the top of his class, an honor student. He was one of the smartest guys you'd ever want to meet. He was a real neat person. Everybody liked him a lot. That's what's so shocking about it, about him being shot. It's such a waste, you know. I mean, if he'd been a person who was involved with drugs, involved with the gangs, you could understand

why he might come to some trouble. But a guy like Bobby.... *(He shakes his head with disbelief)*

It was all so crazy. We were just walking along, Bobby and I, minding our own business, when this car appears from out of nowhere. And then another car comes around a corner and cuts it off, slams into it. Then guys come piling out of the cars onto the street. They all have guns. They get into this huge argument, screaming and calling each other names. There was a lot of pushing and shoving—threats. Then this one kid challenges this guy from the other car, and the guy shoots him, just like that.

Then the other guys started blasting away. It was like a war out there, a war, I'm telling you, right there in the middle of the block with homes, families. . . . *(Pause.)* That's when Bobby got it. "I'm hit," he said, "they hit me." I turned to see him fall, holding his stomach. At first they didn't think he would live. He was all torn up inside. But he made it, he beat the odds. But he's paralyzed from the waist down. Here he was, this great guy with this bright future with everything going for him, and now... now here he is with his life ripped apart. And for what? For nothing. It was senseless. What's happening to this world anyhow? Every time I think about it I get sick inside. Sick!

And I get damn mad!

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LES

Les is not crazy about his part-time job.

My folks hassled me about getting a part-time job. Said I had to find out what work is all about. As if I don't know what work is all about. The way I figure it, work is this thing you hate that you do between being born and dying because this is what everybody has always done. But most people hate working, I think. Like my dad. He comes dragging ass home every night complaining about pressure and how he can't get people to work anymore and how his customers don't pay him and hey, you name it. And when he's home, he can't relax because he's all the time thinking about his business. It's like the poor guy's this big workaholic-rat caught in this stupid trap, understand?

I know working keeps the economic system going. It's part of the old socioeconomic ball game. So, everybody works, okay? But why? When I ask my dad this, he gets crazy and starts twisting the hair at his temples. He says, "What kind of a world would it be if nobody worked?" I tell him I think it'll be a better world because if nobody did anything, it would all even out. Besides, who knows what would happen because nobody's ever tried it? People have been work nuts since the dawn of time. Guys freezing their butts off in caves were busy screwing around with flint, for example. I think maybe like the work drive is a basic flaw in human nature.

But anyway, to keep my parents from bitching and ragging on me all the time, I go and get this part-time job at the Cooper Corrugated Box Company down on Spring Street. You know the place—the big building that looks like it's mad at somebody. Almost all warehouses have this personality. They all look mean and grumpy. Like they've eaten something that's gonna come up on 'em.

At Cooper's they fabricate paper, convert it into padding for shipping and boxes of all sizes. Maybe this is why the building looks the way it does, because of the stinking pulp. You should smell the joint. Kind of like a mixture of barf and rotten eggs.

At Cooper's, they've got corrugated paper products up the wazoo. Floor to ceiling bins of the crap. My job like is pulling orders for paper boxes. The boxes come broken down flat and are sold in bundles. My title is "Box Boy." Hey, how about this for a glamour I.D.? "Box Boy!" When I think of it, I get this image of a guy made out of a box.

I've been working at Cooper's for almost a year now. After school, on Saturdays, and during summer vacation. But I'm about to tell 'em to take their boxes and shove 'em sideways. The work is heavy, and I've got so many paper cuts my hands look like veal cutlets. Like I said, what if nobody did anything? Wouldn't we all be a helluva lot happier?

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MARTIN

Because Martin is largely responsible for his younger sister and brother, he doesn't have much time for typical teen activities.

My dad left home a long time ago. He just walked out on us one day and never came back. We never hear from him. He never sends us a penny. It's like we don't exist.

In the beginning, it wasn't so bad because my mother was working. It was rough, but working together we got by okay. But then she became sick. Not physically sick, emotionally upset, psychologically unbalanced. The doctors think it has a lot to do with being faced with so much responsibility, with working and trying to raise three children. It was too much for her. She just couldn't hold up under the pressure, the constant financial problems. This is what they think is the biggest factor in her illness.

Now she's under psychiatric care for depression and spends most of the time in bed. Some days she's up, some down. You never know. Our social worker says she may be like this for a long time, that we shouldn't get our hopes too high. There are no

guarantees, she tells us.

We get financial aid from the county. It isn't much, just enough to cover expenses. We never have much left over for extras.

My sister, Allison, is nine and my brother, Ronnie, is just two. This is the reason I don't have much time for regular teenage stuff, you know. Because I'm usually too busy filling the role of a parent. I guess you might say I'm kind of Allison's and Ronnie's teenage father. I have to dress my brother, give him his bath, get him ready for bed—do all the things you do for a two-year-old. I have to look after Allison, too. Even though she's nine, she still needs a lot of attention. I help her with her homework, spend time with her, take her places, watch out for her. When one of them is sick, I skip school to stay home and do the cooking, the marketing, and stuff.

I don't have much time for myself, can't do all the stuff most guys my age get to do. It's just not possible. No way. Not with all the work I have to do at home. And there's a lot, too. But, even though it gets pretty crazy sometimes, I don't sit around on my butt bitching and complaining about my responsibilities. When there's something to be done, I just take it on and do it. Because I love my family. My family is my main priority.

Even though taking care of the house and my kid sister and brother is a pain sometimes, I think the rewards are pretty great. I mean, when you care about somebody, doing stuff for them is easy. *(Pause.)* I think the thing that bothers me most is how my dad could walk out on such neat people.

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Observations

Situation: A lifeguard/instructor (about 17 years old) comes home and complains about her Deck Supervisor.

(walks in and throws her bag on the table) She stands there, on the right side of the guard chair. Her hands are on her hips, and her whistle is twisted around her fingers. She is watching us. I often wonder what Mary is actually looking at. She should be looking after her own class.

Mary has been working at our swimming pool for about a month now. She is our Deck Supervisor, which basically means she runs the pool. Everyday when I arrive for work she is sitting at the edge of the pool in the same blue chair with her clipboard on her lap. There is usually about one or two swimmers in the pool at this time. Looking bored out of her mind, Mary watches them swim back and forth, back and forth. Occasionally she uncrosses her arms to brush a curl of short dark hair out of her eyes. Mary is always wearing that ugly green Speedo that looks like it is going to fall apart. The only reason why it hasn't become an object for the garbage yet is because it has Deck Supervisor in big white letters on lower left side. That doesn't matter anyway because she also always wears plaid shorts and it covers the title up. I know that she has other bathing suits because I have seen them in her big bag that she leaves in the middle of the office. Then there is her voice. She has this loud, screechy voice that echoes in the pool. *(laughs)* Even the parents are afraid of her, not to mention the kids. Mary never lets that clipboard out of her site. The other lifeguards think it is because she has been taking notes on us. They think that, but I know that she has notes on us. Why else would she be watching us teach our classes so closely? *(slowly and quietly)* There was one day when she left and forgot to take her clipboard. I was the only guard on duty, and nobody showed up for the adult swim - which is not a surprise. Anyway, I needed a class list for the Otter class that I would be teaching the next day, and Mary had it on her clipboard. So, while I was looking for the list I accidentally saw the sheets with all of her observations. There were some good things, but there were some bad things too. She put that I had my kids play with those rings that sink for the last ten minutes of class. Now that was a fun deep diving exercise. Then she had that my kid almost knocked out another kid with the Ring Buoy. I didn't know that a seven year old could throw that hard, plus the other kid swam right past the mock victim while the Ring Buoy was in motion. He came out of no where and should have been watching where he was going. And then there was the case where the two year old fell into the deep end. Now that was not my fault. I was guarding the shallow end at the time. Bob, who was guarding the deep end should have prevented that one. I'm not worried though. There were a lot more bad things on the other lifeguards than there were on me. Things were much better when Donna was our Deck Supervisor. She was fun and caring and nice to the kids. She also didn't take notes on us. I do think that Mary should spend more time watching her own class instead of taking notes on us. We know what we are doing. *(thinking)* Maybe we should start taking notes on her. You know, she did let a little kid fall off the aqua table today.

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RICK

Rick is fed up with his super-jock coach.

The coach is a nut, okay? He's a crazy, off-the-wall jock. He should have like this big "S" on the front of his sweatshirt for Super Jock. *(In a dramatic, radio voice.)* "Super Jock. He leaps tall students with a single bound. He's fast as a speeding basketball in the face. It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Super Jock!"

The guy's a nut altogether. Crazy! Making guys do a hundred push-ups. Making guys climb ropes to the top of the gym. Making guys run laps till their tongues are on their feet. Making guys do a thousand sit-ups. Making guys stand at attention in the hot sun. Making guys stick out their chests and pull in their guts. We're talking one sick, crazed dude.

The guy's this ex-Marine, okay? An old leatherneck. With a leather brain. He's got this "over the top," "do or die," "a few good men" mentality. He's like part Rambo and part John Wayne with a little Adolph Hitler thrown in just for the hell of it. He doesn't see us as young guys in a gym class; he sees us as recruits. Like this bunch of enlistees, okay? Get this: Last week he says, "I'm gonna turn you guys into men or hamburger casserole." He actually said that. And why? Because we couldn't run in place for fifteen

Men
minutes. Fifteen minutes! What the hell are we here, anyway, machines, or something?

His name is Benson. We all call him Major Benson because he's like this crazed military-type guy. Hey, you should get a load of the way he dresses: camouflage shirts and pants and OD tank tops and combat boots. He has his hair cut so short he looks like this big macho melon. And he drives around in this beat-up old Jeep with Marine insignias on it. What we're talking about here is a blood-and-guts and bullets freak. He's all the time talking about his gun collection. One of the guys saw it and says like his house is like this arsenal or armory, or something. He's got all kinds of ammo and automatic weapons. If World War III ever breaks out this dude can declare himself a separate country.

Taking gym is bad enough without having to have some wacko character out of *Apocalypse Now* standing over you and screaming, "Mister." Yeah, that's what he calls everyone, "Mister." Or, I should say, yells at everyone. He doesn't talk, man, not this guy, no way—he shouts. "Get down on that ground and give me a fast twenty, mister!" "Give me a fast ten laps, mister." I know what I'd like to give him. I'd like to give him a fast one right between his beady General Patton eyes.

Where the hell does the school board find these jerks, anyway?

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SAM
Roger's parents are leaving for the weekend. Here, Sam encourages him to throw the "mother" of all parties.

Your folks are leaving for the whole weekend? You're kidding? Like for the whole weekend? *(Pause.)* Wow! All right! What a break, man. *(Pause.)* Why is it a break? Why is it a break? Are you for real here? Do you mean I have to tell you? Man, you've just been given two beautiful nights and three fantastic days of *total freedom!* It's like you're not going to be a prisoner for a change. *(Pause.)* Yeah, right—prisoner. What else do you think we are? Hey, Rog, face it, we're like a couple of convicts most of the time.

Look at it like this: Think of your home life as like this jail and of your dad as like the warden, okay? *(Pause.)* You never looked at it that way? It figures. Rog, sometimes you won't me. It's a damned good thing you've got me around to wise you up to what's happening, you know that?

So, anyway, like I was saying, most of the time it's like we're locked up in the can. We can't do this, we can't do that, we have to get clearance, permission to do everything. And when we wanna do something on our own, it's like being put on probation, okay? It's always like this big deal. Most of the time we're like under the watchful eyes of the prison guards, you know what I'm saying?

And now, now here, outta the blue, comes this golden opportunity. The warden and his wife have left for the weekend, and you have the keys to the joint in your back pocket. What a break. It's like you just got paroled or something, pal. *(Pause.)* You never looked at it that way? Will you stop saying that!?

Okay, so now you've got three days of freedom, okay? So what you gonna do with 'em? *(Pause.)* Hang around and watch TV? Are you crazy? Am I talking to a dope here, or something? What you do is like throw the biggest party this stupid town has ever seen. *(Pause.)* You don't know? Well, I do, and I'm saying we have the biggest blast in history. You can't let an opportunity like this go slipping through our—your hands. We invite everybody; we get in Jerry and his group; we invite babes, lotsa babes; we stock up on beverages; we load up on munchies; we rent videos; we get Dave to bring his twin cousins—the ones who look like Madonna; we get all kinds of decorations and party stuff and fix up this dump so it doesn't look like an overstuffed dungeon. Whaddaya think? *(Pause.)* You like it. Of course you like it! Who wouldn't like it?

So, okay, let's get our butts moving here. We've only got three days. Come Monday, it's back to San Quentin.

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Soap Opera

JOHNNY.

The thing about Lucy was how she could make me feel like I could say or do anything to her when we were alone. She could take the whole world and just put it away somewhere, on the other side of the door, and the world didn't matter anymore. The world could not touch us or tell us what to do or make us feel guilty about what we said or what we did. It was just us. And that suited me fine, because what had the world ever done for me but bring me sorrow and pain? I had accepted, long ago, the truth which came with the pain— which are two words from the same thing, as I see it— and this made me different from other people right off, who think that pain is one thing and the truth another. That's their problem and not mine, although I'm sure they don't see it that way. Most people don't really see things at all, because most people are so stupid that it never dawns on them what life really is: just a word for something which we are all part of, which doesn't care that we are a part of it; which doesn't care about our dreams, or give two hoots about our chances for finding beauty or happiness. *(Beat.)* When I was ten years old, I stood in my pajamas in the grass, about an hour before sunrise, and watched our house go up in flames. Through the smoke, the sky was so lovely I could never describe it, filled with soft stars fading into the blue. I thought: it's like another world. Which is a pretty obvious and stupid way of putting it, but I was in shock so they told me, so I guess it was not so stupid after all. Even after the funeral, off my myself at night, all I could think was how impossible the heavens looked, too beautiful to be true, all lit up and quiet and so endless... I wanted to die, in that moment of silence, not like my brother and sisters in the fire, but peacefully, sweetly. I wanted to turn into vapor, into a mist, and be pulled upward, stretched so thin that there would be nothing left of me, just a swirling dust, soft and bright... After a while, I could hear screaming again, but far away, where it couldn't hurt me. I could hear

the roaring of the water in the hoses: It was soothing. It made me smile and feel sleepy. I stood still and closed my eyes and floated away, off the face of this earth. There was a cooler and cooler breeze the higher I got, higher than the birds and the planets, and with my eyes shut tight, I saw it all again, from a heavenly distance: my mother, naked, her body black with soot, held back by neighbors, clawing and digging her fingers apart in the air like it was a living thing she could rip apart; my father, naked, his arms wrapped around himself, the nails of his fingers digging into the flesh of his sides, his legs rooted to the earth like a tree... The way he bellowed before he fell to his knees and pitched forward into the earth... into the flowers my mother had planted years before. *(Beat.)* The thing about Lucy, the thing that made me want to spend time with her, endless time was that when I was with her, the whole world didn't matter anymore. And with every move we made, and every word we spoke, it was us, it was only us, Lucy and Johnny, Lucy and Johnny, only us.

