

Fat Pig

by Neil LaBute

Character: Jeannie

JEANNIE. I'm not *anything*. Except confused. By a guy who tells me that he's interested in me. "Very," in fact, was the word he used. "I am very interested in you." And we date, and then we stop, and then he sends me stuff, like flowers and letters, and keeps calling and wants to do it again, to try one more time, he tells me... but then we do not go out. We see each other at work, but he keeps putting off the next date because of . . . God, I couldn't begin to list all of the excuses because it's Monday afternoon, and I would probably be here, like, through the *weekend*. But now I hear he's met someone, a someone who he has managed- even with his many work obligations and boys' nights out and all his other related *juvenile* shit- he has somehow squeezed yet another person onto his social calendar.

Stupid F***ing Bird

By Aaron Posner

MASH

C'mon, it's just you and me here. You know what I mean. C'mon, look me in the eye and tell me you don't feel the exact same way.

That we're cosmically screwed. That the whole fucking game has been bought and sold a dozen times to the highest bidders... And that finally, here at civilization's eleventh hour, the course towards destruction has actually been set -- like that self-destruct mechanism on the *Enterprise* -- and the red light's flashing, and the siren's blaring, and we've all been warned, but -- here's the thing -- we just don't know how long the timer is set for...! So we all go prancing along pretending to be oblivious and blithely clocking in and having kids and paying our bills and meanwhile...

"The sluggish economy" blah blah blah and and "the terrorist threat" blah blah blah and and and and "the refugee crisis" and "the guns" and and and "climate change" and "the war on drugs" and and the war on *blah* and the war on blah blah fucking fucking blah...!

I'm fine. (*Breath. Breath.*) I'm *fine*.

And the fucking irony is, no matter how *inconceivably broken* the world gets, all most of us really care about, deep down, is if we get to snuggle up to someone late at night who will just maybe, just *maybe*, *help us to forget everything we actually know*.

Reasons to be Pretty

Neil LaBute

Steph

No! That isn't true! Don't speak for me! *(beat)* You always wanna say shit for me, vouch for me, or sign shit that we should both have our names on and I'm not gonna have it anymore ... you are not me so you don't know. *(Sits forward)* Listen to me very carefully, OK, because I'm only gonna say this the one time. Fuck off ... That's what I want you to do, Greg, get the fuck out of my life and leave me alone. Let me start over in a serious fashion, maybe in a relationship or not, I dunno, but if it is in something like that may it please, *please* be with someone who can keep from being an asshole and thinking they know everything because you don't. You do not know a goddamn thing to do with me is what I've discovered in my four years with you. Four years that are now gone ... so totally lost and gone that it makes me cry whenever I see any little bit from our time together. A key ring or, or your name light up on my phone or ... shit. *(she starts crying.)* Fuck, fuck, fuck. *(Greg tries to scoot closer and comfort her but she pulls away like he's holding a branding iron.)* STOP. Why would you...? God. Idiot.

Buried Child *by Sam Shepard*

Shelly

Don't come near me! Don't anyone come near me. I don't need any words from you. I'm not threatening anybody. I don't even know what I'm doing here. You all say you don't remember Vince, okay, maybe you don;t. Maybe it's Vince that's crazy. Maybe he's made this whole family thing up. I don't even care anymore. I was just coming along for the ride. I thought it'd be a nice gesture. Besides, I was curious. He made all of you sound familiar to me. Every one of you. For every name, I had an image. Every time he'd tell me a name, I'd see the person. In fact, each of you was so clear in my mind that I actually believed it was you. I really believed that when I walked through that door that the people who lived here would turn out to be the same people in my imagination. Real people. People with faces. But I don't recognize any of you. Not one. Not even the slightest resemblance.

Picasso at the Lapin Agile

by Steve Martin

Character: Angie

ANGIE. I needed you to have already known it. You should have seen that to let you in hurt me, because you wanted the part of me you cannot have; you wanted the part that no one should have of another person. (*She is at the zenith.*) And I will have my dream remain inside me, for me, and if you had let them be, they would have been for you too. So now I wait for a man my own age who will stand before me at arm's length, and I will hand him unimaginable joy, and he will not move forward or move back. Then I will hand him unimaginable pain. And he will stand neither moving forward nor moving back. Then and only then, I will slit myself from here to here (*indicates a vertical line from her neck to her abdomen*), open my skin, and close him into me.

THE (CURIOUS CASE OF THE) WATSON INTELLIGENCE

MADELINE GEORGE

ELIZA

You're too perfect and you're too imperfect. You're the only one I want to be around, and I have a really hard time being with you. When I'm with you I feel like I can't breathe, and when I'm away from you I feel physically sore, here, like someone punched me extremely hard in the chest. I feel destroyed, I feel—dismembered, sort of, or maybe it's the opposite, I feel so incredibly, powerfully coherent that I'm about to implode from the pressure, I don't know, I don't know, what have I let you do?

I could feel you working your way inside me. And now you're all the way in, here, right here against my heart, like a little hot stone, and there's nothing I can do about it anymore, but what are you going to do to me now that you're in there? You could do anything. You could poison me. You could tear me open. You could detonate and shatter me into a thousand pieces. You could disappear and leave me empty and alone.

I can't trust anything anymore, not even my own body. There's no part of me you haven't touched. I know you're going to hurt me. In fact, you're hurting me right now.

Vaas - A Far Cry

Did I ever tell you what the definition of insanity is? Insanity is doing the exact... same thing... over and over again, expecting... shit to change. That... is crazy; but the first time somebody told me that... I dunno, I thought they were bullshitting me, so boom - I shot him. The thing is, okay... He was right. And then I started seeing: everywhere I looked, everywhere I looked, all these pricks, everywhere I looked, doing the exact same fucking thing... over and over and over and over again thinking: "This time, it's gonna be different; no, no, no, no, please... This time it's gonna be different."

...I am sorry, I don't like the way you are looking at me... Okay, do you have a fucking problem in your head? Do you think I am bullshitting you? Do you think I am lying? Fuck you! Okay? FUCK. YOU! It's okay, man. I'm gonna chill, hermano. I'm gonna chill... The thing is... alright, the thing is: I killed you once already... and it's not like I am fucking crazy. It's okay... It's like water under the bridge. Did I ever tell you the definition... of insanity?

Of Mice and Men by John Steinbeck

LENNIE: Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice. I didn't bounce you so hard. Now may be George ain't gonna let me tend no rabbits if he finds out you got killed. I'll tell George I found it dead. But he'll know. George always knows. He'll say: "You done it. Don't try to put nothin' over on me." And he'll say: "Now just for that you don't get to tend no --- you know whats." (his anger rises) Damn you. Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice. Now he won't let me...Now he won't let me. You wasn't big enough. They tole me and tole me you wasn't. I didn't know you'd get killed so easy. Maybe George won't care. This here pup wasn't nothin' to George.

A DOLL'S HOUSE

HENRIK IBSEN

NORA

It is perfectly true, Torvald. When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you—

I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as you--or else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which--I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman--just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

You neither think nor talk like the man I could bind myself to. As soon as your fear was over--and it was not fear for what threatened me, but for what might happen to you--when the whole thing was past, as far as you were concerned it was exactly as if nothing at all had happened.

Exactly as before, I was your little skylark, your doll, which you would in future treat with doubly gentle care, because it was so brittle and fragile. Torvald--it was then it dawned upon me that for

LAURA: Mother, I can't do anything— No, Mother, please! I have to say this. I can't go outside these walls. There's just too much pain! I can feel everyone staring at me—staring at this. (She points to the braced leg.) The noise it makes, it's just so loud! That's why I dropped out of high school! I felt everyone's eyes staring at me, heard all the giggles they tried to suppress as I clomped and limped down the hall. Nobody would want to be near me. So I tuned out from the rest of the world before it could cause me any more pain than I have already suffered. And it seems that whatever crippled my leg— (Amanda opens her mouth as if about to interject.) —yes, Mother, you might as well admit that I'm crippled!—has crippled the rest of my being throughout time. Mother, secluded from the world in this home listening to phonograph records and dusting my glass collection—this is where I belong! I fail everywhere else in the outside world. Here, there's nothing to fail at!

Our Town, Thornton Wilder. Emily Webb

They're so young and beautiful. Why did they ever have to get old? Mama, I'm here. I'm grown up. I can't look at everything hard enough. (doesn't hear her) Oh, Mama, just look at me as though you really saw me. Mama, fourteen years have gone by. I'm dead. You're a grandmother. I married George Gibbs. Wally's dead, too. Mama, his appendix burst on a camping trip to North Conway. We felt just terrible about it - don't you remember? But, just for a moment now we're all together. Mama, just for a moment we're happy. Let's look at one another. It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. I didn't realize. All that was going on in life and we never noticed. Good-by, Grover's Corners? Mama and Papa. Good-bye to clocks ticking? and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths? and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it? - every, every minute. I'm ready to go back. I should have listened to you. That's all human beings are! Just blind people.

Monologues

RON: I don't believe in God, per se... but prayer is still kinda cool, as a way to move energy around, you know what I'm saying?

This is psychic I went to in New Orleans last time I was there – I go down there every year with my friends with the Cajun catfish stand, he sets up deals with the whole gumbo thing – and this psychic told me I'm sensitive to how energy moves and that's why I'm a musician ... but she said it also makes me very sensitive to the tunes of life, which is all prayer really is, it's got nothing to do with God or there being a God or anything, that's what she said, prayer is not begging God for something, it's just listening to the secret unfolding music of life and then playing your part. And because I'm a musician, I can do that. She said. Like, I can hear things other people can't, like right now. I can hear something coming.

There. Do you hear that? That little "doot"? See, I do. There it is again. You don't hear that, do you? See, that's what she meant.