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THE AUDITION

This comic monologue is printed here in its entirety, though written for a male actor, by changing a few pronouns, the piece could be adapted for use by an actress.

My resume. Oh, first I should mention that I could play any of the parts in this play. Any. I could play an ant, I could play Little Red Riding Hood, I could play Hamlet. I've never heard of this play, as a matter of fact. It doesn't matter. I can do opera, I can do commercials, I can sing soprano, I can do my own stunts- I'm that versatile. Leading man, leading lady, gay, ingenue- you name it, I can do it. That's how great I am. I see you looking over my resume. Noticing I've never had a part. It's a real comment on this sick business we're in, isn't it? An actor this good *(he thumps his chest)* and he's blackballed! Why? For refusing to show up at auditions! Auditions are beneath me. I wipe my feet on them. People should be begging me to grace their theatres- producers should be asking me to audition them! But those egomaniacs who should bow and scrape before me - they have forced me to betray my principles and come to this *(said with utter contempt)* audition. So no, no, don't blame me for demeaning myself in this grotesque position... I've waited ten years for them to come crawling... but suffice it to say they were too wrapped up in their own insane... trivium to get the hint. But enough of them. Let's get to the situation at hand. You're sitting there typecasting me as a leading man aren't you? You're thinking that because of my matinee idol glorious good looks, and rich, sensuous, sexy, seductive, fetching, effervescent, tingly and charming voice, I could only play a male lead. No, I tell you, no! Observe! An ant! *(He crawls along the floor in a normal way.)* And now, King Lear! *(He opens his umbrella and pretends, in an awkward mime, to be blown around the stage.)* I needn't mention, of course, that that was the fabulous storm scene, out on the heath. And now, Brutus, impaled on his own sword! *(Closes the umbrella, stabs himself with it in the stomach. Dies, rather flatly.)* And here's a homicidal lunatic: *(he gets up, picks up the umbrella, waves it threatening forward, like a sword. This part seems real.)* Give me the part or I'll kill you! I'll poke out the vile grape jelly of your eyes with the point of my umbrella! I've been waiting ten years for this! *(Puts the umbrella down.)* OK. All the parts. I should play *all* the parts in your little production. Capiche? Capiche. Note the mastery of the Spanish dialect. I do it all. Now, with that in mind, here's my... *(Abrupt pause)* What do you mean my time's up? I haven't done my monologue yet! *(Beat)* What do you mean, next? Where do *you* get off saying next?! I memorized this thing! I took the subway here! I elbowed my way ahead of dozens of pushy actors and still had to wait a half hour to get in here! I *wanna* do my audition!

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BABES and BRIDES Hello, She Said CHARLIE

I've never been here before, quite a place. I'm running into every single person I've ever known in my entire life. You ever have a day like that? They say if you stand in one place long enough you'll run into every person you know. But, hell, I thought it'd take longer than a couple of hours. And I thought they were talking about, you know, Penn Station or something. Disneyworld. A place people GO to. Who comes here? No one. But I guess I'm wrong, because I'm running into every SINGLE person I've *ever known*. It's a *very* small world. *Very* small. I ran into some girl before, she comes up to me like we're the oldest of friends. Her name's Joan, Jane, John, something like that. You know who she turns out to be? She's my... wait, wait, I want to get this straight. She's my ex-girlfriend's sister's friend's *older brother's* ex-girlfriend. Is that stretching it or what? And here I am talking to her like I may have at one time saved her life. "Hi, how you doing, been a long time, yeah." I can't believe I recognized her. What, did I see her *once*, maybe twice? Maybe said five words to her. And two of them were "Gesundheit." And the damn thing is, it happens all the time. Makes me feel like I'm losing my mind sometime. I pass people out on the street, they say hello to me, I say hello to them, I walk away saying, who the hell was that? It gets to the point that I say hello to every person I make eye contact with. I mean, I don't want to seem unfriendly, so instead I seem homosexual. No, no, that's not true, sorry. I'm getting drunk. When I get drunk, I babble. I don't know why I babble when I get drunk, it's just something I do, I babble. My friends all say "You *babble* when you get drunk," and they're right, it's something I do, I babble. Because I don't care too much when it's a guy says hello to me and I don't know who he is. I mean, it bothers me a little, but I'm not going to spend the day agonizing over it. But the *girls*, I get these pretty girls who are just so happy to see me, and I'm happy to see them too, and I'd be even happier if I *knew who the hell they were!* But, you know, you can't *ask*, right? You can't tell some girl you don't know who she is, she'll be insulted. Right? Right? See, I'll prove it, who the hell are you? See, you're insulted, right? Everybody wants to be remembered but no one does anything memorable.

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ALBUM

By: David Rimmer

BOO

This scene takes place in Boo's room at school. Boo is sixteen, fast talking and fidgety.

Hey...I just remembered this dream I had last night. I was at this big post party in London, at this really rich house. It was really high up and there was these big picture windows, you could see all the river and the lights of the town. I was with this girl-- you know who it was? Trish. We were just lookin' out the window--And all these rich little old ladies started runnin' around all over the place, all excited, saying' Mick Jagger's coming, isn't that wonderful, Mick Jagger's coming. They came up to us and they told us be careful cause the latest thing in London now was sadism, and Mick was really into it. Then they flitted away, laughin' and eatin' *hors d'oeuvres* and stuff, and everybody was just waitin' for Mick to show up. Finally he did, he just walked right in, Marianne Faithfull was with him -- she had purple hair. And this whole crowd of little old ladies swarmed all around him. They introduced me to him, and he was incredibly scary-looking, his face, he really made me scared just lookin' at him. He had lipstick on and make-up and he was dressed like a woman, but it was more like he really was a woman, a woman and a man at the same time. All of a sudden he started pullin' my hair really vicious, and he had these bracelets on that were made outta spikes, they jabbed into me, I saw drops of blood drippin' off 'em like a horror movie. I screamed or somethin', I just ran away I was so scared. I ended up in this room away from the party, nobody around, and I saw this guy sittin' on a couch, just sittin' there by himself, really quiet, watchin' TV. I sat down and watched the TV for a couple of minutes, then I turned and looked at the guy...and it was Dylan.

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I Know I'm Not Dumb!
Nellie M. Valverde

Yeah that's right. I'm a jock. I'm the Varsity Quarterback, starter for the basketball team, and the pitcher for the baseball team. So, why is it that all the dumb girls like me and all the smart ones think I'm just a dumb jock? I know I'm not dumb. I'm not. Sure, I always thought that multiplication was the study of how many hamburgers you could eat. I learned my lesson. I now know it's not just burgers it's apples and other food too. Heck there's a whole variety out there. I know you also say, hey he thought that Biology was the study of bicycles. I know that was wrong. It's the study of shopping for pets. But, what happens if you need to take a bike to buy a pet? In that case bicycles would be included. Don't you think? I know I also thought that chemistry was for making cakes. I know that it's for meeting girls. The thing is I never pass that class cause the girl next to me won't give me her phone number, cause she says I don't have a future. So, of course how is any chemistry gonna happen between us? I don't know 'bout you , but I know I'm not dumb!

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I Remember
By Chris McDaniel

Situation: A father is telling his seventeen year old son about the whole drive-in experience...

A date? Wow. I'll tell you what... you are just growin' up faster than a... well, I guess you're growin' up just on time, but that's good. So what's her name? (Pause) Cindy and Melissa. Wow. Are they good lookin'? (Pause) Well, like I always say, "quantity over quantity is the only way to go." Where you three gonna go? (Pause) Ah, the movies. Yeah, back in my day, instead of just goin' to see a movie in a theatre, we went to these little places called "drive-ins." Yeah, they were great. What you did was you'd drive up to a spot, take the speaker from the little pole next to your car and watch the flick through your windshield. They don't have anything like that anymore. Probably because everybody kept forgetting about the speakers being in their car and then they would just rip it off the pole when they drove off. I can imagine that being a problem. I used to always go to the drive-in when I was about seventeen or eighteen. But I did it a little differently. Back in those days I was driving a great big brown van. Yeah, I did it all up. Carpeted the entire insides, including the walls and ceiling. Had all sorts of psychedelic neon posters and black lights inside. Even had a little disco ball hanging from the ceiling. But that wasn't the best part. In the back I had a queen sized bed set up. So here's what I'd do at the drive in. I'd pull in backwards instead of forwards. This way we could open up the two back doors and lie in a bed while we watched the movie. I believe in maximum comfort. Plus, if you had a date you could just close the doors and "make out" or what have you. Hehe. Another fun thing that we did at the drive-in was we'd dressed up Charlie, a friend of mine, as a cop. He'd walk around to all the cars with people making out and pretend to bust them for it. I would watch him do that and almost piss my pants. Yeah, those were the day alright. (Pause) So, what movie ya' gonna see?

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THE GUEST

I've decided to give name to my enemy, my guest. And why not? It has, after all, basically moved in, unpacked its poisonous bags, and completely made itself welcome. Yes, it's made itself very welcome within my walls. And once you realize that a guest isn't going to go away, you start looking for a way to communicate with it... a name to call it. In the proper ways of the social world, a guest calls first, secures its welcome with you. Then, upon ensuring that welcome, shows up on your doorstep with flowers, a card, a gift of some sort that says they thank you for your hospitality and which makes you smile as you take it into your arms. And a guest, a polite guest, knows when to take their leave. They don't stay past their welcome, and they certainly do not commandeer your home, the place where you live, have lived, where you exist. My guest did not bother with any of those polite dance steps. My guest showed up totally unexpected, unprepared for, undreamt of, unthought of, unwelcome. My guest offered no flowers, no cards, no gifts that softened the blow of its arrival. It did, however, bring, if not gifts, repercussions. Ends that in no way justified its means. And means that in no way justified its ends. In my naivet , I saw no reason to call my guest, my enemy, by any name. I honestly believed that it would be gone soon, on its way to another vulnerable host. I was wrong. The constant exposure to my guest has resulted in disastrous conditions, not the smallest of which is the degradation of my very soul. The very things I've always put my faith in have been so cruelly exposed to be mirages... wishful thoughts that soon turned into desperate clutches at what small threads of belief I could find lying beneath my feet. Opinions I had of myself, ripped away. Faith I had in my own goodness, laid bare, shown to be a fraud. My guest, my enemy, has made me a prisoner in my own skin. A victim of my own heart. A target of all the poisonous darts thrown by my own thoughts. I've been trapped in here for quite some time. The walls around me bear the scratches of my own fingertips, scored

back when I had the energy to attempt escape. I'm too tired, now. It looks like I may be here to stay, so why not be on a first name basis with my friend who has made all of this, and much more, possible?

After so long of thinking along a certain path, it becomes nearly impossible to stray from that path, to think any differently. After so long of feeling a certain way, every day, every night, while conscious and while dreaming, you become unable to conceive of feeling any other way. After seeing one color for so long, you learn to forget that any other color exists. After hurting for so long, you begin to believe that you're alive only so long as you hurt; bleeding is your proof of life. I've bled all over the place. And blood does stain, you know. Sometimes, no matter how hard you scrub, those stains remain firmly in place. Maybe fainter, but still there. A piece of you to remind you of all the pieces of you that you've lost.

Spending time with a good guest, a welcome guest, will change you for the better. Laughter from the heart, conversation that means something to you, experiences that you can take away with you and hold onto forever, a slight shift in your outlook on life that makes a few of your burdens seem just a bit lighter. You're always a little sad to see them leave. Spending time with an unwanted guest will change you as well. Subtly, against your will, you see changes: in the visions you have of your world: they become cloudy, foggy, blurry. Your colors change. They become darker, heavier, denser. Your songs change. You find you only want the music that opens the door to your pain and showcases your destruction. The songs that used to bring in the joy feel so foreign now, so fraudulent. You become self-destructive. The pain you inflict on your outer self is only a small reflection on the pain that you struggle beneath inside. In fact, most times, the physical pain feels so much better. Better than what, one may wonder. Better than anything else you've been feeling. Since my guest moved in, no part of me has gone unscathed. I'm dented, cracked, broken, weakened, darkened, saddened. My ups and downs have smoothed out into a level line of downs. The scars have thickened while the skin has thinned. My face has changed, bewilderment now become a permanent shadow in my eyes. I wasn't looking for this guest, I wasn't hoping for it and I wasn't expecting it and, thus, I was in no way prepared for it. Total vulnerability... I don't see how it can ever be a good thing. Apparently my guest was looking for me, though. And if not expecting me, was at least good and ready for me when I stumbled blindly onto the stage. I've heard that one can smell a fool approaching from miles away.

So... let's make things at least proper, socially correct. My guest, my enemy, my destruction, my weakness, after all knows me by name, by heart. It knows exactly what to call me. I'm claiming that right for myself as well now.

I don't really have to commit a great deal of thought on the matter. The answer has been niggling around on the edges of my thoughts for some time now. A name for the annihilation of my faith in myself, in others; a name for the most intense disillusionment I've ever been thrust into. I think I'll just name it... you

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CYRANO DE BERGERAC

by Edmund Rostand

Cyrano:

The unwary eye that sees
Her smile sees pearly perfection. She can knit
Grace from a twine of air. The heavens sit
In every gesture. Of divinities
She's most divine. O Venus, amorous queen,
You never stepped into your shell; Dian-
You never glided through the summer's green
As she steps into her chair and then is seen
Gliding through Paris-but this-(pointing to his nose)
This-gross protuberance.
Look at it, and tell me what exuberance
Of hope can swell the rest of me. I'm under
No illusion. Oh sometimes, bemused by the wonder
Of a blue evening, a garden of lilac and rose,
Letting this wretched devil of a nose
Breathe in the perfume, I follow with my eye-
Under that silver glory in the sky-
Some woman on the arm of a cavalier,
And dream that I too could be strolling there,
With such a girl on my arm, under the moon.
My heart lifts, I forget my curse, but soon,
Suddenly, I perceive what kills it all-
My profile shadowed on the garden wall.
Me? Crying? Oh, never, never that. To see
A long tear straggling along this nose would be
Intolerably ugly. I wouldn't permit
A crystal tear fraught with such exquisite
Limpidity to be defiled by my
Gross snout. Tears are sublime things, and I,
Wedding a nymph to a rhinoceros,
Would render the sublime ridiculous.
Speak to her? Now? Why?
So she can laugh at this? Why, man, there's nothing that I fear
More in this world

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ROSENCRANZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD

BY Tom Stoppard

Rosencrantz:

Do you ever think of yourself as actually dead lying in a box with a lid on it? Nor do I, really. It's silly to be depressed by it. I mean one thinks

of it like being alive in a box, one keeps forgetting to take into account the fact that one is dead. which should make all the difference. shouldn't it? I mean, you'd never know you were in a box, would you? It would be just like being asleep in a box. Not that I'd like to sleep in a box, mind

you, not without any air-you'd wake up dead, for a start, and then where would you be? Apart from inside a box. That's the bit I don't like, frankly. That's why I don't think of it. Because you'd be helpless, wouldn't you? Stuffed in a box like that, I mean you'd be in there forever.

Even taking into account the fact that you're dead, it isn't a pleasant thought. Especially if you're dead, really. ask yourself, if I asked you straight off-I'm going to stuff you in this box now, would you rather be alive or dead? Naturally, you'd prefer to be alive. Life in a box is better than no life at all. I expect. You'd have a chance at least. You could lie there thinking-well, at least I'm not dead! I wouldn't think about it, if I were you. You'd only get depressed. Eternity is a terrible thought. I mean, where's it going to end? We count for nothing.

We have no control. None at all. Whatever became of the moment when one first knew about death? There must have been one, a moment, in childhood when it first occurred to you that you don't go on forever. It must have been shattering-stamped into one's memory. And yet I can't remember it. It

never occurred to me at all. What does one make of that? We must be born with an intuition of mortality. Before we know the words for it, before we know that there are words, out we come, bloodied and squalling with the knowledge that for all the compasses in the world, there's only one

direction, and time is its only measure. Death followed by eternity. the worst of both worlds. It's a terrible thought

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BEDROOMS

"Nick"

Scenario: Nick's wife, Wendy, forces him to go to a seminar where she expects him to learn to treat her better, when in fact he learns that she is just completely psycho. (Nick is to be played extremely sarcastic over-the-top)

What a great experience this is. What was I so afraid of? I mean, when you got up there in front of all those people and said those things and they told you how full of it you are, it was like an enormous burden off my back. I mean, I went in that room scared because deep down inside I thought I was the bad guy. That's a laugh. Even when I was a kid and I was hitting my sisters with bricks, I wasn't such a bad guy. I was only doing it to be noticed. It was as if I was saying "Hey! Look at me, I need love too!" You want me to be a bully, so you can be the victim. It's like you keep putting your face under my foot. I keep trying to take it away, and you keep holding it there. I'm not sure why, but my gut tells me it's got something to do with your needing the excitement. That's just one little insight I got there. Boy, I can really feel myself transforming from this experience. I'm pulling the covers off you, you paranoid, martyr, bitch, nag. Now don't take that as a judgement. It's not your fault. You picked it up from your mother and she picked it up from her mother. Probably your whole family tree, all the way back to the beginning of evolution, is like that. The first turtle who crawled out of the sea who you're related to had to be a whiner, a complainer, and a ball breaker. But I want you to be clear on this. I'm not talking about you all the time. There are moments when you seem perfect. I'm talking about the other ninety percent of the time. When you're not only bad, you're evil. That's what those two hundred and fifty people were reacting to then they booed you. Not the perfect part: the bad, evil, ugly part. And that's what you're going to change, baby, or it's the garbage dump for you.

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Learning to Drive

A student, over sixteen, and a teacher, a driving instructor of any age.

I pretended that I was all right. That I didn't mind having to go through this. That this hideous feeling of incompetence didn't bother me. I tried to appear eager, and pleased to be gaining a new and useful skill. There's a good reason why most people learn to drive when they're sixteen. When you're sixteen you don't know you can die. If you're much older than that, not only do you know you're going to die, you also know that this is probably where. Lesson three. I approached the third lesson confidently. Nothing much to this driving thing, really. I am a smart, competent person. Lots of people who are much more stupid than me can drive; I can certainly learn to drive. I was feeling cocky and expansive. My teacher and I chatted. (*Lights up on TEACHER.*) Do you like teaching? I don't know. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the teacher shaking his head. What had I done? I suppose this was when it came home to me that what I had to learn was potentially deadly, and I had better pay attention. For the next lesson, I decided that my problem was that I was too tense and if I could just relax the whole thing would come naturally. I made stupid jokes and counted to three in a different language at each stop sign. I blathered on about the psychology of learning. I realize now that I was, of course, trying to sound smart because he knew how to drive and I didn't. (*To TEACHER.*) You know, I think the problem with driving is that all of a sudden you're, like, two thousand pounds heavier, and what I think you have to do is you have to sort of re-learn the boundaries of where you end, you know? The powers that be have told that you can go ahead. You have the required skills. Freedom! And you realize with painful clarity that you are alone, you are in control of a powerful machine and you do not know how to drive. The powers that be know nothing. There is only one brake and you're the only one that can use it. You must make all the decisions. Is it now safe to make this left-hand turn? There is no one to remind you able speeding and its dire consequences. No sign on the top of the car that says: "New at this. Thank you for getting of the way." And there, suddenly, you are. This is lesson six. Time passes and I'm not dead yet. Although driving in traffic still causes a certain amount of indigestion, what I now love is to take my little car very late at night or early in the morning and just drive when no one knows I'm gone. I wonder if other people do this? What I do not like is driving with passengers in the car.

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Cyrano de Bergerac

By Edmond Rostand

This is a monologue consisting of the whole play. Its recommended that you either read the play or spark notes it. But once you understand the gist...you'll do great! Enjoy.

(Amazed) To see me? (Trembling) Mon dieu! Where?—Ah, mon dieu!...mon dieu!...The shop of Ragueneau...Ragueneau—the pastrycook... I'll be there! Me...to see me!... What is the time? One hour more... —What time? Have you a pen? (Takes up the pen) Only to write—To fold—To give it to her—and to go... What time now? Come I'll write to her. Pst...Pst...Pst... (gestures at all the ruffraff in the shop). (Sees Roxane—quickly puts on a smile) Welcome...have you good digestion? Good. Here are two sonnets, by Benserade. Do you like cream-puffs? —Do you love nature? Then go out and eat these in the street. Do not return—until you finish them. (Looks in direction of Roxanne) When you remembered to remember me, and came to tell me...what? Ah...Ah?...Ahhhhh...ah! ...Beautiful?!?!— (Realization) You have never spoken?— Why then—how do you know?— You say he is in the Guards: his name? (Disappointed) And you brought me here to tell me this? Oh...well—I will defend Your little Baron. Of course... (Pause) I will be his friend. Of course... Of course... (Pause) Yes, that is Love—that wind of terrible and jealous beauty, blowing over me—that dark fire, that music... Now let me die, having lived. (Pause) A kiss—What is a kiss? A signature acknowledged, a secret whispered, a moment made immortal, a new song sung by two hearts. A kiss. The word is sweet. (Pause) Nothing—only Christian thinks you ought to know. True—what you told him now? Say it, I shall not be hurt—ugly? Hideous? Disfigured? Even grotesque? I—Roxane—listen — (Pause. Disappointment) All gone...All gone. I cannot ever tell her now...ever...All gone... Why, so am I—For I am dead, and my love mourns for me. Adieu, Roxane! I have two deaths to avenge now—Christian's and my own! (Pause) His letter!...Did you not promise me that some day...that some day...you would let me read it? "Farewell Roxane, because to-day I die— My own dearly beloved—and my heart still so heavy with love I have not told, and I die without telling you! Farewell, my dear, my dearest— My love—I am never away from you. Even now, I shall not leave you. I shall be still that one who loves you, loves...Roxane. No, no Roxane, no! No—it was not I —No! No, no, my own dear love, I love you not!... (Pause) No, do not go away—I may not still be here when you return...On the contrary...Because of you I have had one friend not quite not quite all a friend. (Pause) The moon—yes, that would be the place for me. A pretty wit—whose like we lack—a lover...not like any other men...Here lies Hercule-Savinien De Cyrano de Bergerac. Let no one help me. Let no one help me. No one.

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“The Lottery” By Brainerd Duffield

*This monologue is about people in the villages are gathering around for the daily lottery. You would think lottery is about receiving money, but in this town the lottery in which when the person's name gets picked, they die.
Joe Summers runs the lottery and devotes his time to the lottery with his sister Belva.*

Little late today, folks. (*waves to Jack*) Here, you! The Wilkins boy. Give me a hand and stir these names up. Stir 'em good and hard. (*Jack comes and stirs box with paddle, which Joe hands him*) Norbert, you hold it steady for him. Better use both hands. (*townsman using both hands to steady box, helps Jack with stirring business. He notices Belva and moves toward her, passing others.*) How are you, folks? How are you Belva? I am almost ready. I didn't forget and leave your name out. You're down there. I just been checkin' the list. If everyone says there's a terrible responsibility, Belva, there must be something to it. Nobody asked me to come over and speak to you but you might give a thought to the neighbors..(*turning away*) Oh, what's the use of talking to you!...(*turns back to her*) Although we don't know where the wisdom stops and superstition begins, The Lottery has got to be taken serious. People get set in a way of doin things and you cant' change' em. It's human nature. I am not the worst of anybody in this town because I didn't drive him away. I didn't drive our own brother away. Why would I? It was more your doin' than mine. You're the one brought him up to be a weaklin' and a coward. You started him going out on the street and preachin' against tradition. Even if he was brave to say what he thinks, when every hand is against him, I call that cowardly. (*doggedly*) He left his own accord. I didn't send him. I am not a coward! Everyday of my life I have to listen to your craziness. If you want to go off lookin' for him, Belva, I'll give you the money. Take the mornin' train. I'll even draw alone the Lottery from now on. There- I couldn't offer more'n that, could I? Leave! I don't care anymore.

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THE FOREIGNER CHARLIE

Charlie- A thin, quiet Englishman who seems permanently lost. He just left his sick wife back in England and wants nothing more than to be left alone and to speak to no one in the mountain cottage inn where his cheerful friend has brought him for three days.

I shouldn't have come. No, I—oh, don't think me ungrateful Froggy. I know the enormous trouble you've taken to bring me here--. I should have stayed with Mary at the hospital. When a man's wife is dying, he belongs with her, not—not in Georgia. I haven't talked to anyone about our problems. I've tried to but I'm no good at it you see. Talking. Talk. I--. I can't seem to--. I never finish sentences, I--. I have an active fear of—of—of--. Yes, talk. Please. Try to understand. I can't talk to anyone now. Please. All right, fix it for me. What on earth--? What have you done? (2 beats) You've told her I can't speak English?! But I can't. I can't pretend. I'm sorry, I simply can't. (beat) So long. (*Froggy, his friend, leaves. He is spoken to by another man in the house.*) Thank you. (*Goes to phone.*) Oh, *do* hurry...Hello? May I speak with Staff Sergeant Le Sueur, please? Charlie Baker. No, it's not a code, it's my name.... Hello, Froggy? Could you come get me please? Froggy you don't know what you've done. No, I mean my pretending not to speak English...No, well, I decided to, after all. Oh, I overheard something I shouldn't have, and—well it seemed best. But Froggy—they don't leave me alone. No! The old woman does nothing but shout at me. The others talk about me as if I were a potted palm. That screaming girl, and her poor addled brother? One thoroughly unpleasant chap began saying the most awful things about my mother...Well something to the effect that he doubted there were enough of her left to spread on toast. I don't know. No of course I sha'n't tell mother, but still--. And that minister, something very odd is going on with him, I think. I don't know. What is a "Christian hunt club"? No. Nor I. Yes, I'll hold on. (*The boy enters and looks at Charlie, Charlie smiles and looks back at him.*) Thank you. No, that was the boy. I don't think he knows about me just yet. Yes, he is rather hopeless I'm afraid: still I can't help feeling that he's being—(*As Betty enters*) Zhmeetko azmad yi—uh, Gallipoli, m'nyeh. (*Beat*) Peevno...omsk—uh—(*She leaves*) Frog? Yes sorry. No, never mind. Don't send the jeep. No. No—it's only two days. But I want to say this, Froggy. And it's important—(*Betty reenters. Charlie gives*

up. Into phone.) Peem? Bosco-bosco.

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Elliot Loves

By Jules Feiffer

Act 1 , Scene 1

Elliot is man who is struggling to find the woman he wants to be with. He describes his present situation with the woman he is with.

I'll never do better. She's good for me. And sweet and vulnerable. A little older than I like them, but she has an innocent, unspoiled quality, even though she's divorced twice and has two kids. She's thirty-five. What I find so important is that she needs me, you know? And she takes my advice! On her children. Even though I myself have never had children. I take nothing for granted! I think all the time, "What does she want? What would she like? Will this please her?" Buying candy or little thoughtful knickknacks to show how imaginative I can be, that I'm not as simple as she thinks. I spend hours of the day with half my mind on what it is she needs from me, trying to understand the side of her she's not exposing and what I can do to make that side trust me. How can I win acceptance from that part that no man has ever reached before. I can spend days in the office, on the phone, in the conference with clients, consultations, settling problems, and fifty percent of that time I'm off inside myself trying to figure out ways to make her let me in, let me inside to see something I her no one has seen before. For me, that's a proof of worth, my claim on immortality. Because, look, I know I'm not unique in bed; mostly I try to please and that's still a mystery to me. Even if I Make it work for the both of us, does it make me feel better?? If a woman tells me how great I am I think she's exaggerating. But im grateful. And if she tells me I'm not doing enough to please her, I want to wring her neck.....even though I assume its true. Because shouldn't I get some credit for all the effort I put in??

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Where Have All the Lightning Bugs Gone?

Boy

A normally shy guy who has a calm love of life and people. Imitating a Professor in a park on the topic to "where have all the lightening bugs gone?"