The Profession by Walter Wykes

EUGENE: Hey! Don't touch that! That's my orange! MINE!!!*[EUGENE wrenches his orange away from the VAGRANT.]* Sorry. I'm sorry. I ... I don't mean to be stingy. I'm sure you're very hungry, but I can't allow you to eat this orange. It's just that ... well, it's ... it's the key to everything! I know that doesn't seem to make much sense. I don't understand it quite yet myself. But one has to have faith, you know, that ... well, that everything will come clear in the end. It ... it must be nice to be a halfwit. A vagrant, I mean. A wanderer. You don't have to contemplate. If you're hungry, you eat. Everything's basic. Primitive. Nothing to confuse the issue. No one to push you around ... tell you what to do. Maybe ... maybe I should join you! Hey ... maybe ... maybe I should! They'd never find me then! And if they did ... well, they wouldn't recognize me! I'll bet people don't even give you a second look, do they?! They probably cross the street when they see you coming! That's it! That's the answer! I'll be an outcast! What do you think? What's so funny? I could be an outcast! I ... I admit I don't have much experience, but I've always thought of myself as living on the fringes, you know. I'm an outlaw at heart! Once, when I was five or six ... don't tell anyone, but ... I once stole a whole handful of comic books from a retarded boy that lived down the street! Lifted them right under his nose! All right, I ... I took them back the next day, but it's the thought that counts! You're not impressed. I guess maybe a ... a true outcast only takes what he needs to survive. Is that it? You probably have your own code of conduct. Like the samurai. But I ... I could learn! You could teach me! I think I'd make a respectable outcast! All right, what's ... what's wrong with me? Is it the shoes? You're right—shoes might draw attention! Shoes are much too mainstream for me anyway! I've never really liked them! They chafe your feet! Give you blisters! There! I ... I suppose I should get rid of the socks too? There! You see—I'm willing to make sacrifices. I don't ask for special treatment. I just want to be a regular outcast like everyone else. What? What is it? The pants? Just tell me what to do. I'm willing to do whatever it takes. Only I ... I don't have anything else to wear. This is all I've got. I admit, it's a bit dressy for your average outcast, but ... I ... I could dirty it up a bit. A few properly placed smudges, a rip here and there, and you won't recognize it! This ... ahh ... this is ... good ... good fabric. Maybe if I try the seams. Oh! Wait! I've got it! We could trade! You want to trade?! You know, they say well dressed panhandlers are much more successful! People are more likely to give you a few dollars if you're wearing a coat and tie because they know you must really be in a bind! I ... I know it doesn't make much sense, but it's a proven fact!

Love, Loss and What I Wore

By Nora Ephron and Delia Ephron

Character: Pam

PAM. Last summer I lost my favorite shirt. Or to be more accurate, my favorite shirt vanished into thin air. When I got home from being away for the summer and I unpacked my bags, the shirt simply never materialized. I have replayed the sequence of events in my mind several times, and I have theories about what happened to it, but the fact remains that the shirt just ceased to be. The really sad part was that this came at the end of a summer when that shirt gradually revealed itself to be the perfect shirt. It was flattering (I always felt pretty in it), I liked the color and the cut, it went with all my favorite pants, it was casual and dressed down but not crappy and falling apart, it was comfortable. It was one of those shirts you have to make yourself NOT wear, because it seems every day's outfit would be improved by it. And as silly as it may sound, I am generally happier when I have clothes like this in my life, when there's something I know I can put on and feel good in. Something to fall back on. When I realized the shirt was gone, I couldn't think of anything else I owned that served remotely the same function, and I felt cheated out of something truly rare and precious.

I realize that I sound like I'm talking about death, or about lost love--and maybe I am. It's probably worth noting that my relationship with my boyfriend was ending at just the same time I lost the shirt. But I could have sworn to you at the time that I was not transferring my feelings about the loss of my boyfriend onto the shirt, but was actually mourning the loss of the shirt itself. The main lesson to be learned from this experience came from the purchase of eight different shirts, which each had some likeness to the lost shirt, whether it be in color, cut, material, casualness. But none of them in any way replaced it, and I eventually had to resolve to be thankful for the time I had with the shirt and move on. At least I know what I'm looking for.

Jeannie

Fat pig

You know I'm in accounting, right? You do know that. So anything you turn in is going to come past me, I mean over my desk. I know that you know because I've had you come in there, to my office, looking for stuff before. An old receipt or some stack of files. I mean that's how we first... we *met* that way, so I'm sure you realize the way things go. The course they take. You turn in your expense reports, attach the receipts, and write in the little explanations, and we do the rest. You know this. (Beat) I waited for the Chicago dinner to come through, just so I could see. I heard Carter joking around about it, so I wanted to, you know, check out who you were with. But nothing has been turned in. Why's that? Because you've always been- how can I put this?- Pretty *punctual* about it before.

Chicago doesn't have a record of anybody coming here last month. No employee-- Man.

Woman. Fat Chick. Nothing. I verified.

Jeannie

Fat pig

You know I'm in accounting, right? You do know that. So anything you turn in is going to come past me, I mean over my desk. I know that you know because I've had you come in there, to my office, looking for stuff before. An old receipt or some stack of files. I mean that's how we first... we *met* that way, so I'm sure you realize the way things go. The course they take. You turn in your expense reports, attach the receipts, and write in the little explanations, and we do the rest. You know this. (Beat) I waited for the Chicago dinner to come through, just so I could see. I heard Carter joking around about it, so I wanted to, you know, check out who you were with. But nothing has been turned in. Why's that? Because you've always been- how can I put this?- Pretty *punctual* about it before.

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Meghan Hayman

Period 8

Emily Webb Monologue: from "Our Town"

By: Thornton Wilder

Well, up to a year ago I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you as you did everything... because we'd been friends for so long... and then you began spending all your time at baseball.. And you never stopped to speak to anybody any more. Not even to your own family you didn't... and, George, it's a fact, you've got awful conceited and stuck up, and all the girls say so. They may not say it to your face, but that's what they say about you behind your back, and it hurts me to hear them say it, but I've got to agree with them a little. I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings... but I can't be sorry I said it.

Colin McElduff

Ms. Chusid

Studio Theatre Advance

28 August 2017

Monologue Text for Ken: Act 1, Scene 4

Ken: Bores you?! *Bores you?*! – Christ almighty, trying working for you for a living! – The talking-talking-talking-jesus-christ-won't-he-ever-shut-up titanic self-absorption of the man! You stand there trying to look so deep when you're nothing but a solipsistic bully with your grandiose self-importance and lectures and arias and let's-look-at-the-fucking-canvas-for-another-few-weeks-let's-not-fucking-paint-let's-just-look. And the *pretension*! Jesus Christ, the *pretension*! I can't imagine any other painter in the history of art ever tried so hard to be SIGNIFICANT! You know, not everything has to be so goddamn IMPORTANT all the time! Not every painting has to rip your guts out and expose your soul! Not everyone wants art that actually HURTS! Sometimes you just want a fucking still life or landscape or soup can or comic book! Which you might learn if you ever actually left your goddamn hermetically-sealed *submarine* here with all the windows closed and no natural light – BECAUSE NATURAL LIGHT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU! But then nothing is ever good enough for you!

Patrick
Mango
Period 8
Studio
Theatre Advanced

King Of The Yees

A play that offers a rollercoaster journey through Chinatown in San Francisco, and Chinese culture in America. The play focuses on Lauren Yee, a dramatized version of the playwright, who is trying to get her new play rehearsed, and up and running. However her father, Larry, appears and disrupts rehearsals, unaware that he is the main focus of the play. Lauren loves her father deeply but is frustrated and bemused by his dedication to the patriarchal Yee Fung Toy Family Association, a male-only club dedicated to preserving the Yee line and cultural history. Instead, Lauren is cynical about his stories of their ancient ancestor, Yee Fung Toy, and wants to celebrate modern-day Chinese culture in America, recognizing its evolution and the contemporary face of Chinatown. However, when her father goes missing, Lauren's search takes her on a fantastical journey through modern-day Chinatown, and back into her historical ancestry, to find out where her father has gone. This epic ride through space and time enables Lauren to finally understand and respect her father's dedication to the family history and cultural bonds with the past. Supported by an additional cast of three actors playing a variety of roles, Lauren's journey is both funny and heartwarming.

MONOLOGUE

Character: Larry Yee

Well, "a paper name" is when you're chinese and you come to america and you gotta get yourself some papers that say, "oh yeah sure, i'm a american citizen, yeah--"wink wink."-- and sometimes the fake papers got a DIFFERENT last name than your ACTUAL name. and the fake name is known as your "paper name." most people keep the fake name, even though everyone else in chinatown knows your real name. and that's basically the chinese excusion— excludon? clusion. (*starts again*) the chinese "don't let them in" act of 1882!

This is our Youth

Kenneth Lonergan

Jessica Goldman

Well ... OK ... It's just— This is getting a little weird now, because when I talked to Valerie, she asked me if anything happened with us last night. And for some reason, I guess I didn't really tell her that anything did. So now she's gonna talk to Dennis, and I'm gonna look like a total liar to someone I'm just starting to be close friends with and who I really care about. I just should have figured that you would like rush off to tell your friends that you fucked me— whereas I might be more inclined to be a little more discreet about it till I found out where I stood with you. You know what? It doesn't matter— It really doesn't matter— Honestly, Warren, I really don't care who you told, or what you told them, because people are gonna think whatever they think and you know what? There's nothing I can do about it. And it's not like I even care what he thinks, OK? Because I don't actually know him. Or you. Or Valerie, for that matter! So it doesn't really matter! I've made new friends before, I can make more new friends now if I have to. So let's just forget the whole thing ever happened.

Abigail:

Shut up! All of you. We danced. That is all, and mark this, if anyone breathe a word or the edge of a word about the other things, I will come to you in the black of some terrible night, and I will bring with me a pointy reckoning that will shudder you! And you know I can do it. I saw Indians smash my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine. And I have seen some reddish work done at night. And I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down!

Our Town

Thornton Wilder

George

Emily I'm going to make up my mind right now. I won't go. I'll tell my pa about it tonight. I'm glad you spoke to me about that---that fault in my character. What you said was right; but there was one thing wrong in it. That's where you said that I wasn't noticing---people---and you, for instance---why you say you were watchin' me when I did everything--- Why, I was doing the same about you all the time. Why sure---I always thought about you as one of the chief people I thought about. I always made sure where you were sitting on the bleachers, and who you were with, and for three days not I've tried to walk home with you; but something's always got in the way. Yesterday, I was standing over by the wall waiting for you, and you walked home with Miss Corcoran--- Listen Emily, I'm going to tell you why I'm not going to Agricultural School. I think once you've found a person you're very fond of---I mean a person who's fond of you, too, that's just as important as college is, and even more so.

Molly Roth

Ms. Chusid

Studio Advanced - 7

Ken from Red by John Logan

Bores you?! *Bores you?! Trying working for you for a living! — The talking-talking-talking-won't-he-ever-shut-up titanic self-absorption of the man! You stand there trying to look so deep when you're nothing but a solipsistic bully with your grandiose self-importance and lectures and arias and-let's-look-at-the-canvas-for-another-few-weeks-let's-not-paint-let's-just -look. And the *pretension!* I can't imagine any other painter in the history of art ever tried so hard to be SIGNIFICANT! You know, not everything has to be so IMPORTANT all the time! Not every painting has to rip your guts out and expose your soul! Not everyone wants art that actually HURTS! Sometimes you just want a still life or landscape or soup can or comic book! Which you might learn if you ever actually left your hermetically sealed *submarine!**

Ah, Wilderness!

Eugene O'Neill

Richard Miller

Must be nearly nine— I can hear the Town Hall clock strike, it's so still tonight— I'll catch hell when I get back, but it'll be worth it. If only Muriel turns up— Am I sure she wrote nine? *(He puts the straw hat on the sand R. of boat and pulls the folded letter out of his pocket and peers at it in the moonlight)* Yes, it's nine, all right. *(He starts to put the note back in his pocket, then stops and kisses it—then shoves it away hastily, sheepishly, looking around him shamefacedly, as if afraid he were being observed)* Aw, that's silly—no, it isn't either—not when you're really in love— *(He jumps to his feet restlessly)* Darn it, I wish she'd show up!—think of something else—that'll make the time pass quicker— *(Sits down on boat)* Last night?—the Pleasant Beach House—Belle—ah, forget her!—think of—! But I didn't go upstairs with her—even if she was pretty— Aw she wasn't pretty— Muriel's a million times prettier, anyway— Muriel and I will go upstairs—when we're married—but that will be *beautiful*— But I oughtn't even to think of that yet— it's not right— I'd never—now—but after we're married— *(He gives a little shiver of passionate longing—then resolutely turns his mind away from these improper, almost depreciating thoughts)*

That damned barkeep kicking me— I'll bet you if I hadn't been drunk I'd have given him one good punch in the nose— *(Then with a shiver of shamefaced resolution and self-disgust)* Aw, you deserved a kick in the pants—making such a darned slob of yourself! You must have been a fine sight when you got home!—having to be put to bed and getting sick! Phaw! *(He squirms disgustedly)* Think of something else can't you!

Ah, Wilderness!

By Eugene O'Neill

Read by Richard

Life! Life is a *joke!* And everything works out all wrong in the end. You can have your silly optimism, if you like, Aunt Lily. But don't ask me to be so blind. I'm a *pessimist!* As for Muriel, that's all dead and past. I was only kidding her, anyway, just to have a little fun, and she took it seriously, like a fool. You know what they say about women and trolley cars, Aunt Lily: There's always another one along in a minute.

"Nice" is all you women think of! I'm *proud* to be a cynic. It's the only thing you can be when you really face life. I suppose you think I ought to be heartbroken about Muriel—a little coward that's afraid to say her soul's her own, and keeps tied to her father's apron strings! Well, not for mine! There's plenty of other fish in the sea!

Emily-Our Town by Thornton Wilder: Monologue

I'm not mad at you. But, since you ask me, I might as well say it, George. I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings; but I've just got to – tell the truth and shame the devil. Well up to a year ago, I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you while you did everything – because we'd been friends so long. And then you began spending all your time at baseball. And you never stopped to speak to anyone anymore – not to really speak – not even to your own family, you didn't. And George, it's a fact – ever since you've been elected captain, you've got awful stuck up and conceited, and all the girls say so. And it hurts me to hear 'em say it; but I gotta agree with 'em a little, because it's true. Now, I'm sorry I said all that about you. I don't know what made me say it. Now I can see it's not true at all. And I suddenly feel that it's not important, anyway.

Monologue copy

The Glass menagerie

Tennessee Williams

LAURA: Oh! Yes mother, I did like a boy once! See his picture? The operetta the senior class put on. We sat across from each other on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the auditorium. He had a wonderful voice. Here he is with the silver cup for debate team! See his grin? He used to call me-Blue roses. When I had that attack of Pleurisies, he asked me what was the matter when I came back. I said Pleuorosis, he thought I said blue roses! So that's what he called me after that. Whenever he saw me he'd holler "Hello Blue Roses!" I didn't care much for that girl he went out with. Emily Misenbach. Oh, Emily was the best dressed girl in Soldan. But she never struck me as being sincere. I read in a newspaper once that they were engaged...that was a long time ago. They're probably married by now.

Richard Fisher's Funeral

By: Kellie Powell

Drew: You don't get it. I've been afraid of my father all my life. I spent every waking moment just trying to keep him from exploding. Trying to do everything just right – and not just believing, but *knowing*... that one day he would kill me. That he'd kill us all. My first memory... is the day my brother spilled a can of paint down the stairs. My parents were painting the house. Ricky thought he was helping, but it was too heavy for him and... paint just went flying, everywhere. I held my breath. I don't know why I thought that would help.

My father put his fist through the wall. I screamed, Ricky and I started crying. And the whole time that he... the whole time, he kept yelling at us to stop crying. I couldn't. I thought he was going to kill us both, and my mother couldn't stop him. I was four years old. Ricky was two.

And I have been living in that hole in the wall, ever since.

I can't forgive him. I won't pretend. So go read "Footprints in the sand Sand" if it'll make you feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Today my father's going into the ground. Except I don't remember having a father. A father couldn't do that to his kids.

Before Dawn by Gerhart Hauptmann

LOTH: My father was a boilermaster. We lived hard by the factory and our windows gave on the factory yard. I saw a good many things there. There was a workingman, for instance, who had worked in the factory for five years. He began to have a violent cough and to lose flesh . . . I recall how my father told us about the man at table. His name was Burmeister and he was threatened with pulmonary consumption if he worked much longer in the soap factory. The doctor had told him so. But the man had eight children and, weak and emaciated as he was, he couldn't find other work anywhere. And so he *had* to stay in the soap factory and his employer was quite self-righteous because he kept him. He seemed to himself an extraordinarily humane person.--- One August afternoon -- the heat was frightful -- Burmeister dragged himself across the yard with a wheelbarrow full of lime. I was just looking out of the window when I noticed him stop, stop again, and finally pitch over headlong on the cobblestones. I ran up to him -- my father came, other workingmen came up, but he could barely gasp and his mouth was filled with blood. I helped carry him into the house. He was a mass of limy rags, reeking with all kinds of chemicals. Before we had gotten him into the house, he was dead.--- Scarcely a week later we pulled his wife out of the river into which the waste lye of our factory was drained. And, when one knows things of that kind as I know them now -- believe me -- one can find no rest. A simple little piece of soap, which makes no one else in the world think of any harm, even a pair of clean, well-cared for hands are enough to embitter one thoroughly.

Suburbia by Eric Bogosian

Jeff: It used to scare me that I didn't know what was coming in my life. I always thought, what if I make the wrong move, you know? But Maybe there isn't any right move. You know I was trying to figure it all out, but maybe you can't
Look at us. We all dress the same, we all talk the same, we all watch the same TV. No one's really different, even if they think they're different. "Oh boy, look at my tattoo!" You know?

And that makes me free, because I can do anything if I really don't care what the result is. I don't need money. I don't need a future. I could know out all my teeth with a hammer, so what? I could poke my eyes out. I'd still be alive. Strip naked and fart in the wind. At least I would know I was doing something real for two or three seconds. It's all about fear. And I'm not afraid anymore. Screw it!

Because anything is possible. It is night on the planet earth and I am alive and someday I will be dead. Someday, I'll be bones in a box. But right now I'm not. And anything is possible. And that's why I can go to New York with Sooze, because each moment can be what it is. I'm on the train going there, I'm living there, I'm reading a newspaper, I'm walking down the street. There is no failure, there is no mistake. I just go and live there and what happens, happens. So at this moment, I am getting naked. And I am not afraid.

Gaston

Picasso at the Lapin Agile

By: Steve Martin

GASTON: Well, you're a painter; you're always having to come up with ideas. What's it like? I mean, the only idea I ever came up with was when I had to paint my shutters. I had to figure out a color. And I thought about it for a long time. Should they be a light color or a dark color? For a while, forest blue seemed nice; then, I realized there was no such thing as forest blue. I tried to flip a coin but lost it on the roof. I started thinking, "What are shutters anyway, and what would their natural color be?" Then I realized that shutters don't occur in nature, so they don't have a natural color. Suddenly, I knew I was just moments away from a decision, just moments, finally. Then this gorgeous thing walks by, with ruby lips and a derriere the shape of a valentine. I swiveled my head around and snapped a tendon. That put the decision off for three days. Then I thought, "Maybe just take off the shutters"; I started to think about moving to a land where there are no shutters and, frankly, suicide. But then one day, I said to myself, "Green," and that was it.