Today's lecture topic concerns the question of the demise of certain small living things. Specifically, the nocturnal soft-bodied beetle of the family *Lampyridae*. Yes, Miss Darby. Spell it? Yes, B-E-E-T-L-E B-U-G. Now, this insect is often called a glowworm. But it isn't a worm, of course. It is called, by some, a glowfly. Or a firefly. But it isn't a fly. Although it *does* fly, of course. This lightning bug has an organ at the tip of the abdomen which produces a soft light, a glow. Let me tell you the rationale behind the mysterious disappearance of this lovely insect, which is no longer observable in such abundant numbers as it was in days of our. The salient point is that they're gone. Whence, and whither flown again? Whence are we? The roses of our summer die. The glowworms of our youth are killed. And how? What is this that thou hast done to innocence? With freeways and speeding cars, thee assassinated the gentle butterfly and the warm glowworm. They fly no more. That's my theory. I used to have a job at a car wash. The front ends: smeared with bugs.

Pow! Radiators filled with butterflies. It was a pretty bad mess. Never mosquitoes, ugly hornets, or chiggers. Nor Japanese beetles. Only the beautiful things get killed. Love gets killed, not hate. Nice people, not the other kind. And the bad thing is that I don't know what to do about it. I've abolished all cars. I never drive one. Never ride in one. I walk. Everywhere. The whole world. Planes and boats? I don't know about planes and boats. The trouble with the world is that people can get around too easily. Move from here to there to make trouble or maybe to find new beauty.

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The Glass Menagerie

By Tennessee Williams

Scene Seven

Jim

Jim is the long-awaited gentleman caller. He is described as a person more connected to the real world than any of the other characters are, but Jim is also a symbol for the "expected something that we live for." He is outgoing, enthusiastic, and believes in self-improvement. He raises Laura's hopes before revealing to her that he is engaged. Note: Tom is Laura's brother.

I'm glad to see you have a sense of humor. You know - you're - different than anybody else I know? Do you mind me telling you that? I mean it. You make me feel sort of - I don't know how to say it! I'm usually pretty good at expressing things, but - this is something I don't know how to say! Did anybody ever tell you that you were pretty? Well, you are! And in a different way from anyone else. And all the nicer because of the difference. Oh, boy, I wish that you were my sister. I'd teach you to have confidence in yourself. Being different is nothing to be ashamed of. Because other people aren't such wonderful people. They're a hundred times one thousand. You're one times one! They walk all over the earth. You just stay here. They're as common as - weeds, but - you, well you're a rose! It's right for you! - You're pretty! You're pretty in all respects - your eyes - your hair. Your hands are pretty! You think I'm saying this because I'm invited to dinner and have to be nice. Oh, I could do that! I could say lots of things without being sincere. But I'm talking to you sincerely. I happened to notice you had this inferiority complex that keeps you from feeling comfortable with people. Somebody ought to build your confidence up - way up! And make you proud instead of shy and turning away and - blushing. . . Somebody - ought to - somebody ought to - kiss you Laura! (*Awkward pause*) ... Laura, you know, if I had a sister like you, I'd do the same things as Tom. I'd bring fellows home to meet you. Maybe I shouldn't be saying this. That may not have been the idea in having me over. But what if it was? There's nothing wrong with that. - The only trouble is that in my case - I'm not in a position to ---- I can't ask for your number and say I'll phone. I can't call up next week end - ask for a date. I thought I had better explain the situation in case you - misunderstood and I hurt your feelings... You see, I've - got strings on me. Laura, I've - been going steady! I go out all the time with a girl named Betty. Oh, she's a nice quiet home girl like you, and Catholic and Irish, and in a great many ways we - get along fine. I met

her last summer on a moonlight boat trip up the river to Alton, on the Majestic. Well – right away from the start it was – love! Oh, boy, being in love has made a new man of me! The power of love is pretty tremendous! Love is something that – changes the whole world. I happened that Betty's aunt took sick and she got a wife and had to go to Centralia. So naturally when Tom asked me to dinner – naturally I accepted the invitation, not knowing – I mean – not knowing. I wish that you would – say something. Well... I hope it doesn't seem like I'm rushing off. But I promised Betty I'd pick her up at the Wabash depot an' by the time I get my jalopy down there her train'll be in. Some women are pretty upset if you keep them waiting. Good-bye, Laura. And don't you forget the good advice I gave you.

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Death Of A Salesman

By: Arthur Miller

Act Two

BIFF

Biff is a 34 year old man who has failed at finding a steady, successful job ever since high school. His father, Willy, is a businessman who whole-heartedly believes in the "American Dream." Willy is just an average Joe, but he believes he and his family are very successful. Biff is sick and tired of living a lie, and he tries to convince his father to stop living in a dream.

All right, phony! Then let's lay it on the line. (*Anger building up*) You are going to hear the truth about us-what you are and what I am! Willy, you don't know who we are! We never told the truth for ten minutes in this house! You're practically full of it! We all are! And I'm through with it. Now hear this, Willy, this is me. You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was in jail. I stole myself out of every job since high school! And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is! It's about goddam time that you have heard this! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it! (*More frustrated with Willy*) Listen, Willy, listen! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw the sky. I saw the things that I love in this world. The work and the food and time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can't I say that, Willy? (*Becomes more emotional*) Pop! I'm only a dime a dozen, and so are you! I am not a leader of men, and neither are you. You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ash can like all the rest of them! I'm one dollar an hour, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn't raise it. A buck an hour! Do you gather my meaning! I'm not bringing home any prizes anymore, and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home! (*Biff falls to knees and starts crying*) Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phony dream and burn it before something happens? (*Stands up and tries to pull himself together*) I'll go in the morning. Put him-put him to bed

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This is How it Is

by Bryan Patrick Moses

David

David is very cocky and he thinks he knows everything about women. He is talking to his friend Sam, his best friend, about a beautiful woman who walked into the bar that they are in. David follows these "codes" of socializing that is not actually true.

You want to make an ass out of yourself? You don't know if she is even interested in you. What are you going to do? Nothing. She's not your type. Man, trust me on this. All right. She's not your type. Look at how she's dressed. You see that? She's not your type. A girl like that? Come on. How long have you known me? (*pause*) Right. About four years, right? Now, in these past four years, how many girls have you dated that've dressed like that? Huh? (*pause*) That's right. None. Now, the girls I've dated, right? How many have dressed like her? There you go. (*pause*) Do? Do? What am I going to do? You really don't get this, do you? Look at her. She wants me. Okay? Get that? *She* wants me. You see, she thought that she was being subtle. The looking over here, the drinks, the smiling, the cigarette, all that so-called subtle crap says loudly that she wants me. But she's an amateur. Granted, I want her too, but the beauty of it is that she isn't sure that I want her. You see, I have the power. The ball is totally in my court. Right now, she is sitting there wondering, "Why the hell doesn't he come over here?" And what's great is, that this makes her want me more. You see, Sam, I know women. Plain and simple. I'm not one of those poor slobs who sits around and says, "I don't understand women." Those are also the same guys who wonder where all the Vaseline has gone. There have been medical studies that say this and that about how women and men think differently. I might buy that, because they're talking about mathematical skills, crap like that. But when it comes to sex, women and men think exactly the same. The only difference is men will tell you what they think, while women will hide it. But since I'm so trained in these things, I've been able to get women to reveal everything, while I reveal nothing. You see, women hide their sexual desires, or at least try to, but men don't. That's why women have the power in this world. I'm talking the real power, now, not that running the country crap. But, you see, I have broken their code. They're defenseless. I have the power!

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The American Clock

Lee Baum enters and faces the audience. In his happy fifties, graying hair, wears tweed jacket and has a vaguely preppy look, a journalist.

(*Salute*) So long, Joe! (*They are gone. Alone, Lee mimes pulling on a boat whistle. And quietly, to himself...*)
Toot!! Tooot!! (*Blackout. Music. Lights emblazon the map at rear, the full breadth of the country appearing.*)

Light on Lee. He is greasy, bare to the waist, wiping sweat off his face.) Dear Mom and Pa. It's not really a job because they don't pay me, but they let me eat in the gallery and I sleep on deck. The Mississippi is so beautiful, but sometimes it's frightening. Yesterday we stopped at little town where they were handing out beans and meat to the hungry. The meat was full of maggots, you could see them wriggling out when the butcher cut into it. Suddenly a man with a gun pointed it at the butcher and forced him to give out the good meat which the government had paid him for, but which he kept for his paying customers. I keep trying to imagine how Mark Twain would deal with a scene like that. I don't understand how people are managing to live; a great many banks are boarded up. And there hasn't been rain for months; even the sky dried out. Every town is full of men sitting on the sidewalks with their backs against the storefronts. Just looking at you, or asleep. It's like a magic spell. I keep trying to find the holes in Marxism but I can't. I just read an article where the salaries of twelve executives in the tobacco business was more than thirty thousand tobacco farmers made. That's why this happened-the workers never made enough to buy back what they produced. The boom of the twenties was a gigantic fake. The rich have simply looted the people. And all President Hoover can say is to have confidence! I've passed fields of corn rotting on the stalks unsold, and sheriffs guarding them while on the roads people fall down from hunger. – There is going to be a revolution, Mama...

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CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

By Richard R. George

Adapted from the fantasy by Roald Dahl

Scene One

NARRATOR

The narrator is enthusiastic and the tone of voice is convincing and somewhat happy. The narrator is like a news reporter who updates the audience on what happens in the beginning of each scene and describes each of the characters.

Welcome to the tale of a delicious adventure in a wonderful land. You can tell it will be delicious-can't you smell it already? (*He sniffs*) Oh, how I love that gorgeous smell! You've all heard of Cadbury's, Hershey's, Nestles, Wonka-what's that? You say, what's Wonka? You mean you *don't* know what Wonka is? Why...Wonka Wonka Chocolate...of course! I admit that Willy Wonka's Chocolate is fairly new but it's also the greatest chocolate ever invented. Why, Willy Wonka himself is the most amazing, the most fantastic, the most extraordinary chocolate maker the world has ever seen. He's invented things like...say...why...I'm not going to *tell* you what he's invented. You came to see for yourself! So I'll let you do just that. Well, anyway, there was a big article in the town paper saying that Mr. Willy Wonka, in order to sell a lot of candy once again, was running a contest. Yes, sir, that's right...a contest! He had secretly wrapped a Golden Ticket under ordinary wrapping paper in five ordinary candy bars. The candy bars were said to be found anywhere...in any shop...in any street...in any town...in any country in the world, upon any counter where Wonka's candies are sold. The five winners will tour Mr. Wonka's new factory and take home enough chocolate for the rest of their lives. Now *that*, my friends, is where our story begins.

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The Crucible

Hale is a minister at the end of his rope. He can no longer stand for what is going on in the small town of Salem. He is first speaking to a judge and then to a woman. This is a very dramatic scene, good luck.

The sun will rise in a few minutes. There are orphans wandering from house to house; abandoned cattle bellow on the highroads, the stink of rotting crops hangs everywhere, and no man knows when the harlots' cry will end his life-and you wonder yet if rebellion's spoke? Better you should marvel how they do not burn your province! You ask why I have come here!?(Frustrated, pause, then sarcastically) I come to do the Devil's work. I come to counsel Christians they should belie themselves. (His sarcasm collapses.) There is blood on my head! Can you not see the blood on my head!! (Now speaks to a woman) Your husband is marked to hang this morning. I come on my own. I would save your husband's life, for if he is taken I count myself his murderer. Do you understand me? Let you not mistake your duty as I mistook my own. I came into this village like a bridegroom to his beloved, bearing gifts of high religion; the very crowns of holy law I brought, and what I touched with my bright confidence, it died; and where I turned the eye of my great faith, blood flowed up. Beware; cleave to no faith when faith brings blood. If is mistaken law that leads you to sacrifice. Life, woman, life is God's most precious gift; no principle, however glorious, may justify the taking of it. I beg you, woman, prevail upon you husband to confess. Let him give his lie. Quail not before God's judgment in this, for it may well be God damns a liar less than he that throws his life away for pride. Will you plead with him? I cannot think he will listen to another.

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The Open Meeting

Eddie is part of a committee. It consists of three people, an older man named Roy, a woman of similar age named Verna, and Eddie, a young man. They have open meetings hence the title and in this one Eddie discovers his origins. Roy has been a traitor to the group and now Eddie confronts him.

You came back for that folder, Roy. You said you had forgotten your briefcase

but that was all a ploy, An excuse to stay around, to rejoin the group. Well I don't believe that, Roy. Do I frighten you? Oh you want Verna do you? Go ahead; call for her all you want. She can't hear you. (Hysterically) I'll even help you..Verna!!!...Verna!!!... (Laughing to self a little.) The splashing of water, that's all she can hear. (Pause and pull out a gun.) She gave me this, Roy. (Looking down at the gun in hand.) This is your gun and your father's before that, sort of a family heirloom, huh.(beat) I know what you're thinking... you're asking yourself why Verna would give this to me, Unless, unless I was of your own flesh and blood! (Beat, then looking straight at Roy, smiling slyly.) Hello, Pop. (Pointing the gun at Roy) I'm afraid I have to. Don't make this hard for me, dad! (Painfully) Oh dad...it's too late for all of that father son stuff. (Lowering the gun.) Dad, you should have thought of all these things a long time ago. Dad, let me tell you something: if this were a closed session, I suppose you and I could sit down together and work out some sort of a deal. But since it's an open meeting, I imagine everyone here wants and expects me to blow your brains out. Why? Because you have systematically betrayed our group, and the republic for which we stand. Now kneel, and pray to the deity of your choice. (Listening to Roy's prayer and then addressing the audience.) Did you hear that last prayer? Is there any question NOW whether he's guilty? (Raises the gun, aims, then lowers it again.) I can't do it. Oh my God, is this what it all boils down to? The son killing the father while the mother waits offstage? Are we all caught in some grotesque Freudian parody, and is the democratic experience simply the sum of a series of petty patricides, commencing at the local level? How cruel! How horrible to contemplate! How can I contribute to such a grim charade? How can I pull this trigger, except on myself? (Closes his eyes; points gun at his own temple.) Nobody wins, Roy. It's an absurd and meaningless world, but perhaps I can find meaning in an arbitrary act. That does it, Roy! (Pulls trigger)

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The Goodbye People

Arthur (in his twenties) is expecting a sunrise after reading the newspaper but gets annoyed when the sun does not come up.

Goddamn New York Times...Who ya supposed to believe any more? Who ya supposed to trust? Hello, New York Times? I think we got a problem. We got a definite problem here. Your late City Edition says here, page 70, column 3: "February 22; sunrise: 6:41." O.K., well it's six forty-**eight** right now, and I don't know what's happening up in **your** neighborhood, lady, but down here we got darkness...Well, if you're just the operator, then who's responsible, who's on top of the sunrise situation over there?...City Desk? Fine. Lemme speak to them...(beat) Who's this? Mr. Mallory? Mr. Mallory, look out your window. What do ya see? That's called darkness, Mr. Mallory. That's nighttime you got goin' on out there. (beat) My name is Arthur Korman, a regular subscriber to your publication, come at great inconvenience to myself to witness the birth of a new day, come on the B.M.T in quest of beauty and getting' my ass froze off in total blackness down here! What the hell're you guys usin' for weather information up there? What're ya, a buncha **gypsies** up there! Great. Beautiful. You're sorry. Meanwhile I'm down here at Coney Island, alone in the dark, and you guys're up there in leather chairs, drinkin' hot coffee and makin' the news up outa your head! Of **course** you wanna hang up on me now. What difference do I make, right? You don't need **me**...I'm just a victim of your imaginary weather reports, the hell with **me**, right? The sunrise, the sunset: that's **responsibility**, fella...Hello? Hello? Hello, Mallory?... They hung up. (talking to himself again) Can't believe they hung up on me, goddamn gypsies...I mean, look at that...what the hell is **that**? Blackness! I mean, am I being un**reasonable**? What about the front page here? What about "**insert recent newspaper headline**"? I don't believe **that either** now! Really, who ya supposed to **trust** anymore?

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Coming Attractions

Character: Manny Aller

All kinda eggheads went on the tube to analyze Lonnie's popularity, and they pretty much came up with the little guy beating the establishment, and how we all love to see that. Which we all know is a crock, right? I mean, you ask me why the kid got so big, I'd say two things that never failed yet: violence and bad taste. Lonnie-he was like a stock car race7, or a football game-you never knew if he might freak out in the middle of his act and kill somebody, and they ate that up. I used to try to get him to squeeze of a few rounds into the crowds, just to keep their appetite up, but he wouldn't do it. Already some kind of weird change was comin' over him. Manny, can I ask you something he says to me one day. Didn't you ever want other things, things that even money can't buy. Besides cash. Besides cash?! See what I mean? Crazy talk. He was slippin' away from me. Too many nights on the road, too many p.r. guys between us. And do nothing else-he'd sneak away from his security guards at night and just disappear, sometimes for hours, and leave me climbin' the walls. There's a lot of sick, ruthless people out there who bitterly resent his success, and they'd do anything to get famous themselves. I was getting frantic, so I had him followed by private dicks.

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Bleacher Bums

This isn't Las Vegas, this is beautiful Wrigley Field. Zig and I have been bettin' together for 15 years. I could let him out of a little bet if I wanted to. I

know. I know. But it sets a bad tone. So open up an off-park betting service. Although I got a lot of money spread around here on game bets. You know, they say gambling is a disease. When it reaches its terminal stages, it has signs. Your veins are throbbing in your forehead when you're telling me these odds. I mean see these little veins going eight to five, nine to five. They got inoculations for things like that. Well, anyways I made the bet because I thought I was going to win.

Pygmalion
by Bernard Shaw
Henry Higgins

A speech therapist Henry Higgins is bet that he can't make this common street follower vendor a lady just by changing the way she pronounces words. He is a pompous egotistical man who has a high British accent and treats everyone as if they have no feelings but in a almost humorous way.

Don't cry, you silly girl. Sit down. Nobody is going to touch your money. But someone will touch you, with a broomstick, if you don't stop sniveling.

Sit down. If you think I'm as bad as a father, Ha! If I decide to teach you, Eliza I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Here (*hands her a handkerchief*). What is it for? You silly girl its to wipe your eyes with. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. Remember: that is your

handkerchief: and that is your sleeve. Don't mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a flower shop. (*Turning to his friend Pickering*) Really Pickering, if I can teach this, this thing, how to speak properly and pass her off as a lady at the ambassadors garden party, you'll pay for the expenses and for her lessons? (*Tempted, looking at Eliza*) it's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low-so horribly dirty- I shall make a duchess of this draggeltailed guttersnipe. Yes: in six months-in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue-I'll take her anywhere and pass her off as anything. We'll start today: now! This moment! Take her away and clean her, Mrs. Pearce. Use dish soap if it won't come off any other way. Is

there a good fire going in the kitchen? Good then Mrs. Pearce take all her clothes and burn them. Ring up Whitney's shop or somebody's for new ones, and wrap her up in brown paper until they come. (*Turning to face incredulous remarks and looks from both Pickering and Mrs. Pearce*) Me! being unreasonable with this baggage of a girl?! I walk over everybody?! My dear Mrs.

Pearce, my dear Pickering, I never had the slightest intension of walking over anyone. All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl. We must help her to prepare and fit herself for her new station in life. If I did not express myself clearly it was because I did not wish to hurt her delicacy, or yours. It's no use explaining this sort of thing to a girl like Eliza. As a military man Pickering you ought to know that. Give her her orders: that's enough for her. Eliza: you are to live here for the

next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop. If your good and do whatever you're told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, and have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. If you're naughty and idle you will sleep in the back

kitchen among the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of six months you shall go to the Buckingham palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the king finds out you're not a lady, you will be taken by the police to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls. If you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-six-pence to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be the most ungrateful wicked girl: and the angels will weep for you. (To Pickering)

Now are you satisfied Pickering? (*To Mrs. Pearce*) Can I put it more plainly and fairly, Mrs. Pearce? Good, then bundle her off to the bathroom.

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JAKE'S WOMEN

Jake

By: Neil Simon

Jake, imaginations his ex-wife and others in his head. They are figments of his imaginations.

What you have just witnessed is a man at the end of his rope... with nothing to hold on to because his wife took the rope with her.... It's been six months since Maggie left and I haven't been dating, now, the truth, I miss Maggie but recently here in the privacy of my home, my mind and my thoughts, I was visited by a new and fresher hell than my warped imaginations could ever dream of... No longer did I summon up Karens and Ediths and Mollys of my life to help brighten up the endless sleepless nights... Now they came on their own. Uninvited. Unsummoned. Unstoppable. Do you want to know how low I've sunk? I actually make up phone calls pretending to speak with Edith to scare the Edith and Karen in my head out of here. The thing about going crazy is that it makes you incredibly smart, in a stupid sort of way. But I do feel like I'm losing a grip on myself. As if I'm spiraling down in diminishing circles like water being drained from a bathtub, and suddenly my big toes is being sucked down into the hole and I'm screaming for my life... No. Not my life. My mother... Why, tell me why, it's always your mother. It's never you father or an uncle or a second cousin from Detroit ... I was five years old in a third-floor apartment in the Bronx, waking up from a nap and there's no one there. My mother is on the fourth floor visiting a neighbor. I'm terrified. Why doesn't she hear me? Why doesn't she come? And by the time she comes, it's too late. Your basic Freudian mother abandonment trauma has set in like cement... I never trusted her again. Anyways, I have a feeling I'm trying to put together a jigsaw puzzle that has no picture on it... I'm a blank, waiting to fill in who I am ... How did I get to be this way?... That's not a rhetorical question. I mean, if you know, please tell me... Okay, Jake. Go back to the beginning... Here's another Mother Story ... I'm six years old now, sitting in the kitchen with my mother, watching her shell peas... And on the floor I see a roach... My mother, faster than a speeding train, takes a newspaper and splats it against the baseboard..." Where do roaches come from?" I ask my mother... "From the dirt," she answers... " You mean," I say, " the roaches like to live in dirt and eat it?" ... "No," says Mom. "The dirt turns into roaches" ... And I go back inot my room, lay on the bed and say to myself, " The dirt turns into roaches" ... And the realization hits me... My mother is dumb... And I know instinctively that six years old is too soon to find out that your mother is dumb ... I love my mother, but I never asked her anymore questions... The trouble is, here I am today without any answers!

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A Glass Menagerie
by Tennessee Williams
Tom Wingfield

Tom is an aspiring poet who works in the Continental Shoemakers warehouse. He is the narrator of the play: the action of the play is framed by Tom's memory. Tom loves his mother and sister, but he feels trapped at home. They are dependent on his wages, and as long as he stays with them he feels he can never have a life of his own. Nightly, he disappears to "go to the movies."

I have been to the movies. There was a very long program. There was a Garbo picture and a Mickey Mouse and a travelogue and a newsreel and a preview of coming attractions. And there was an organ solo and a collection for the Milk Fund- simultaneously-which ended up in a terrible fight between a fat lady and an usher! Of course! And, oh, I forgot! There was a big stage show! The headliner on this stage show was Malvolio the magician. He performed wonderful tricks, many of them, such as pouring water back and forth between pitchers. First it turned to wine and then it turned to beer and then it turned to whiskey. I know it was whiskey it finally turned into because he needed somebody to come up out of the audience to help him, and I came up-both shows! It was Kentucky Straight Bourbon. A very generous fellow, he gave souvenirs. (*He pulls from his back pocket a shimmering rainbow-colored scarf.*) He gave me this. This is his magic scarf. You can have it, Laura. You wave it over a canary cage and you get a bowl of goldfish. You wave it over the goldfish bowl and they fly away canaries....But the wonderfulest trick of all was the coffin trick. We nailed him into a coffin and he got out of the coffin without removing one nail. There is a trick that would come in handy for me-get me out of this two-by-four situation!

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RUMORS

Lenny

By: Neil Simon

Lenny is pretending to be his friend Charley in this monologue. He is talking to the police who want to know what is going on. His story is a big giant made up lie.

Okay... the story... as it happened... oh, God... Well... At exactly six o'clock tonight I came home from work. My wife, Myra, was in her dressing room getting dressed for the party. I got a bottle of champagne from the refrigerator and headed upstairs. Rosita, the Spanish cook, was in the kitchen with Ramona, her Spanish sister and Romero, her Spanish son. They were preparing an Italian dinner. As I climbed the stairs, I said to myself, "It's my tenth wedding anniversary and I can't believe I still love my wife so much." Myra was putting on the perfume I bought her for Christmas. I purposely buy it because it drives me crazy... I tapped on her door. She opens it. I hand her a glass of champagne. I make a toast. "To the most beautiful wife a man ever had for ten years." She says, "To the best man and the best ten years a beautiful wife ever had" ... We drink. We kiss. We toast ... We drink. We kiss. We toast again... By seven o'clock the bottle is finished, my wife is sloshed and I'm completely toast... And then I smell the perfume. The perfume I could never resist... I loved her in that moment with as much passion and ardor as the night we were first newlyweds. We lay there spent, naked in each other's arm, complete in our happiness. It's now eight o'clock and outside it's grown dark. Suddenly, a gentle knock on the door. The door opens and a strange young man looks down at us with a knife in his hands. Myra screams. (he begins to act out story.) I jump up and run for the gun in my drawer. Myra grabs a towel and shields herself. I rush back in with the pistol, ready to save my wife's life. The strange young man says in Spanish, "Yo quito se dablo enchilada por queso in quinto minuto." But I don't speak Spanish and I never saw our maid Rosita's son, Romero before, and I didn't know the knife was to cut up the salad and he was asking should they heat up dinner now? So I aimed my gun at him, Myra screams and pulls my arm. The gun goes off and shoots me in the earlobe. Rosita's son, Romero, runs downstairs and tells Rosita and Ramona, "Mamasetta! Meela que paso el hombre ay baco ay yah. El hombre que loco, que bang-bang" -the crazy man took a shot at him. So, Rosita, Ramona, and Romero leave in a huff. My ear lobe is bleeding all over Myra's new dress. Suddenly we hear a car pull up. It's the first guests. Myra grabs a bathrobe and runs downstairs to stop Rosita, Ramona, and Romero, otherwise we'll have no dinner. But they drive off. I look out the window, but it's dark and I think someone is stealing my beautiful old Mercedes, so I take another shot at them. Myra runs down to the basement, looking for the dress she wore last year. She can't find the light, trips down the stairs, passes out in the dark. I run downstairs looking for Myra, notice the basement door is open and afraid the strange-looking kid is coming back, so I lock the door, not knowing Myra is still down there. Then I run upstairs to take some aspirin because my earlobe is killing me from the hole in it. But the blood on my fingers gets in my eyes and by mistake I take four Valium instead. I hear the guests downstairs and I want to tell them to look for Myra. But Suddenly, I can't talk from the Valium, and I'm bleeding on the white rug. So I start to write a note explaining what happened, but the note look like gibberish. And I'm afraid they'll think it was a suicide note and they'll call the police, so I tore up the note and flushed it down the toilet, just as they walked into my room. They're yelling at me, "What happened? What happened?" and before I could tell them what happened, I passed out on the bed. And that's the whole story, as sure as my name is... (*He opens his robe to expose the monogram "CB" on the pajamas*)
... Charley Brock.

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God's Favorite

by Neil Simon:

Description: Basically this monologue of Lipton is about a man conversing about God and Satan, and why there are here on this earth. The play is perceived to give a more contemporary and liberal interoperation about God and Satan. It's used in a way the average person can understand not sustaining biblical influence.

Lipton:

(Points a long arm and finger again) Stay! I stay You! I render you powerless and motionless-(picks up the phone and dial) All right, I can't do it but put down the phone please. I'm begging you. Ill tell you everything (*Joe looks at him: puts down the receiver*) I'll tell you what I know, take it or leave it...Ok this is how it goes, God and Satan were sitting around having one of those boring philosophical debates-this was about one week ago- Tuesday to be exact. And that Satan was sitting there in this pink suit-gorgeous

tan, little mole, on his cheek...And Satan says there is not
 one man on the face of the earth in the entire universe who would renounce God once the devil put enough heat on. Can you believe
 that? Do you understand what that means? Two grown deities talking like this? To which God said- this is a quote. They got it on tape-
 one man would never renounce. And that man is...*(makes a bugle sound)* TA Tum TA Tum TA Tum TA Tum TA taa...Joe
 Benjamin! Thrills, right...So they make a bet- I'm only telling you what I heard the bet is the devil will make our life so miserable,
 you'll renounce God! So-o-o that's it? Hell, of a story isn't
 it? No pun intended.