The play is "Night Luster" by Laura Harrington.

I don't think people see me. I get this feeling sometimes like I'm invisible or something. I can be standing there in a room and I'm talking and everything, and it's like my words aren't getting anywhere and I look down at myself and sometimes my body isn't getting anywhere either. It's like I'm standing behind a one-way mirror and I can see the guys and I can hear the guys, but they can't see me and they can't hear me. And I start to wonder if maybe I'm ugly or something, like maybe I'm some alien species from another planet and I don't speak the language and I look totally weird. But I don't know this, you see, because on this other planet I had this really nice mother who told me I was beautiful and that I had a voice to die for because she loved me so much, not because it was true. And I arrive here on Earth and I'm so filled with her love and her belief in me that I walk around like I'm beautiful and I sing like I have a voice to die for. And because I'm so convinced and so strange and so deluded, people pretend to listen to me---because they're being polite or something---or maybe they're afraid of me. And at first I don't notice because I sing with my eyes closed. But then one day I open my eyes and find out I'm living in this world where nobody sees me and nobody hears me. I'm just looking' for that one guy who's gonna hear me, see me, really take a chance. I mean, I hear them. I'm listening so hard I hear promises when somebody's just sayin' hello. If anybody ever heard what I've got locked up inside of me...I'd be a star.

The Triangle Factory Fire Project by Chris Piehler

Character: Ethel

In the dressing room men and women were laughing but in a strange way I could not understand at the time. I yelled at them to stop laughing and help me find a spare machine head to smash the door. I thought about jumping out, but then I saw in my mind how I would look lying there on the sidewalk and I got ashamed. I didn't know which way to go. I was throwing people out of the way. No matter whether they were in front of me or coming from in back of me, I was pushing them down. I was only looking out for my own life. Girls were lying on the floor, fainted. People were stepping on them. Some were trying to climb over the machines. Others were running with their hair burning. My hair was smoldering. I turned and ran to the Greene Street exit.

This Beautiful City by Steven Cossan
Young Woman - God's Grace

You are a part of this... theatre company from New York that produces plays to depict uh reallife scenarios or real situations and you are looking to write a play from interviews with real people about the fundamentalist Christians in Colorado Springs and what that looks like to the outside world. Is that right? Pretty good, huh? Ok, then, can I ask you a pretty straightforward question? Ok, um. Is there a particular slant that you would like to put on... the reason I ask is for example when I sit beside someone on an airplane you know, I try to avoid conversation because people have their ideas: "right wing fundamental evangelical" and I want to say if your whole belief of who we are is is formed through the media then let me buy you lunch. Come spend some time with is and see some of the CRAZY things happening here like helping a lot of people and a lot of families in this city lead better lives and then we can talk.

Fat Men in Skirts

By: Niki Silver

Popo: I am Popo Martin. My friends call me Popo martin. Dr. Nester says I am a paranoid schizophrenic. When I see red, I see red! I mean, I have an episode. Although sometimes it happens when I don't see red and sometimes I see red and it doesn't happen. I am the most popular girl in the hospital. I get lots of visitors! I was a cheerleader. I'd do a cheer for you now, but I don't have my pompoms. You can ask anyone in school about me, and they'd all say the same thing. Popo Martin is always cheerful. Popo Martin has a smile on her face and a kind word for a saddend stranger. And that's probably why everyone was so surprised when it happened; I tried to kill myself! I took thirty-five sleeping pills out of my mother's purse. I didn't want to smile anymore. My jaw hurts. And whistling gives me a headache. I want, more than anything to wallow in a hopeless depression - but it just goes against my grain. So I tried to kill myself. That's why I'm here.

GUILT

By Krystle Henninger



What do you do when you see something you don't want to see? You look away, right? But what if it's something you can't forget? Well, you never forget. You just don't want to remember. *(pause)* I saw my brother die. I watched him get murdered. *(the next five sentences should be run together)* The worst part is that I didn't do anything to help him. I couldn't. He wouldn't let me. He made me leave him there to die. He made me walk back upstairs and he told me not to look back. *(pause)* He died in his room, in our basement on a Tuesday morning. When we got to the hospital there was nothing they could do. He was already gone. When we were little, my brother and I would walk to the park every day and he'd push me on the swings. *(sits and is mimicking being pushed on the swings)* Each time he'd push me, I'd say, "Higher! Higher!" wanting to go all the way to the sun. But not too close. I didn't want to burn myself. On some days, the girl next door, Michelle, would tag along. She and I were the same age and our parents were very close. We didn't get along at first, but then she became my best friend. My brother was jealous. I told him that he should play with us even though he was a year older. Eventually, they hit it off. Years later, they even dated for a while. But I'm getting ahead of myself. In the summers when we were kids, we'd go to the lake. It was a small lake. More like a pond. There were fish in it. We'd feed the fish and roll down the grassy hill. Sometimes we'd land *in* the pond. But my brother always looked after us. And I hate myself for not looking after him. I don't care what people tell me. I'll always feel guilty about it. About everything. Do you know what it's like to lose someone so close that when they're gone, you want to kill yourself? But you don't, because of the pain it would cause everyone else. So you make yourself live with that feeling, that guilt, until it drives you crazy and you start to wonder if it's worth it. Is life worth living if all you knew was taken from you? That's not right. But what's right? What's wrong? What is this thing we call life?

Claudia
Nuts
By Tom Topor

Claudia, *Nuts* (by Tom Topor)

Claudia: When I was a little girl, I used to say to her, "I love you to the moon and down again." And she used to say to me, "I love you to the sun and down again." And I used to think, wow, I love mama, and mama loves me, and what can go wrong? What went wrong, mama? I love you and you love me, and what went wrong? You see, I know she loves me, and I love her, and--so what? So what? She's over there, and I'm over here, and she hates me because of the things I've done to her, and I hate her because of the things she's done to me. You stand up there asking "Do you love your daughter" and they say yes. And you think you've asked something real, and they think they've said something real. You think because you toss the word love around we're all going to get warm and runny. Something happens to some people. They love you so much they stop noticing you're there because they're so busy loving you. They love you so much their love is a gun, and they keep firing it straight into your head. Mama, I know you love me. And I know one thing you learn when you grow up is that love is not enough.

Fat Pig
by Neil LaBute
Character: Jeannie

JEANNIE. I'm not *anything*. Except confused. By a guy who tells me that he's interested in me. "Very," in fact, was the word he used. "I am very interested in you." And we date, and then we stop, and then he sends me stuff, like flowers and letters, and keeps calling and wants to do it again, to try one more time, he tells me... but then we do not go out. We see each other at work, but he keeps putting off the next date because of . . . God, I couldn't begin to list all of the excuses because it's Monday afternoon, and I would probably be here, like, through the *weekend*. But now I hear he's met someone, a someone who he has managed- even with his many work obligations and boys' nights out and all his other related *juvenile* shit- he has somehow squeezed yet another person onto his social calendar.

Amadeus

Written by Peter Shaffer

Character: Constanze

CONSTANZE: Can you hear me? Try to, Wolferl... Wolfi-polfi... Try to hear. If I've been a bore—if I've nagged a bit about money, it didn't mean anything. It's only because I'm spoilt. You spoilt me, lovey. You've got to get well, Wolfi—because we need you. Karl and Baby Franz as well. There's only the three of us: we don't cost much. Just don't leave us—we wouldn't know what to do without you. And you wouldn't know much either, up in Heaven, without us. You sappy thing. You can't even cut up your own meat without help!... I'm not clever, lovey. It can't have been easy living with a goose. But I've looked after you, you must admit that. And I've given you fun too—quite a lot, really!...Are you listening?

[MOZART's drum strokes get slower, and stop.]

Know one thing. It was the best day of my life when you married me. And as long as I live I'll be the most honored woman in the world...*Can you hear me?*

A Streetcar Named Desire
Written by Tennessee Williams
Character: Blanche

BLANCHE. (*Moves in L. area.*) He acts like an animal, has an animal's habits! Eats like one, moves like one, talks like one! There's even something—sub-human—something not quite to the stage of humanity yet! Yes—something—ape-like about him, like one of those pictures I've seen in—anthropological studies! Thousands and thousands of years have passed him right by, and there he is—Stanley Kowalski—Survivor of the Stone Age! Bearing the raw meat home from the kill in the jungle! And you—you here—*waiting* for him! Maybe he'll strike you, or maybe grunt and kiss you! That is if kisses have been discovered yet! (*Moves upstage.*) Night falls, and the other apes gather! There in front of the cave, all grunting like him, and swilling and gnawing and hulking! His poker night!—you call it—this party of apes! Somebody growls—some creatures snatches at something—the fight is on! God! Maybe we are a long way from being made in God's image, but, Stella (*Sits beside STELLA, arm about her.*)—my sister—there has been some progress since then! Such things as art—as poetry and music—such kinds of new light have come into the world since then! In some kinds of people some tenderer feelings have had some little beginning! That we have to make *grow*! And *cling* to, and hold as our flag! In this ark march toward whatever it is we're approaching...*Don't—don't hang back with the brutes!*

A Streetcar Named Desire
Written by Tennessee Williams
Character: Blanche

BLANCHE. I loved someone, too, and the person I loved I lost. He was a boy, just a boy, when I was a very young girl. When I was sixteen, I made the discovery--love. All at once and much, much too completely. It was like you suddenly turned a blinding light on something that had always been half in shadow, that's how it struck the world for me. But I was unlucky. Deluded. There was something different about the boy, a nervousness, a softness and tenderness which wasn't like a man's, although he wasn't the least bit effeminate looking--still--that thing was there.... He came to me for help. I didn't know that. I didn't find out anything till after our marriage when we'd run away and come back and all I knew was I'd failed him in some mysterious way and wasn't able to give the help he needed but couldn't speak of! He was in the quicksands and clutching at me--but I wasn't holding him out, I was slipping in with him! I didn't know that. I didn't know anything except I loved him unendurably but without being able to help him or help myself. Then I found out. In the worst of all possible ways. By coming suddenly into a room that I thought was empty--which wasn't empty, but had two people in it... the boy I had married and an older man who had been his friend for years. Afterwards we pretended that nothing had been discovered. Yes, the three of us drove out to Moon Lake Casino, very drunk and laughing all the way. We danced the Varsouviana! Suddenly in the middle of the dance the boy I had married broke away from me and ran out of the casino. A few moments later--a shot! I ran out--all did!--all ran and gathered about the terrible thing at the edge of the lake! I couldn't get near for the crowding. Then somebody caught my arm. "Don't go any closer! Come back! You don't want to see!" See? See what! Then I heard voices say-- Allan! Allan! The Gray boy! He'd stuck the revolver into his mouth, and fired--so that the back of his head had been--blown away! It was because--on the dance-floor--unable to stop myself--I'd suddenly said--"I saw! I know! You disgust me!" And then the searchlight which had been turned on the world was turned off again and never for one moment since has there been any light that's stronger than this--kitchen--candle...