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God's Favorite #2

By: Neil Simon

JOE

I'll tell you something... There was a time in my life when the holes in my socks were so big, you could put them on from either end... I
 grew up in a tenement in New York. My mother, my father and eleven kids in one and a half rooms. We had two beds and a cot, you had
 to take a number off the wall to go to sleep... The clothes we wore were made out of rags my mother found in the street, or a pair of
 curtains somebody threw away... You know what it is for a young boy growing up in a tough neighborhood in East New York to
 wear *curtains*? Can you picture that? *Fairies* used to beat me up... And through all those freezing winters and hot, hungry
 summers, through all the years of scrimping and scrubbing, through sicknesses without doctors or medicines—one winter we all had
 the whooping cough at the same time, eleven kids throwing up simultaneously in one and a half rooms—my mother nursed us on
 roller skates... through all the pain and heartache and suffering, she never complained or cried out against the world, because she knew
 it was God's will. That was the lesson my mother taught us. "What God has given, God can take away. And for what God has given you,
 be thankful" ... My mother never lived to enjoy my success ... On the day I made my first million dollars, she died peacefully in her sleep
 on the BMT subway. Her last words to the conductor were "If God wanted me to live, I would have taken the bus today" ... All I wanted for
 my wife and children was no to suffer the way I did as a child, not to be deprived of life's barest necessities. But such riches, such wealth?
 I never asked for it, I never needed it. But when I ask myself, "Why so much? Why all this?" I hear the voice of my mother say, "It's God's
 will" ... I give half of what I have every year to charity, and the next year I make twice as much. Wealth is as much a responsibility as
 poverty is a burden. I'll accept whatever is given to me and ask for no more or no less ... Can you understand this, David? Does anything
 I've said to you tonight make any sense at all? Where is your faith, David? Have I brought you up without faith, or have you just lost it? I
 would give away everything I have in this world if I could just hear you say, "Dear God in heaven, I believe in you."

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All My Sons

By: Arthur Miller

CHRIS

*Chris Keller is a good son and has never revolted against his father until now. He went to war with his
 brother, Larry, but only Chris came back. His father, Joe Keller, owns a factory that made cylinder heads
 for airplanes during the war. Joe shipped disabled parts out of his factory which ended up killing many
 American pilots, but he blamed it on another worker. Chris has finally found out after many years that his father
 is responsible for the incident, and his father is not who Chris thinks he is.*

Dad...you did it? (*Shocked but keeping voice down*) You did it to the others? You sent out a hundred and twenty cracked
 engine-heads and let those boys die! How could you do that? How? (*Voice rises with anger*) Dad...Dad, you killed twenty-one men!
 You killed them, you murdered them. (*Becomes more furious*) Explain it to me. Explain to me how you do it? What did you do?
 (*Pause*) Explain it to me goddammit or I will tear you to pieces! I want to know what you did, now what did you do? You had a hundred
 and twenty cracked engine-heads, now what did you do? Why'd you ship them out in the first place? If you knew they were cracked,
 then why didn't you tell them? (*Relatively long pause, becomes more disgusted*) You knew they wouldn't hold up in the air.
 You knew that those planes would come crashing down. Were you going to warn them not to use them? Why the hell did you let them out
 of the factory? (*Pause*) You were afraid maybe! God in heaven, what kind of a man are you? Kids were hanging in the air by those
 heads. You knew that, and yet you did nothing about it! (*Startled*) You did it for me? You wanted to save the business for me?
 (*With burning fury*) For me! Where do you live, where have you come from? For me!-I was dying every day and you were killing my
 boys and you did it for me? What the hell do you think I was thinking of, the Goddam business? Is that as far as your mind can see,
 the business? What is that, the world-the business? What the hell do you mean, you did it for me? Don't you have a country? Don't you live
 in the world? What the hell are you? You're not even an animal, no animal kills his own, what are you? What must I do to you? I ought to
 tear the tongue out of your mouth! What must I do? (*Begins to weep*) What must I do, Jesus God, what must I do?

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TARTUFFE

by Moliere

ORGON

Ah! if you had only seen him when I first met him, you would feel for him the same love that I have. He came every day to church, and
 with gentle looks knelt down straight before me on both his knees. He attracted the attention of the whole congregation by the ardour
 with which, wrapped in saintly ecstasy, he sent up his prayer to Heaven. He sighed deeply, and every moment humbly kissed the
 ground. When I went out, he would steal quickly before me to offer me holy water at the door. Having heard through his servant, who
 imitates him in everything, of his poverty and who he is, I made him small presents, but he, with the greatest modesty, always returned
 part of it: "It is too much," he would say. "too much by half, I do not deserve your pity;" and when I refused to take it back again, he
 went, before my eyes, to distribute it to the poor. At last Heaven moved me to take him into my house, and since then everything has

been prospering here. I see that he reproves everything, and, with regard to my wife, takes extreme care of my honour. He warns me of the people who cast loving eyes upon her, and is a dozen times more jealous of her than I am. You would never believe how far he carries his pious zeal. He accuses himself of sin for the slightest thing imaginable; a mere trifle is enough to shock him: so much so, that the other day he blamed himself for having caught a flea while at his prayers, and for having killed it with too much wrath.

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TARTUFFE 2 by Moliere CLEANTE

No, I am not a revered doctor, brother; no, all the knowledge of this world has not found its abode in me. I have merely the science of discerning truth from falsehood. And as I know nothing in the world so noble and so beautiful as the holy fervour of genuine piety, so there is nothing, I think, so odious as the whitewashed outside of a specious zeal; as those downright imposters, those bigots whose sacrilegious and deceitful grimaces impose on others with impunity, and who trifle as they like with all that mankind holds sacred; those men who, wholly given to mercenary ends, trade upon godliness, and would purchase honour and reputation at the cost of hypocritical looks and affected groans; who, seized with strange ardour, make use of the next world to secure their fortune in this; who, with great affectation and many prayers, daily preach solitude and retirement while they themselves live at Court; who know how to reconcile their zeal with their vices; who are passionate, revengeful, faithless, full of deceit, and who, to work the destruction of a fellow-man, insolently cover their fierce resentment with the cause of Heaven. They are so much the more dangerous in that they, in their bitter wrath, use against us those weapons which men revere; and their anger, which everybody lauds, assassinales us with a consecrated weapon. There are too many such mean hypocrites in the world; but from them the truly pious are easy to distinguish. Our age offers us abundant and glorious examples, my brother. Look at Ariston, look at Périande, Oronte, Alcidas, Polydore, and Clitandre. No one will refuse them this title. They are no pretenders to virtue. You never see in them this unbearable ostentation, and their piety is human and tractable. They never censure the doings of others; they think there is too much pride in such censure; and leaving lofty words to others, they only reprove our actions by their own virtue. They do not trust to the appearance of evil, and are more inclined to judge kindly of others. We find no cabals, no intrigues among them; all their anxiety is to live a holy life. They never persecute the sinner, but they hate the sin. They do not care to display for the interest of Heaven a more ardent zeal than Heaven itself displays. These are people after my own heart: it is thus we should live; this is the pattern for us to follow. Tartuffe is not of this stamp. I know. You speak with the best intention of his goodness, but I fear you are dazzled by false appearances.

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TARTUFFE 3 by Moliere Tartuffe

Our love for the beauty which is eternal, stifles not in us love for that which is fleeting and temporal; and we can easily be charmed with the perfect works Heaven has created. Its reflected attractions shine forth in such as you; but it is in you alone that its choicest wonders are centred. It has lavished upon you charms which dazzle the eye, and which touch the heart: and I have never gazed on you, perfect creature, without admiring the Creator of the universe, and without feeling my heart seized with an ardent love for the most beautiful picture in which He has reproduced Himself. At first I feared that this secret tenderness might be a skillful assault of the evil one; I even thought I would avoid your presence, fearing you might prove a stumbling-block to my salvation. But I have learnt, O adorable beauty, that my passion need not be a guilty one; that I can reconcile it with modesty; and I have given up my whole soul to it. I know that I am very presumptuous in making you the offer of such a heart as mine; but in my love I hope everything from you, nothing from the vain efforts of my unworthy self. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace: on you depends my misery or bliss; and by your verdict I shall be for ever happy, if you wish it; unhappy if it pleases you. I know that such language from me seems somewhat strange; but after all, I am not an angel; and, if you condemn the confession I make, you have only your own attractions to blame for it. As soon as I beheld their more than human beauty, my whole being was surrendered to you. The unspeakable sweetness of your divine charms forced the obstinate resistance of my heart: it overcame everything -- fasting, prayers, and tears -- and fixed all my hopes in you. A thousand times my eyes and my sighs have told you this: to-day I explain myself with words. Ah! if you consider with some kindness the tribulations and trials of your unworthy slave, if your goodness has compassion on me, and deigns to stoop so low as my nothingness, I shall ever have for you, O marvellous beauty, a devotion never to be equalled. With me your reputation runs no risk, and has no disgrace to fear. All those court gallants upon whom women dote, are noisy in their doings, boastful in their talk. Ever vain of their success, they never receive favours without divulging them; and their indiscreet tongues dishonour the altar on which their hearts sacrifice. But men like me burn with a hidden flame, and secrecy is for ever assured. The care which we take of our own reputation is a warrant to the woman who accepts our heart, that she will find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.

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Whose Soldier by Greg Elsassser

GAGE

My parents never punished me the "normal way" when I was bad. In fact, I don't think I can remember a time where I made to sit in "time out" or even put on restriction. Both of my parents were in the child psychology field, so I think they felt they needed to go the extra mile when it came to dealing with adolescents: felt they needed to be a good example to their own patients. I remember I lied once when I was 16½ actually, I lied all the time, but this was one time I got caught. I told my parents I was seeing some stupid teenage movie, but I really had seen this NC17 movie that I had strictly been told I couldn't see. Well, dumb me left my ticket stub in my pocket and my mom found it. So I waited. The next thing I know, my parents had created this huge sign that I had to wear around my neck. On one side the sign said, "I Love to Lie" and on the other side it said, "Ask Me, Gage Barrington, Why!" Then I had to walk up and down the corner of Travers and Sidewinder Ave. for three hours. I can't tell you how I wished I'd had my car taken away or something. But when I was done and I had all the egg yolk washed off of me, the punishment was over and my mom and dad never mentioned it again. That was

the way it had always been; the way I was used to. You see, I couldn't just punish Julie by telling staying out really late the night we had the fight, or by drinking myself into a stupor and come staggering home¼ I had to be creative. I thought I had done the ultimate. But when I was lying up in that motel room, healing, I thought about the sign incident and I began thinking how humiliating it was for my parents to have me marching up and down that street with the sign on that had their son's name on it. Everyone in that town knew my parents; they knew that it was their son that had been lying. They would have to fact their patients, who I'm sure were wondering how these "doctors" could help people when they couldn't keep their own son in line. (*Beat*) I really wasn't the one they were punishing, was I?

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The Good German

By: David Willse

Seimi

A German man, age twenty to thirty, is talking to some other German about the appeal of Hitler.

You've known a few, I suppose? Personally, I mean? Pleasant enough, weren't they? That's part of the danger; some of them are quite charming. Getting to know them individually is not a good idea. Like having a pet snake. One can grow fond of anything on an individual basis. It's hard to truly hate anyone you actually know in person.... Why are we so afraid to admit to it? It's the most natural emotion of all. Because that's not what good little Christians feel? Because our mothers tell us to be nice? Then why do we have it in us? Why is it always so close to the surface, waiting to explode? The Russians were our friends a matter of months ago, now they're subhuman beasts and we hate them and we are happy to hate them. We enjoy hating them. We revel in it. We love to hate. It is so liberating to be given permission, to be encouraged to indulge the most intense of our passions. That's Hitler's genius, that's what that egomaniacal little runt understood instinctively, it feels good to hate. What other emotion makes you feel so alive? Can one feel one's blood bubbling and skin prickling whenever the Turks are mentioned because one loves the whole swarthy bunch of them? No. But can just the mention of their name set your heart pounding if you hate them? How long can you feel joy? A minute, two? Happiness, whatever that is? Once a month, once a year? Even lust goes away, but you can hate all day, all year, you can hate for a lifetime. It's the one reliable, lasting passion in the human makeup. You can feel the same intense arousal, the pressure in your head, the racing of your heart, the churning in your stomach any time, every time, all the time.... It's genius, Karl. How else could such a man become the leader of the most intelligent nation in the world? We were adrift, we weren't certain who we were anymore, our history alone was not enough so he told us who we were by telling us who we were not. We are Those who are not Them! He circumvented our intelligence, he ignored our minds and went straight for the heart. Are you immune? Or is it just the word *hatred* that you object to? Would it sound better with a different name? What if we call it something more acceptable, oh, *patriotism*, for instance? Don't you believe it's wonderful! Try it! Join a few thousand of us, come to a rally, listen to the music, march with your heart in your throat and your guts in your head and your lungs bellowing "Heil Hate! Heil Hate! Heil Hate!"

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Don John

Act I Scene 3

Why, Conrade, am I thus out of measure sad?
There is no measure in the occasion that breeds;
therefore the sadness is without limit.

I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art,
born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral
medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide
what I am: I must be sad when I have cause and smile
at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait
for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and
tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and
claw no man in his humour.

I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in
his grace, and it better fits my blood to be
disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob
love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to
be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied
but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with
a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I
have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my
mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do
my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am and
seek not to alter me.

Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the
greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of
my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

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TRACERS
Dinky Dau

A soldier from Viet Nam War talks about a violent battle

I remember the sky was overcast. It was hot and muggy. Everyone's fatigues were drenched with sweat. It was late afternoon and we hadn't seen crap all day. I don't know what the hell I was thinking about right then, I guess my mind was just sorta blank at that point. I was so damn worn out-we all were. We'd been humpin' all day. My whole body was achin', I could hardly concentrate on the trail in front of me. The jungle on both sides of us started to get real dense, and the trail started goin' downhill. Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere, there were twelve or maybe thirteen VC, right in front of us. If the point man hadn't spotted them, they'd have walked right into us. I watched the point man as he raised his weapon. It was like a movie in slow motion. The point man opened up on the first two or three VC. I watched the first two or three VC go down, and then I opened up on full automatic. I creamed one of 'em with an entire clip. I watched my bullets as they ripped across his torso. Everybody was up. Everybody was hyper. Everybody was hittin'. Damn, I wasn't used to reloading. I couldn't get my clip in. Finally I got it Everyone was into it. I was eager. I was angry! It was the first time I killed anybody. There were eight or nine dead bodies lying on the ground. I kept blasting away at 'em. I just kept blasting. Eight or nine of the little mothers and not one of us even got a scratch. It was our little victory! Everybody really got off on that fact. It was our little victory.