MARION BRIDGE

DANIEL MACIVOR

AGNES:

In the dream I'm drowning. But I don't know it at first. At first I hear water and I imagine it's going to be a lovely dream. Even though every time I dream the dream I'm drowning each and every time I dream the dream I forget. Fooled by the sound of the water I guess and I imagine it's a dream of a wonderful night on the beach, or a cruise in the moonlight, or an August afternoon in a secret cove—but a moment after having been fooled into expecting bonfires or handsome captains or treasures in the weedy shore it becomes very clear that the water I'm hearing is the water that's rushing around my ears and fighting its way into my mouth and pulling me back down into its dark, soggy oblivion. No captains, no treasures, no bonfires for me, no in my dream I'm drowning. And then, just when it seems it's over—that I drown and that's the dream—in the distance, on the beach, I see a child. A tall thin child, maybe nine or ten. And his sister, younger, five. Then behind them comes their mother spreading out a blanket on the sand. It's a picnic. And beside the mother is the man. Tall. Strong. And broad shoulders good for sitting on if you're five, or even ten. Good for leaning on if you're tired, good for crying on if you're sad. And he's got his hands on his hips and he's looking out at the water, and he sees something. Me. And he reaches out and touches his wife's elbow who at that very moment sees something too and then the children, as if they're still connected to their mother's eyes, think they might see the same thing. And with all my strength—if you can call strength that strange, desperate, exhausted panic—I wave. My right arm. High. So they'll be sure to see. And they do. They see me. And then all of them, standing in a perfect line, they all wave back. The little girl, her brother, their mother and the man. They smile and wave. Then the mother returns to her blanket and the basket of food she has there, the man sits, stretching out his legs, propping himself up on one arm, and the little boy runs off in search of

starfish or crab shells and the little girl smiles and waves, smiles and waves and smiles and waves. And then I drown. And that's so disturbing because you know what they say when you die in your dream. Strange. But stranger still I guess is that I'm still here.

THE (CURIOUS CASE OF THE) WATSON INTELLIGENCE

MADELINE GEORGE

ELIZA

You're too perfect and you're too imperfect. You're the only one I want to be around, and I have a really hard time being with you. When I'm with you I feel like I can't breathe, and when I'm away from you I feel physically sore, here, like someone punched me extremely hard in the chest. I feel destroyed, I feel—dismembered, sort of, or maybe it's the opposite, I feel so incredibly, powerfully coherent that I'm about to implode from the pressure, I don't know, I don't know, what have I let you do?

I could feel you working your way inside me. And now you're all the way in, here, right here against my heart, like a little hot stone, and there's nothing I can do about it anymore, but what are you going to do to me now that you're in there? You could do anything. You could poison me. You could tear me open. You could detonate and shatter me into a thousand pieces. You could disappear and leave me empty and alone.

I can't trust anything anymore, not even my own body. There's no part of me you haven't touched. I know you're going to hurt me. In fact, you're hurting me right now.

The Marriage of Bette and Boo

by Christopher Durang

Character: Bette

BETTE. First I was a tomboy. I used to climb trees and beat up my brother, Tom. Then I used to try to break my sister Joanie's voice box because she liked to sing. She always scratched me though, so instead I tried to play Emily's cello. Except I don't have a lot of musical talent, but I'm very popular. And I know more about the cello than people who don't know anything. I don't like the cello, it's too much work and besides, keeping my legs open that way made me feel funny. I asked Emily if it made her feel funny and she didn't know what I meant; and then when I told her she cried for two whole hours and then went to confession twice, just in case the priest didn't understand her the first time. Dope Emily. She means well. *(Calls offstage)* Booeey! I'm pregnant! *(To audience.)* Actually I couldn't be, because I'm a virgin. A married man tried to have an affair with me, but he was married and so it would have been pointless. I didn't know he was married until two months ago. Then I met Booeey, sort of on the rebound. He seems fine about the cello practicing, but I don't think the priest heard me. He didn't say anything. He didn't even give me a penance. I wonder if nobody was in there. But as long as your conscience is all right, then so is your soul. *(Calls, giddy, happy.)* Booeey, come on!

Eurydice

Written by Sarah Ruhl

Character: Eurydice

EURYDICE. Dear Orpheus,

I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I was afraid. I'm not worthy of you. But I still love you, I think. Don't try to find me again. You would be lonely for music. I want you to be happy. I want you to marry again. I am going to write out instructions for your next wife.

To My Husband's Next Wife:

Be gentle. Be sure to comb his hair when it's wet.

Do not fail to notice

That his face flushes pink

like a bride's

when you kiss him.

Give him lots to eat.

He forgets to eat and he gets cranky.

When he's sad,

kiss his forehead and I will thank you.

Because he is a young prince

and his robes are too heavy on him.

His crown falls down

around his ears.

I'll give this letter to a worm. I hope he finds you.

Love,

Eurydice

Eurydice
Sarah Ruhl

EURYDICE

Orpheus never liked words. He had his music. He would get a funny look on his face and I would say what are you thinking about and he would always be thinking about music.

If we were in a restaurant, sometimes I would get embarrassed because Orpheus looked sullen and he wouldn't talk to me and I thought people felt sorry for me. I should have realized that women envied me. Their husbands talked too much.

But I wanted to talk to him about my notions. I was working on a new philosophical system. It involved hats.

This is what it is to love an artist. The moon is always rising above your house. The houses of your neighbors look dull and lacking in moonlight. But he is always going away from you. Inside his head there is always something more beautiful.

Orpheus said the mind is like a slide ruler. It can fit around anything. Words can mean anything. Show me your body, he said. It only means one thing.

She looks at her father, embarrassed for revealing too much.

Or maybe two or three things. But only one thing at a time.

Megan Olson

Grace

F.O.B. by David Henry Hwang

I don't like being alone. You know, when Mom could finally bring me to the U.S., I was already ten. There were a few Chinese girls in the fourth grade, but they were American-born, so they wouldn't even talk to me. They'd just stay with themselves. I figured I had a better chance of fitting in with the white kids than with them. So in junior high I started bleaching my hair and hanging out at the beach. After a while, I knew what beach was gonna be good on any given day, and I could tell who was coming just by his van. But, it didn't matter to them. Until my senior year in high school-that's how long it took for me to get over this whole thing. One night I took Dad's car and drove on Hollywood Boulevard. I was looking and listening-all the time with the windows down, just so I could feel like I was part of the city. And that day, I said "I'm lonely. And I don't like it. I don't like being alone." And that was all. As soon as I said it, I felt all of the breeze-it was really cool on my face-and I heard all of the radio-and the music sounded really good, you know? So I drove home.

Fat Pig by Neil LaBute

Character: Helen

Please, you need to stay in this. Focused on it, so don't drift off or anything. I love you so much, I really do, Tom. Feel a connection that I haven't allowed myself to dream of, let alone be a part of, in so long. Maybe ever. But I can't be with you if you're feeling something other than that same thing I am...one more thing. Just this. And I've never said this to anyone, not any other person in the world...I would change for you. I'll do something radical to myself if you want me to. Like be stapled or have some surgery or whatever it takes- one of those *rings*- because I do not want this to end. I'm willing to do that, because of what you mean to me. The kind of, just, *ecstasy* that you've brought me. So...I just wanted you to know that.

A Bright New Boise

Samuel D. Hunter

Huh. Well, good for you. I have panic attacks. Sometimes more than once a week... Do you know what panic attack is...? No, you don't, you think that you might, but you don't. You probably think it's just about me being stressed out, you think I get a panic attack when I get a bad grade on a test or something. I get panic attacks over nothing. Absolutely nothing. I'll be at work, or at home, or at school and suddenly I'll start shaking and I won't be able to breathe.

(Pause) School Counselor says it might be a chemical imbalance. Or, she says it might have something to do with my past. I think it has something to do with my past, so if you're my father, it's probably your fault. (Pause) I want a blood test. Valley Medical Clinic. It's in Meridian, on 17th street. I have an appointment for six, you have an appointment for seven. We're going separately, and you're paying for it. It's not cheap. (Pause) And you need to know that if it turns out that you're my biological father, that doesn't necessarily mean anything. It doesn't mean I have to talk with you or interact with you in any way

The Heidi Chronicles
By Wendy Wasserstein
Uncommon Women and Others
Character: Rita Altabel

RITA. (*Demonstrates with her hand the vertical and horizontal qualities of the buildings and roads*) Listen, Leilah, this entire society is based on cocks. The New York Times, Walter Cronkite, all the buildings and roads, the cities, philosophy, government, history, religion, shopping malls- everything I can name is male. When I see things this way, it becomes obvious that it's very easy to feel alienated and alone for the simple reason that I've never been included 'cause I came into the world without a penis. Therefore it is my duty to take advantage. Did I ever tell you about the time I left Johnny Cabot lying there after I'd had an orgasm and he hadn't? It was hilarious. And anyway, Leilah, no one will ever do for me what they'll do for you, or Kate, or even Samantha. So I have to take advantage. In my case, it's a moral imperative. I've got to go. I'm auditioning for Clark. He's directing a production of Another Part of the Forest. Forest, trees, logs, pinecones, elks... (*She demonstrates again as she exits.*)

The Flick

Written by Annie Baker

Character: Sam

SAM

That's the—no. I didn't. The point is that I was so freaked out by not being able to pay attention to Daniel Craig and getting away from the smelly woman that I totally forgot all about the tamales. And then we watch the movie and then it ends and the credits are rolling. And we're all collection our things and getting ready to go when I notice these middle-aged ladies five rows in front of me, not the smelly lady, the ladies who were sitting to the left of us originally, and they're all getting ready to go.

And they start walking towards the aisle and then one of them goes, "Linda, are these yours?" And the other goes, "No. Trish, are they yours?" And then Trish or whoever is like, "No I didn't bring anything in." And I look and I see they're holding up my bag of tamales.

And then I realize: I'm that douchebag.

I'm that douchebag who brings like random weird ethnic food into a movie theater and then forgets about it and leaves it there! I am my own worst nightmare!

And then I sit there paralyzed, watching them ask each other, is this yours? is this yours? and I'm too scared to say anything and then eventually Linda or whoever just takes the bag and they all walk up the aisle together and when they get to the doors *she throws it in the trash.*

She throws it away for me.

PROOF

DAVID AUBURN

CATHERINE

I lived with him. I spent my life with him. I fed him. Talked to him. Tried to listen when he talked.

Talked to people who weren't there . . . Watched him shuffling around like a ghost. A very smelly ghost. He was filthy. I had to make sure he bathed. My own father . . .

After my mother died it was just me here. I tried to keep him happy no matter what idiotic project he was doing. He used to read all day. He kept demanding more and more books. I took them out of the library by the carload. We had hundreds upstairs. Then I realized he wasn't reading: he believed aliens were sending him messages through the Dewey decimal numbers on the library books. He was trying to work out the code . . .

Beautiful mathematics. The most elegant proofs, perfect proofs, proofs like music . . .

Plus fashion tips, knock-knock jokes – I mean it was nuts, OK?

Later the writing phase: scribbling nineteen, twenty hours a day . . . I ordered him a case of notebooks and he used every one.

I dropped out of school . . . I'm glad he's dead.

Two

Ron Elisha

Anna

He... loved her... It was only later that he found out she was Jewish. Too late, for him... He forced her to convert. But then, when Hitler came to power, that wasn't enough. But he didn't turn her in, that wasn't his style. He chose instead, to start a new life. Everything new. Except his wife. From that day on, he lived in fear of his life. And he made her pay for that fear. With a thousand and one humiliations. She was like a prisoner, with nowhere else to go. She used to beat her. Used to make her sleep in the kitchen. After a while he couldn't even look at her, and she was barred from entering our part of the house... I watched her change, over the years, from a proud and beautiful woman to a miserable... scraping animal. In the beginning he used to force me to curse her as she knelt, scrubbing the floors. After a while, he didn't have to force. I hated her. I hated everything about her. She was no longer human... I hate her because she allowed herself to be turned into a pitiful, groveling... nothing. Because she was a Jew. And I was a Jew. And when I looked at her I saw myself. And I hated her for it... one day he beat her very badly, and broke her arm. That night she took me aside and told me she was going to stay with relatives who were hiding in Berlin. She kissed me. I wiped my cheek. That was the last time I ever saw her. About a year later I heard she had been lost in an air raid. She died a Jew... A year later I was in the SS... Oh my god... He was my father. He made me hate my mother. He made me hate myself. With so much hate inside me there was nowhere else to go. I wanted to kill... to rid myself once and for all.

Oh, my god... my god...

She kissed me... and I wiped my cheek.

Laughing Wild by Christopher Durang

The other night I dreamt that my father was inside a baked potato. Isn't that strange? I was very startled to see him there, and I started to be afraid other people would see where my father was, and how small he was, so I kept trying to close the baked potato, but I guess the potato was hot, cause he'd start to cry when I'd shut the baked potato, so then I didn't know what to do. I thought about taking the whole plate back to the kitchen, tell the cook there's a person inside of my baked potato. But then I felt such guilt at deserting my father that I just sat there at the table and cried. He cried too. Then the waiter brought desert which was devil's food cake with mocha icing, and I ate that. Then I woke up, very hungry. I told my therapist about the dream, and he said that the baked potato represented either the womb, or where I tried to put my father during the oedipal conflict. "What Oedipal conflict?" I always say to him, "I won, hands down." And then my therapist said that my father cried because he was unhappy, and that I dreamt about the cake because I was hungry. I think my therapist is an idiot. Maybe I should just have gurus. Or find a nutritionist. But what I'm doing now isn't working.

Spoonface Steinberg

Spoonface Steingberg by Lee Hall

When I first started feeling funny, that is, when I still had hair- it hardly noticeable, other than I was a bit tired- but Mam was worried that I was looking thinner and a bit peaky- but because I was so backwards, I wasn't very good at explaining what's wrong- so Mam took me straight to the doctor in case I disappeared- and when I got there he looked at me like this, and said- "deary me, Spoonface will have to go straight to the hospital"- which is where I went- it was nice enough there, the doctors all held my hand and smiled which means something is wrong- and then Mam looked a little grayish and they said they were going to have to put me in a tube, but inside the tube they'd find out what it was- so I went in and Mam watched as I waved goodbye- and then all these computers went off- and there were some rays or something- and it was kind of like a space machine, only I wasn't going anywhere except the hospital and yet it still took ages- and there was information going everywhere, and then- and then it came time for me to come out and there was Mam and the doctor and they said hello and I was allowed out- and the doctor said we should go into a room where Mam could cry and I could play with Legos - in the room I got a drink of pop and Mam said how unexpected all of this was- eventually the doctor came back and said he had an answer and the answer was- that I was going to die.

EUGENE: Hey! Don't touch that! That's my orange! MINE!!!*[EUGENE wrenches his orange away from the VAGRANT.]* Sorry. I'm sorry. I ... I don't mean to be stingy. I'm sure you're very hungry, but I can't allow you to eat this orange. It's just that ... well, it's ... it's the key to everything! I know that doesn't seem to make much sense. I don't understand it quite yet myself. But one has to have faith, you know, that ... well, that everything will come clear in the end. It ... it must be nice to be a halfwit. A vagrant, I mean. A wanderer. You don't have to contemplate. If you're hungry, you eat. Everything's basic. Primitive. Nothing to confuse the issue. No one to push you around ... tell you what to do. Maybe ... maybe I should join you! Hey ... maybe ... maybe I should! They'd never find me then! And if they did ... well, they wouldn't recognize me! I'll bet people don't even give you a second look, do they?! They probably cross the street when they see you coming! That's it! That's the answer! I'll be an outcast! What do you think? What's so funny? I could be an outcast! I ... I admit I don't have much experience, but I've always thought of myself as living on the fringes, you know. I'm an outlaw at heart! Once, when I was five or six ... don't tell anyone, but ... I once stole a whole handful of comic books from a retarded boy that lived down the street! Lifted them right under his nose! All right, I ... I took them back the next day, but it's the thought that counts! You're not impressed. I guess maybe a ... a true outcast only takes what he needs to survive. Is that it? You probably have your own code of conduct. Like the samurai. But I ... I could learn! You could teach me! I think I'd make a respectable outcast! All right, what's ... what's wrong with me? Is it the shoes? You're right—shoes might draw attention! Shoes are much too mainstream for me anyway! I've never really liked them! They chafe your feet! Give you blisters! There! I ... I suppose I should get rid of the socks too? There! You see—I'm willing to make sacrifices. I don't ask for special treatment. I just want to be a regular outcast like everyone else. What? What is it? The pants? Just tell me what to do. I'm willing to do whatever it takes. Only I ... I don't have anything else to wear. This is all I've got. I admit, it's a bit dressy for your average outcast, but ... I ... I could dirty it up a bit. A few properly placed smudges, a rip here and there, and you won't recognize it! This ... ahh ... this is ... good ... good fabric. Maybe if I try the seams. Oh! Wait! I've got it! We could trade! You want to trade?! You know, they say well dressed panhandlers are much more successful! People are more likely to give you a few dollars if you're wearing a coat and tie because they know you must really be in a bind! I ... I know it doesn't make much sense, but it's a proven fact!

Gruesome Playground Injuries by Rajiv Joseph

DOUG: You know what, Kayleen? Jesus Christ, you know, I came to your house last year and your Dad was there, and I know he hates my guts, he always has, and he's like *She is where she is. I don't know where the girl is.* He said he didn't care and didn't care to know. And I was about to leave, but I didn't. I didn't and I said to him... (*He turns to the funeral home and shouts at it*) You remember, jerk? You dead piece of crap? You remember what I said to you!? I said to him, you are WORTHLESS. You have a daughter and she is a gift from GOD. She is the most perfect being to ever walk this earth and you don't even know it. And she loves you because you're her stupid father. But you've never loved her back, you've just damaged her and messed her up, and never even bothered to notice she's this ANGEL. So SCREW YOU. (*Beat.*) And then I told him I hoped he'd die alone. Which he did. So I feel a little guilty about that now. (*Beat.*) I can take care of you Leenie.