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TRACERS
Baby San

A soldier from Viet Nam talks to a bartender, reflecting on his first kill in battle

I lost my sense of judgment yesterday. I killed someone. Who? I don't know, we've never met. You think you have to know someone to kill them. After all, it's just you and him, and it's a very important part of both of your lives. But I'm still here. Where? In the land of Buddha- and banyan trees, and Cao Dai temples and South China seas. Hey papasan, I'll have another peppermint schnapps, please. Gee, isn't Saigon beautiful?! I feel like fm in Paris. This is an outdoor cafe. Those are boule-vards, statues, taxicabs, and barbed wire. I lost my sense of judgment yesterday, I traded two cartons of Salem cigarettes for something I should have traded one for. Now the guys are laughing at me. But it's good pot, though. And that little mamasan's face, so brown, so sincere. "You buy from me, I give you number-one com sai." Her? No, she's not humping rockets for the VC. Hey, do you think I killed her baby? I lost my sense of judgment yesterday. You see, I sat down in my bunker and I wrote a letter to my girlfriend and I said, "Julie, I don't think that I love you anymore." She hasn't written me back since. Since I only told the truth. And the truth is ... I don't know. I want to wake up now, I would like to go home now. You see, we live in bunkers here and we carry M-16s. She's nineteen, too. She goes to college. She doesn't even know what a mortar round sounds like. A couple of weeks ago I got a letter from her. She wants my opinion on a wedding dress. I lost my sense of judgment yesterday, and Brooklyn seems like a world away.

"Me and Mom"

Danny and his Mom move from town to town like gypsies, always looking for the greener grass. Danny has gone to five schools in the last four years, and each time they move, it gets harder for his Mom to make ends meet. It's finally starting to eat away at her pride and self respect.

Hi Mom, how's work? Do you think we're going to stick around this time? I sure hope so, I feel like I'm starting like this school..Hey I made you some supper...would you like something to drink with it? (Beat) Great! (Timidly) Hey Mom? You know, since we've been moving around, I hadn't really had a chance to make any friends, and I was wondering if I could borrow twenty dollars this Saturday, to take out this girl I met a couple of days ago at school. I haven't really asked her out yet, but she seems pretty nice. She actually took the time to get to know me. I figured maybe you could spare a little, since we don't go out all the time. (Beat) What! Why not! Well how about ten?...Not even ten dollars, it's NOT like I ask you for money every day!...I don't get it, have I done something wrong? Have I disappointed you in some way. I mean, it's not like I sit around on my butt all day watching television or ditch my chores...I go to school every day, maintain a 3.2 grade point average, while moving all over the darn state, and after school, I go to work washing dishes five nights a week at that greasy restaurant...I never complain and I never get paid!...And you know why?...Tell me mom, why don't I have any money?! Because I give it all to you, I don't see a red cent...and to tell you the truth, I don't think I've ever remember cashing one of my own checks...they go straight from my hand to yours, I never get a penny!...I'm sick of begging for my money, I'm sick of having to help you make ends meet!...It's over, you hear me! Just give me two more years, when I graduate I'm out of here!...GONE FOR GOOD!...NOT COMING BACK!...DO YOU GET IT! I want to cash my own checks!...When I'm hungry, I want to buy myself a hamburger, and if I see a girl I like, I want to be able to take her out...I think I deserve that, I think I deserve to enjoy life like everyone else! I hate you and I'm tire of helping you live out your pathetic life! (Beat) What!...Well say SOMETHING (Pause) Mom....Mom....Mom I'm sorry...Did you hear what I just said? I'm sorry...Please, just don't cry I can't take it. Mom you know I would never really leave you by yourself...I got a little angry...I'm sorry. Hey, why don't we go to the store and rent a movie instead, and I'll pop up some popcorn...Wouldn't that be fun? We could rent one of those comedies that you like...I love you Mom...I'm sorry.

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JULIUS CEASAR

Antony

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue--
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
 And dreadful objects so familiar
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war:
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

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PLAZA SUITE
 by Neil Simon
 ROY

(Roy has just come in from the ledge of his hotel room, trying to get his daughter to come out of the bathroom and get married)

Don't get her upset? I'm hanging seven stories from a gargoyle in a pouring rain and you want me to worry about her? . . . You know what she's doing in there? She's playing with her false eyelashes. . . (crossing back to Norma.) I already made up my mine. The minute I get my hands on her, I'm gonna kill her. (Moves back to door.) once I show them the wedding bills, no jury on earth would convict me. . . And if by some miracle she survives, let there be no talk of weddings. . . She can go into a convent. (Slowly moving back to Norma below bed.) Let her become a librarian with thick glasses and a pencil in her hair, I'm not paying for anymore cancelled weddings. . . (Working himself up into a frenzy, he rushes to the table by the armchair and grabs up some newspapers.) Now get her out of there or I start to burn these newspapers and smoke her out.

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USUAL SUSPECTS
 by Christopher McQuarrie
Verbal Kent

He's supposed to be Turkish. Some say his father was German. Nobody ever believed he was real. Nobody ever knew him or saw anybody that ever worked directly for him. But to hear Kobayashi tell it, anybody could have worked for Soze. You never knew that was his power. The greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist. One story the guys told me, the story I believe, was from his days in Turkey. There was a gang of Hungarians that wanted their own mob. They realized that to be in power, you didn't need guns or money or even numbers. You just needed the will to do what the other guy wouldn't. After a while, they come into power and then they come after Soze. He was small-time then, just running dope, they say. They come to his home in the afternoon, looking for his business. They find his wife and kids in the house and decide to wait for Soze. He comes home to find his wife raped and children screaming. The Hungarians knew Soze was tough, not to be trifled with, so they let him know they meant business. They tell him they want his territory, all his business. Soze looks over the faces of his family. Then he showed these men of will what will really was. He tells him he would rather see his family dead than live another day after this. He lets the last Hungarian go, waits until his wife and kids are in the ground, and then he goes after the rest of the mob. He kills their kids. He kills their wives. He kills their parents and their parents' friends. He burns down the houses they live in, the stores they work in. He kills people that owe them money. And like *that*, he's gone. Underground. Nobody's ever seen him since. He becomes a myth, a spook story that criminals tell their kids at night. "Rat on your pop and Keyser Soze will get you." But no one ever really believes. Keaton always said, "I don't believe in God, but I'm afraid of him." Well, I believe in God -- and the only thing that scares me is Keyser Soze.

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PRODUCERS
 by Mel Brooks
Franz

You know, not many people knew it, but the Führer was a terrific dancer. That is because you were taken in by that verdammt Allied propaganda! Such filthy lies! They told lies! But nobody ever said a bad word about Winston Churchill, did they? No! "Win with Winnie!" Churchill! With his cigars, with his brandy. And his ROTTEN painting! Rotten! Hitler, THERE was a painter! He count paint an entire apartment in one afternoon! TWO COATS! Churchill. He couldn't even say "Nazi". He would say "Nooooozeeehz, Nooooozeeehz!" It wasn't NOSES, it was NAZIS! Churchill! Let me tell you THIS! And you're hearing this straight from the horse - Hitler was better looking than Churchill. He was a better dresser than Churchill. He had more hair! He told funnier jokes! And he could dance the PANTS off of Churchill!

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GIRL PROBLEMS

Description: Mike and Jennifer (Jen) have been best friends and lived in the same neighborhood since they were little kids. They did everything together, and could talk about anything with each other. They've been in high school now for about one or two years and the relationship seems to have become a little more complicated, at least as far as Jen was concerned. Brad is sitting on his front step looking deep in thought. Jen is coming over, see's him, and is a little concerned.

Mike: Hi Jen, what's up? Say, you don't happen to know this girl named Lydia that goes to our school, do you? She's in our World History class. She sits in the back...You know... the girl with the light brown hair and the big beautiful smile. (beat) Yeah, that's the one. What do you think of her? I totally want to go out with her, but I don't even think she notices me. You got any ideas? (beat) Well, I've tried a couple of times to ask her out, but whenever I seem to get close to her, it's like she see's right through me, like I don't even exist. It's like I could stand in between her and the girl she's talking too, and I would even be interrupting them. (beat) What are you talking about, I don't want to ask anybody else. I want to go out with her. I feel like she's everything I want in a girlfriend. (beat) How would I know if we have anything in common, I can't seem to get close enough to find out. (beat) What?...I know I don't NEED a girlfriend, but I want one. (pauses/gets a bad feeling) Hey, wait a minute, what are you trying to do here? Jinx it!...You're supposed to be helping me out, what's got into you? I've never seen you like this before. (beat) Like what?...You know what! (pauses for a second/ light bulb goes off in his head!) Oh my Gosh!...Jen!...Oh my Gosh! I am so sorry...I get it now. (giggles in disbelief) Jen, oh no...I'm not laughing at you, I guess I never thought of you that way. You just caught me by surprise. (beat) I DO like you! (beat) You ARE beautiful! (beat) I don't know, I guess I never knew, but to be real honest with you Jen, I like our relationship the way it is. Jen?...Please!...Where are you going?...Why are you so mad?...Jen, COME BACK! I know we can work this out...(to himself) Okay great! Now I've done it. (reflects) Yep, I think it's time to rethink this.

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The Breakfast Club written by John Hughes

Andy: Do you guys know what I did to get in here? I taped Larry Lester's buns together. Yeah, you know him? Well then, you know how hairy he is, right? Well, when they pulled the tape off, most of his hair came off and some skin too. And the bizarre thing is, is that I did it for my old man. I tortured this poor kid because I wanted him to think I was cool. He's always going off about, you know, when he was in school, all the wild things he used to do, and I got the feeling that he was disappointed that I never cut loose on anyone, right? So, I'm sitting in the locker room and I'm taping up my knee and Larry's undressing a couple lockers down from me and he's kinda, kinda skinny, weak, and I started thinking about my father and his attitude about weakness, and the next thing I knew I, I jumped on top of him and started wailing on him. Then my friends, they just laughed and cheered me on. And afterwards, when I was sittin' in Vernon's office, all I could think about was Larry's father and Larry having to go home and explain what happened to him. And the humiliation, the friggin' humiliation he must have felt. It must have been unreal. I mean, how do you apologize for something like that? There's no way. It's all because of me and my old man. God, I hate him. He's like, he's like this mindless machine I can't even relate to anymore. "Andrew, you've got to be number one. I won't tolerate any losers in this family. Your intensity is for crap." You son of a bitch. You know, sometimes I wish my knee would give and I wouldn't be able to wrestle anymore. He could forget all about me.

Boy Meets World from the TV series from Michael Jacobs Productions Shawn *(to his brother who is in a coma)*

John, how could you be in here? How could you screw up on your bike? I have never seen you screw up on anything. I'm the screw-up, remember? C'mon you remember...Don't do this to me, John. I don't do alone real good... I know you're in there but it's like you're not really here. You're not talking but I know you're here. So I'm just gonna talk, you can listen. John, even when I was at the Centre, it was all the things you taught me that made me wonder if it was the right place for me or not. But you didn't teach me enough. You, and Cory, and my parents, and the Matthews and the handful of people who really care about me, so don't blow me off, John! Don't blow me off, God! I never asked you for anything before and I never wanted to come to you like this, but don't take Turner away from me; he's not yelling at me yet. God, you're not talking but I know you're here, so I'm gonna talk, and you can listen.[pause]God, I don't wanna be empty inside anymore.

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DR. STRANGELOVE Written by Stanley Kubrick and Terry Southern President Merkin Muffley

Hello? ... Ah ... I can't hear too well. Do you suppose you could turn the music down just a little? ... Oh-ho, that's much better. ... yeah ... huh ... yes ... Fine, I can hear you now, Dmitri. ... Clear and plain and coming through fine...I'm coming through fine, too, eh? ... Good, then ... well, then, as you say, we're both coming through fine. ... Good. ... Well, it's good that you're fine and ... and I'm fine. ... I agree with you, it's great to be fine. ... a-ha-ha-ha-ha ... Now then, Dmitri, you know how we've always talked about the possibility of something going wrong with the Bomb. ...The "Bomb", Dmitri... The "hydrogen" bomb! ... Well now, what happened is ... ah ... one of our base commanders, he had a sort of ... well, he went a little funny in the head ... you know ... just a little ... funny. And, ah ... he went and did a silly thing. ... Well, I'll tell you what he did. He ordered his planes ... to attack your country... Ah... Well, let me finish, Dmitri. ... Let me finish, Dmitri. ... Well listen, how do you think I feel about it?! ...Can you "imagine" how I feel about it, Dmitri? ... Why do you think I'm calling you? Just to say hello? ... "Of course" I like to speak to you! ... "Of course" I like to say hello! ... Not now, but anytime, Dmitri. I'm just calling up to tell you something terrible has happened... It's a "friendly" call. Of course it's a friendly call. ... Listen, if it

wasn't friendly ... you probably wouldn't have even got it. ... They will "not" reach their targets for at least another hour. ... I am ... I am positive, Dmitri. ... Listen, I've been all over this with your ambassador. It is not a trick. ... Well, I'll tell you. We'd like to give your air staff a complete run-down on the targets, the flight plans, and the defensive systems of the planes. ... Yes! I mean i-i-i-if we're unable to recall the planes, then ... I'd say that, ah ... well, ah ... we're just gonna have to help you destroy them, Dmitri. ... I know they're our boys. ... All right, well listen now. Who should we call? ... "Who" should we call, Dmitri? The ... wha-who, the People... you, sorry, you faded away there.... The People's Central Air Defense Headquarters. ... Where is that, Dmitri? ... In Omsk ... Right. ... Yes. ... Oh, you'll call them first, will you? ... Uh-hu ... Listen, do you happen to have the phone number on you, Dmitri? ... Whe-ah, what? I see, just ask for Omsk information. ... Ah-ah-eh-uhm-hm ... I'm sorry, too, Dmitri. ... I'm very sorry. ... "All right", you're sorrier than I am, but I am as sorry as well. ... I am as sorry as you are, Dmitri! Don't say that you're more sorry than I am, because I'm capable of being just as sorry as you are. ... So we're both sorry, all right?! ... All right.