Monster

by José Cruz González

(MONSTER, a teen boy, stands, carrying a briefcase.).

MONSTER. I dreamed of being rich, important and popular. I got the first two. Everything I learned in school, but not from the classroom. I learned that there are monsters roaming the hallways, cafeterias and playgrounds, looking to eat you up like Godzilla did to Japan. In their wake of destruction, monsters can make other monsters. I'm a monster. I wasn't one, but now I am now. I'm rich and important, but not popular. I go for what I want and I don't care who gets in my way or who gets hurt. In business, you got to be a monster. I used to be innocent, trusting and friendly, but to monsters that is a sign of weakness. Monsters will eat you alive. That's what happened to me. I was eaten alive, but I survived and learned from it. It made me stronger. I have no weakness. I make other monsters now. People fear me and that's the way I like it.

(He opens his briefcase.)

I was a momma's boy. Always dressed nice with my hair combed to one side. My mom always prepared me a sack lunch. I was good in school, but I didn't become a monster right away. You see, it takes time to transform into one. The longer the change the stronger you'll be. Many years later I found the monster that turned me into a monster. He was a grown up and was working as an employee for a small transportation company. Well, I bought and sold that company off in pieces making me a nice little bundle. I can't tell you what joy that brought me. He was married with three kids and had a mortgage. I saw him cry and the monster in me celebrated.

(He holds up a plastic Godzilla toy.)

Monsters aren't extinct. We're still roaming the earth.

WTC VIEW

by Brian Sloan

Max

Max: I mean I was walking down Sixth Avenue, heading to my nine o'clock. The first plane buzzed right over me. I looked up because it was so loud and knew something was totally wrong. And then I followed it and saw it go right into the Trade Center. I mean... right into the building. And that thing had flown right over my head...*(beat)* This is kinda weird but... last summer I went to check out that movie *Pearl Harbor* with a couple of friends of mine. It was totally stupid—Ben Affleck as some flying ace. Gimme a break. But there was this one scene where the Japanese planes are flying past a bunch of kids playing baseball. And I remember thinking how intense that must have been to be one of those kids. To see history flying right over your head... and when I was watching the movie I thought, damn, nothing that serious or historical is ever gonna happen to me. And then, two months later... there I am on Sixth Avenue looking up. *(A heavy beat)* And now I feel like, I don't know, like I almost wished something like that to happen. I know I didn't really, but... it's what I wanted in a way. To be part of history and now I'm in it all the way.

Vaas - A Far Cry

Did I ever tell you what the definition of insanity is? Insanity is doing the exact... same thing... over and over again, expecting... shit to change. That... is crazy; but the first time somebody told me that... I dunno, I thought they were bullshitting me, so boom - I shot him. The thing is, okay... He was right. And then I started seeing: everywhere I looked, everywhere I looked, all these pricks, everywhere I looked, doing the exact same fucking thing... over and over and over and over again thinking: "This time, it's gonna be different; no, no, no, no, no, please... This time it's gonna be different."

...I am sorry, I don't like the way you are looking at me... Okay, do you have a fucking problem in your head? Do you think I am bullshitting you? Do you think I am lying? Fuck you! Okay? FUCK. YOU! It's okay, man. I'm gonna chill, hermano. I'm gonna chill... The thing is... alright, the thing is: I killed you once already... and it's not like I am fucking crazy. It's okay... It's like water under the bridge. Did I ever tell you the definition... of insanity?

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 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.

Endgame

Written by Samuel Beckett

Character: Hamm

HAMM:

(Pause. With prophetic relish.)

One day you'll be blind, like me. You'll be sitting there, a speck in the void, in the dark, for ever, like me.

(Pause.)

One day you'll say to yourself, I'm tired, I'll sit down, and you'll got and sit down. Then you'll say, I'm hungry, I'll get up and get something to eat. But you won't get up. You'll say, I shouldn't have sat down, but since I have I'll sit on a little longer, then I'll get up and get something to eat. But you won't get up and you won't get anything to eat.

(Pause.)

You'll look at the wall a while, then you'll say, I'll close my eyes, perhaps have a little sleep, after that I'll feel better, and you'll close them. And when you open them again there'll be no wall anymore.

(Pause.)

Infinite emptiness will be all around you, all the resurrected dead of all the ages wouldn't fill it, and there you'll be like a little bit of grit in the middle of the steppe.

(Pause.)

Yes, one day you'll know what it is, you'll be like me, except that you won't have anyone with you, because you won't have had pity on anyone and because there won't be anyone left to have pity on.

Studio Theater Monologue

Vanessa Marquez, Sonnets of an Old Century by José Rivera

I was paralyzed from the waist down
from a car accident I got into on the 10.
I was in the hospital for months.
I wasn't improving.
But the night of the earthquake,
I was lying in bed,
trying with all my heart and soul
to move my useless legs.
And you know what?
I did! I moved my legs –
and just that very same second,
the earthquake happened!
Houses fell.
Mountains shifted.
Continents kissed and divorced!
Cracks went down deeper than any hell
I could imagine!
And I did that! Me.
And that terrified me.
And I saw what I did
to all those people and houses
and I cried and asked God to forgive me.
I was humbled and inspired
and now I can walk.
Now I can walk.

The Laramie Project

by Moises Kaufman

Zubaida Ula: We went to the candle vigil. And it was so good to be with people that felt like shit. I kept feeling like I don't deserve to feel this bad, you know? And someone got up there and said uh – he said um, blah blah blah blah blah and then he said, I'm saying it wrong but basically he said, c'mon guys, let's show the world that Laramie is not this kind of town. But it is that kind of town. If it wasn't this kind of town, then why did this happen here? I mean, you know what I mean, like that's a lie. Because it happened here. So how can this not be a town where this kind of thing happens? Like, that's just totally – like looking at an Escher painting and getting all confused like, it's just totally like circular logic, like how can you even say that? And we have to mourn this and we have to be sad that we live in a town, a state, a country where shit like this happens. I mean, these are people trying to distance themselves from this crime. And we need to own this crime. I feel. Everyone needs to own it. We are like this. We ARE like this. WE are LIKE this.

A...MY NAME IS ALICE

By: Joan Silver and Julianne Boyd

ACTRESS: Hello you...remember me? Chanteuse Rose? The little girl with the big voice who died for love-twice a night? Oh, how I love to sing of love-*en francais* of course. French is the language of love. Of course, it was not always French. Until I was thirteen, I was German. Being German was nice-I liked the sausage-but in my heartm I knew something was missing. So, at thirteen, I decided to change. For a while I was Danish. *Comme ci, Comme ca*- I liked the pastry. Then I was very many things. I was Irish, Italian, Rumanian, Polish, but always, no matter how good the food, or how high the mountains, I knew something was missing- *l'amour, n'est-ce pas?* I needed to sing of my broken heart, to die of love-twice a night. And for this I needed a slit in my skirt, a beret on my head, long cigarette, champagne, stiletto heels-I needed, I *needed* to be French. French-my German Papa was right. When I was a little girl, he used to come into my room, kneel by my bed, and whisper into my ear, he would say, "Heidi-I was still German then-Heidi, you're different, you should be French."

The Flick

Written by Annie Baker

Character: Sam

SAM

That's the—no. I didn't. The point is that I was so freaked out by not being able to pay attention to Daniel Craig and getting away from the smelly woman that I totally forgot all about the tamales. And then we watch the movie and then it ends and the credits are rolling. And we're all collection our things and getting ready to go when I notice these middle-aged ladies five rows in front of me, not the smelly lady, the ladies who were sitting to the left of us originally, and they're all getting ready to go.

And they start walking towards the aisle and then one of them goes, "Linda, are these yours?" And the other goes, "No. Trish, are they yours?" And then Trish or whoever is like, "No I didn't bring anything in." And I look and I see they're holding up my bag of tamales.

And then I realize: I'm that douchebag.

I'm that douchebag who brings like random weird ethnic food into a movie theater and then forgets about it and leaves it there! I am my own worst nightmare!

And then I sit there paralyzed, watching them ask each other, is this yours? is this yours? and I'm too scared to say anything and then eventually Linda or whoever just takes the bag and they all walk up the aisle together and when they get to the doors *she throws it in the trash.*

She throws it away for me.

The Shape of Things

Written by Neil LaBute

Character: Adam

ADAM: You know, when Picasso took a shit, he didn't call it a "sculpture." He knew the difference. THat's what made him *Picasso*. And if I'm wrong about that, I mean, if I totally miss the point here and somehow puking up your own little shitty neuroses all over people's laps is actually Art, then you oughta at least realize there's a price to it all...you know? Somebody pays for your two minutes on CNN. Someone always pays for people like you. And if you don't get that, if you can't see at least *that* much...then you're about two inches away from using babies to make lamp shades and calling it "furniture."

A Bright New Boise

By: Samuel D. Hunter

Character: Leroy, early to mid-twenties

Leroy: You know, when I was a kid, I really believed all the stuff my parents believed in. God, Jesus, all of it. And I was *terrified*. I used to have nightmares about being in hell, being tortured forever, couldn't even die to end the pain. Eight, nine years old and I was having these dreams.

And I *promised* myself I wouldn't let Alex go through that. I took him to art galleries, readings... I took him to his first concert when he was nine or ten, this recital thing at the university. And then, last year I caught him in his room reading a Bible and it was like-how could he be going back to this shit.

Fat Pig by Neil LaBute

Tom:

I'm weak. That's what I basically learned from our time together. I am a weak person, and I don't know if I can overcome that. No, maybe I do know. Yeah. I do know that I am, and I can't... overcome it. I think you are an amazing woman. And I really love what we've had here. But I think that we're very different people. Not just who we are- jobs or that kind of thing- but it does play into it as well. We probably should've realized this earlier, but I've been so happy being near you that I just sorta overlooked it and went on. But I feel it coming up now, more and more, ~~Forget it.~~ (Beat.) I feel that we should maybe stop before we get too far. It's weird to say this, because in many ways I'm already in so deep. Care about you a lot, and that makes it superhard. But- I guess I do care what my peers think about me. Or how they view my choices and, yes, maybe that makes me not very deep, or petty, or some other word, hell, I don't know! It's my Achilles flaw or something.