THE WHITE DEVIL by John Webster

(Very over the top, very full of his own importance. Think of yourself wearing an extremely well fitting suit with a pink tie)

Domine iudex, converte oculos in hanc pestem, mulierum corruptissiman. Who am I? I am a lawyer that pleads against you, Madame Vittoria. I speak the Court's Latin, which you understand. You say you will not have your accusation clouded in a strange tongue? How dare you? What? I must change my language for this...this. Oh, very well. Well then, have at you. *(He proceeds to speak to the jury)* Most literated judges, please your lordships. So to connive your judgments to the view of this debauch'd and diversivole woman; Who such a black concatenation Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp The memory of 't, must be the consummation Of her, and her projections--- *(to Vittoria)* Do not interrupt! Hold your peace! Exorbitant sins must have exulceration. What means you that I have swallow'd Some 'pothecaries' bills, or proclamations; And now the hard and undigestible words Come up, like stones we use give hawks for physic. My lords, the woman Knows not her tropes, nor figures, nor is perfect In the academic derivation Of grammatical elocution. My deep eloquence is worthily applauded amongst those who understand me. Fine! I shall put up my papers in my fustian bag—along with my learn'd verbosity. I most gradually thank your lordship: I shall have use for them elsewhere.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Well, it's come that time again, St. Patrick's Day has come and gone and well, the sons of Ireland are basking in the glow. When I think of Ireland I think a lot of colorful Irish expressions like, "Top of the morning to ya," "Kiss the barney stone," "May the road rise to meet ya," "May you be in heaven an hour before the devil knows you're dead," "I'd like to smash you in the face with my shillelagh," "Danny-boy," "Begorra," "Wail of the banshee," and "Whiskey for the leprechauns, whisky for the leprechauns." But the expression I think most people identify with the Irish, is, of course, the luck of the Irish. The luck of the Irish. Sure. Let's say you're in a pub somewhere in Ireland, oh, anywhere in Ireland, some guy comes up to you and says, "Hey is that a bomb on you I hear ticking?" And then BAM!!! Your small intestines are on the ceiling and your brains are on your car across the street. That's the luck of the Irish for ya, who's kidding who, okay? Let's talk about the bad luck of the Irish, all right? How about this, POTATO FAMINE!! How about that? It scares them, doesn't it? Well, it should. That's why they came here in the first place. So they wouldn't have to work in the potato fields. That's why they became politicians, priests, and cops. Luck? Gimme a break. *(he gets more and more worked up as he continues)* I got a friend, his name is Dan Sullivan, he's Irish as they come. We used to drink together a lot. After two drinks, he would look like an Irish pirate. You know? You think he had luck? In one day he got his car stolen, and the stupid, he had no insurance, and no license, and he gets locked up for being drunk. And after that, he takes off for someplace like India or Nepal, or someplace like that. And his mother dies, ya know, so they wire him to tell him to come to the funeral. It's his mother's funeral, that's all. And he's in India or Nepal, sitting squat-legged listening to some sacred cow. So he comes back and he gets stopped at U.S. Customs for trafficking illegal drugs, not holding, he's trafficking. I mean, here's this guy Sullivan, his old lady kicks off, he gets popped at the border and he's sitting on fifty pounds of black Tibetan finger hash and two keys of slam. Now that's not bad luck, that's DUMB luck. I don't think luck has anything to do with it, I don't think he has any brains at all. First of all, he's drunk, then he's a junkie. I don't know what's worse! Don't ask me, ask Sullivan! And what happens?! He calls me up and says, "Hey man, I got busted at the border. I need five grand bail." I said, I said, "Five grand man!? Hey man, I've never even seen five thousand dollars in my life, so don't ask me for it, man, why don't you ask your mother!!" *(aside)* Which was a dumb thing for me to say because his mother just died. *(returns to his loud tirade)* Right now, I got this drunken Irish junkie who wants to kill me because of what I said about his mother being in terminal dreamland! Oh pal. One thing! One thing!!! They love their mothers, boy, oh they love their mothers. It's momma this, momma that. *(starts flailing his arms wildly in the way only John Belushi could)* Oh my Irish mother! Ireland must be heaven, because my mother.. aauggghhh! Aaauggghhh!!! *(as he fails he nearly slams his head on the desk and then falls off his chair, still screaming)*

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Day of Liberation

This is the happiest day of my life. No prisoner ever yearned for freedom more than I yearned for mine. No iron bars have ever been more confining than the ones I have just escaped. I've been behind them for two years. Two years! For two long, excruciating years, I haven't even been allowed to chew a stick of gum. Today I am reborn. I am a brand-new person. I am not the boy I was yesterday or last week or last month. I am changed. Do you know what it's like to kiss a girl when there are bars of metal between your lips and hers?

It isn't easy, or pleasant. I have yet to meet the girl who gets turned on by bars of metal. But tonight – ah tonight is going to be different. Pucker up, sweetheart, here I come. And food, oh when I think of the food I've missed in the last two years. My family has a garden, and in the late summer my mother always cooks corn-on-the-cob. Every summer, juicy ears of corn are being consumed, brushed with butter and a dash of salt. Only they weren't consumed by me. Not last year, or the year before. Today is different. Today I can eat anything I want. Make it four ears of corn for me, or maybe five. I may eat corn-on-the-cob for breakfast tomorrow. If I live to be ninety years old, I'll look back at my life and probably I'll remember my wedding day and the births of my children and maybe I'll remember some special accomplishments or events. But for sure I'll remember today because today is unlike any other day I will ever experience. I could sing and shout. I could dance in the streets. I love everyone in the entire world. I can laugh again and not just smile politely. So bring on the sweet corn and the pretty girls who want to be kissed by an expert. Here I am world, without the metal. Pass the gum, friends. Today, I get my braces off.

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STRINGS ATTACHED

So my first heartbreak was not a woman but a Happy Meal. They were giving out Power Rangers and I wanted the blue one. More than the sweet air I breathed I wanted to clutch that Blue Ranger in my hands. The first time I opened the Happy Meal and it was the Pink Ranger I was a little discouraged but I knew enough about probability and statistics. It would just be a matter of time. You flip a coin, you are going to get heads sometimes. How 'bout fifteen times in a row. Pink, pink, pink, pink, pink. . .I finally asked the manager if I could switch for a blue one. "If we did that for you we'd have to do that for everyone." So I tried another method. I saved up my money. Nickels, dimes, anything I could find and I decided to make a payoff. I knew it was dirty but I had to have the blue. So I brought in a baggie that was ripping at the seams, it was so full of change, and I plopped it on the counter and said, "Happy Meal. Blue. And keep the change." The worker looked at me and smiled. I think we had a taciturn agreement. She wouldn't take my extra money saying something about not being allowed to receive gratuities and returned with my Happy Meal box. I ripped it open only to find a yellow creature staring back at me. "What is this? What in the name of the grotesquely-large-footed-freaky-red-nosed-clown is this?" The worker whispered, "It is our last one. Peekachew. And everyone wants one." What the- Peeka-what? It sounds like a weird game of hide and seek where you eat the person once you find them. I may have been the only child ever banned from a McDonald's. Who knew that a ketchup packet could be such a weapon?

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TOMMY BOY

Tommy is a Sophomore in high school. He's a nice looking teen, who loves to be around his friends. He is outgoing, except when it comes to girls. Tommy's talking to his friend Ivan after school while waiting for the bus.
(not the movie!)

Dude, you'll never believe what happened to me today. It all started when I woke up this morning. You know usually I press the snooze button about four or five times...but today was different, when I heard the alarm, I just sprang out of bed and said to myself, "Today is going to be a great day!" I don't know why I said it, but I was feeling great! I got in the shower and found myself humming a cool song I heard the day before. While I was combing my hair in the mirror, I noticed that not only was it a great hair day, but my skin seemed different too...alive and glowing, and no it wasn't that new acne cream I'd been using...it was LIFE! So instead of dragging around, I threw on my clothes and headed out. When I got on the bus, the girls seemed to look at me differently. I thought maybe it was my confidence, or the hair, but then I thought who the heck cares, they were looking at me! So I looked back at them and they giggled. I was on top of the world! I went and got a seat in the back of the bus...then it came to me, I had a presentation due in first period... I wasn't about to let that ruin my day. I knew the material and I was on a roll. A few moments later, walking down the hallway, it was like a movie, almost every group of girls turned to look at me, it started to become really spooky actually. My next thought was, with my luck, I should be playing lottery. I got to my first period class and sat down. It's almost like I could feel Jamie, that hottie that sits behind me in class, staring at the back of my head...It felt great! And of course, I was called first to read my presentation to the class, so I strolled up to the front of the room with a gleaming smile...I actually winked at this girl who snickered at me in the front row...man was I getting bold! I couldn't help myself though, this never happened to me before, it was like a dream, and right when I was getting ready to start my presentation, the teacher called me aside...I thought I'd gone too far with the winking, but decided not to lose my cool and casually stroll over to her to receive my reprimand. Dude, when she started talking to me, my stomach dropped to my feet, like I was on a fast roller coaster ride, and I could feel my face turning as white as a ghost. It was like the whole day flashed before my eyes. Well I thanked the teacher anyway, turned away from the class, swallowed my pride and zipped-up my fly.

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You're A Good Man Charlie Brown- Charlie Brown:

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her?...She'd probably laugh right in my face...it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up...I'm standing up!...I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment?...SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! (he puts his lunch bag over his head.) ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that

little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. (he removes his sack) Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with... only 2,863 to go!

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Ferris Bueller's Day Off-

Ferris Bueller:

The key to faking out the parents is the clammy hands. It's a good non-specific symptom. A lot of people will tell you that a phony fever is a dead lock, but if you get a nervous mother, you could land in the doctor's office. That's worse than school. What you do is, you fake a stomach cramp, and when you're bent over, moaning and wailing, (confidentially) you lick your palms. It's a little childish and stupid, but then, so is high school. I did have a test today. That wasn't bullshit. It's on European socialism. I mean, really, what's the point? I'm not European, I don't plan on being European, so who gives a crap if they're socialist? They could be fascist anarchists - that still wouldn't change the fact that I don't own a car. Not that I condone fascism, or any ism for that matter. Isms in my opinion are not good. A person should not believe in an ism - he should believe in himself. I quote John Lennon: "I don't believe in Beatles - I just believe in me." A good point there. Of course, he was the Walrus. I could be the Walrus - I'd still have to bum rides off of people.

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The Rock

written by David Weisberg, Douglas S. Cook, & Mark Rosner

General Hummel: Stand easy men. Make no mistake about it gentlemen. We are now in harm's way. For Major Baxter and I, this is the last campaign in a career dating back to Tet '68. Likewise for Captain Hendrix and Gunnery Sergeant Crisp who cut their teeth under my command in Desert Storm. Captain Frye, Captain Darrow, this is my first operational situation with you and your men, and I have to say thus far your conduct reflects your reputations.

We have achieved our position through poise, precision, and audacity. To this we must now add resolve. We'll be branded as traitors, the gravest capital crime, punishable by death. A couple hundred years ago, a few guys named Washington, Jefferson, and Adams were branded as traitors by the British. And now they're called patriots. In time so shall we.

God willing, in less than 48 hours you will evacuate this island in gunships under cover of hostages and VX gas warheads. Your destination: a non-extradition-treaty country. You will each be paid a fee of \$1 million for services rendered. But you can never again set foot on your native soil. Can you live with that?

The men of Marine Force Recon are selected to carry out illegal operations throughout the world. When they don't come home their families are told fairy tails about what happened to them and denied compensation. Well I have choked on these lies my entire career! Well, here and now the lies stop!

God be with all of you. Man your positions, men.

Saving Private Ryan

written by Robert Rodat

Ryan: This, this one night, two of my brothers came and woke me up in the middle of the night, and they said they had a surprise for me. So they took me to the barn up in the loft and there was my oldest brother, Dan, with Alice, Alice Jardine. (laughing as he speaks) I mean, picture a girl who just took a nosedive from the ugly tree and hit every branch coming down. And...and Dan's got her shirt off and he's working on her bra and he's tryin to get it off and all of a sudden Sean just screams out, Danny you're a young man, don't do it! And so Alice Jardine hears this and she screams and she jumps up and she tries to get running out of the barn but she's still got this shirt over her head. She goes running right into the wall and knocks herself out. So now Danny's just so mad at us. He, he starts coming after us, but...but at the same time Alice is over there unconscious. He's gotta wa-, wake her up. So he grabs her by a leg and he's drag-dragging her. At the same time he picks up a shovel. And he's going after Sean, and Sean's saying, what are you trying to hit me for?, I just did you a favor! And so this makes Dan more angry. He tries to swing this thing, he loses the shovel, goes outta his grasp and hits a kerosene lantern. The thing explodes, the whole barn almost goes up because of this thing. (stops laughing) That was it. That was the last, that was, Dan went off to basic the next day. That was the last night the four of us were together. That was two years ago. Tell me about your wife and those rosebushes?

The Driver's Test is a Piece of Cake

My brother said there's nothing to it: the driver's test is a piece of cake. That's easy for him to say. He got his license three years ago. I didn't expect to be quite this nervous. I took Driver's Training; I even got an A. I studied the manual and passed the written test and got my permit. I've been creating reasons to drive for six months, to get lots of practice. So why should I be nervous, just because I'm going to take the driving test? If I flunk it, I can always take it over. Oh, Lord, if I flunk it, I'll die. Everyone knows I'm taking the test today. I don't think I could stand it if I flunked. I just hope I don't throw up in the middle of it. I shouldn't have eaten anything for breakfast. If I get sick in the middle of the driving test, I'll flunk for sure. Here comes the examiner. What a mean-looking man. He won't even smile at me. I'll bet he marks me down for every little thing. He probably has a prejudice against teenage drivers. Well,

here goes. Start the engine. What if it doesn't start? What if I flood it? I'll fail the test before I even get out of the parking lot. There. There, it started. All right now. Look in the mirror before I back up. Shift into forward. Turn on the signal. Why is he looking at me like that? Did I do something wrong already? What is he writing on that paper? I *am* going to throw up; I can feel it coming. Oh, good, a break in the traffic. I can finally go. All right. It shouldn't be too bad now, just driving down the street. Around the block. Signal, look both ways, turn into the back side of the parking lot. Oh, no! I have to parallel park between those two red markers. But they're so short. When I practiced parallel parking, it was between two cars. You can see cars; you can't see those little markers. I wonder if he'd let me skip this part if I swear that for the rest of my life I'll drive around until I find a parking place on the corner. Probably not. Probably, he'd say...oh, Lord, I hit one of the markers. Oh, I wish I could die. Now I have to start all over again. I hit it but I didn't knock it over, so I get a second chance. Around the block, signal, look both ways, stay in the proper lane. I'm sweating. I can feel it running down my arms. I'm going to ruin my good sweater just because of those stupid red markers.

There! I did it! I parked and I didn't hit either one of them. I got *out* of the space without hitting them, too. Back to the starting gate and stop the engine. That's it. My driver's test is over. He's handing me the paper. Eighty-four. I got eighty-four! I passed! I get my license. Well, that wasn't so bad, after all. I'll tell my friends that my brother was right. Taking the driver's test is nothing. A piece of cake.