Jack
Grant

4000 Miles Monologue

Leo: We hear a truck coming up behind us. and the truck gets louder and closer and passes us. I scream up to Micah and he looks back at me, he has his left hand on his handlebar and his right hand still on his bullshit professional camera and as he looks back at me laughing and he starts to say something but the truck bed separates from the cab and flies backwards and takes him off the road. "I couldn't get to him he's buried under there"

It took them about forty-five minutes to get him out, and the funny thing was he hadn't sustained any trauma to his head or anything but he had been face down in the mud with hundreds of pounds of weight on him and he had suffocated. So the part that everyone's pissed at me about is that after i filled out all the paperwork at the police station and called his and my mom I got back on my bike and kept riding.

ALMOST, MAINE

JOHN CARIANI

WOMAN

Yeah: my *husband*. Wes. I just wanted to say goodbye to him, 'cause he died recently. On tuesday, actually. And, see, the northern lights- did you know this? - the northern lights are really the torches that have recently departed carry with them so they can find their way to heaven, and, see, it takes three days for the third day, . so you see I will see them the northern lights because they're him he'll be carrying one of the torches, and, see, I didn't leave things with him so I was just hoping I can come here and say goodbye to him and not be bothered. But what you did there just a second ago, that bothered me I think and I am not here for that. So maybe I should go find another yard.

And well I do know what happened.

All right all right, my name is Glory.

And
8/22/26

Reasons to be Pretty

Neil LaBute

Steph

No! That isn't true! Don't speak for me! *(beat)* You always wanna say shit for me, vouch for me, or sign shit that we should both have our names on and I'm not gonna have it anymore ... you are not me so you don't know. *(Sits forward)* Listen to me very carefully, OK, because I'm only gonna say this the one time. Fuck off ... That's what I want you to do, Greg, get the fuck out of my life and leave me alone. Let me start over in a serious fashion, maybe in a relationship or not, I dunno, but if it is in something like that may it please, *please* be with someone who can keep from being an asshole and thinking they know everything because you don't. You do not know a goddamn thing to do with me is what I've discovered in my four years with you. Four years that are now gone ... so totally lost and gone that it makes me cry whenever I see any little bit from our time together. A key ring or, or your name light up on my phone or ... shit. *(she starts crying.)* Fuck, fuck, fuck. *(Greg tries to scoot closer and comfort her but she pulls away like he's holding a branding iron.)* STOP. Why would you...? God. Idiot.

The Laramie Project by Moises Kaufman

Romaine Patterson

We never called him Matthew actually. Most of the time we just called him "Choo-choo." You know, because we used to call him Matthew, and then we just called him Choo-choo.

And whenever I think of Matthew, I always think of his incredible, beaming smile. I mean, he'd walk in and he'd be like, (*Demonstrates.*) you know, and he'd smile at everyone ... he just made you feel great ... And he – would like stare people down in the coffee shop ... 'cause he always wanted to sit on the end seat so that he could talk to me while I was working. And if someone was sitting in that seat, he would just sit there and stare at them. Until they left. And then he would claim his spot.

But Matthew definitely had a political side to him ... I mean, he really wanted to get into political affairs ... that's all his big interest was, was watching CNN and MSNBC, I mean, that's the only TV station I ever saw his TV tuned into. He was just really smart in political affairs, but not too smart on like common sense things ...

Buried Child *by Sam Shepard*

Shelly

Don't come near me! Don't anyone come near me. I don't need any words from you. I'm not threatening anybody. I don't even know what I'm doing here. You all say you don't remember Vince, okay, maybe you don;t. Maybe it's Vince that's crazy. Maybe he's made this whole family thing up. I don't even care anymore. I was just coming along for the ride. I thought it'd be a nice gesture. Besides, I was curious. He made all of you sound familiar to me. Every one of you. For every name, I had an image. Every time he'd tell me a name, I'd see the person. In fact, each of you was so clear in my mind that I actually believed it was you. I really believed that when I walked through that door that the people who lived here would turn out to be the same people in my imagination. Real people. People with faces. But I don't recognize any of you. Not one. Not even the slightest resemblance.

My Heart's A Suitcase

By: Clare McIntyre

I don't want these intrusions in my life. I want to be a completely happy person without a care in the world. I don't want to be thinking of a girl's body lying in a shallow grave when I'm trying to remember how to make mince pies or I'm out spending money on myself. There are people who love spending money aren't there? They just love it. *Getting things*. It doesn't matter a monkey's what it is so long as they are getting something which is *new*. I'm such a sodding misery guts I don't even enjoy that. For a kick-off I get filled with guilt that I've got the money to part with while there's a child's body, an unidentified child's body decomposing in a wood not a million miles away from the stereo shop or the shoe shop. It really is fucking difficult to enjoy yourself and the News doesn't help. All the good news is above my head, all the stuff about money... I mean who knows what the Financial Times Share Index is? I just get weighed down with the man who got shot on the aeroplane and all the faces of people you know have died since the photos were taken. And the little girl whose father stuck his head in the oven and the lunatics out there who stick a gun in your face on a train. Jesus Christ I'd be a whole lot better off concentrating on working out what the Financial Times Share Index was and turning the ruddy thing off when it got to shallow graves, premature deaths and infants with inoperable heart disease.

Character: ROMA

The play is "Night Luster" by Laura Harrington.

I don't think people see me. I get this feeling sometimes like I'm invisible or something. I can be standing there in a room and I'm talking and everything, and it's like my words aren't getting anywhere and I look down at myself and sometimes my body ~~isn't~~ isn't getting anywhere either. It's like I'm standing behind a one-way mirror and I can see the guys and I can hear the guys, but they can't see me and they can't hear me. And I start to wonder if maybe I'm ugly or something, like maybe I'm some alien species from another planet and I don't speak the language and I look totally weird. But I don't know this, you see, because on this other planet I had this really nice mother who told me I was beautiful and that I had a voice to die for because she loved me so much, not because it was true. And I arrive here on Earth and I'm so filled with her love and her belief in me that I walk around like I'm beautiful and I sing like I have a voice to die for. And because I'm so convinced and so strange and so deluded, people pretend to listen to me---because they're being polite or something---or maybe they're afraid of me. And at first I don't notice because I sing with my eyes closed. But then one day I open my eyes and find out I'm living in this world where nobody sees me and nobody hears me. I'm just **looking'** for that one guy who's gonna hear me, see me, really take a chance. I mean, I hear them. I'm listening so hard I hear promises when somebody's just sayin' hello. If anybody ever heard what I've got locked up inside of me...I'd be a star.

Lemon Sky

Written by Lanford Wilson

Character: Alan

ALAN. (...to the audience) I've been trying to tell this story, to get it down, for a long time, for a number of years, seven years at least--closer to ten. I've had the title, I've had some of the scenes a dozen times, a dozen different ways, different starts. The times I've told it to friends as something I wanted to do I've come home and tried to get it down--get to work on it--but the characters, the people ignored the dang story and talked about whatever they darn well pleased and wouldn't have any part of what I wanted them to say. They sat down to coffee or some dang thing. They trouble was I wanted not to be the big deal, the hero, because I wasn't. No one was. Or how do I know who was? If it happened this way or that, who knows? But dad--my dad--*(Quickly.)* If it's all autobiographical, so, I'm sorry, there it is; what can I tell you--but how can I write about dad? Tell him. I knew him, lived with him, that I can remember, for six months. *(Quickly.)* I always say I lived in California for two years because it sounds more romantic. Bumming around the beach a couple of years, on the cast, it sounds great. Six months is like you didn't fit in. Like, why bother. Like restlessness. The title because--I don't know--it had something to do with the state. California. I mean the nut fringe; first Brown, then Reagan and--who knows what they'll come up--*(breaking off, returning to the thought above.)* But finally I said, so if you're a hero; if you can't admit that you weren't, if you've got to make a c--if you can't admit that you were really as big a jerk as everybody else--if you can't admit that, then for God's sake, let it say! And the fact that you can't will say more about you than if you could. Leave it be! My father what do I know about him. If he's nothing, I mean *But Nothing!* then the fact that he comes off the short end of the stick shows something. From that you know that there's more there. You know? Leave it! Do it. Straight. Get it down, let it get down and let it tell itself and *Mirror*, by what you couldn't say--what was really there.

Curse of the Starving Class

Written by Sam Shepard

Character: Taylor

TAYLOR. (*To Wesley.*) You may not realize it, but there's corporations behind me! Executive management! Bans. People of influence. People with ambition who realize the importance of investing in the future. Of building this country up, not tearing it down. You people carry on as though the whole world revolved around your petty little existence. As though everything was holding its breath, waiting for your next move. Well, it's not like that! Nobody's waiting! Everything's going forward! Everything's going ahead without you! The wheels are in motion. There's nothing you can do to turn it back. The only thing you can do is cooperate. To play ball. To become part of us. To invest in the future of this great land. Because if you don't, you'll all be left behind. Every last one of you. Left high and dry. And there'll be nothing to save you. Nothing and nobody.

Red Light Winter

Written by Adam Repp

Character: Matt

MATT. How to start... Let's see...Um, since we were together last January I haven't been able to like stop thinking about you. I mean, it was easily one of the biggest things that's ever happened to me. Know that like sexually speaking at least it was this totally uneventful blip of antimatter for you, but I'm pretty convinced that despite my inept, like desperate sexual brevity or whatever that something real passed between us. Even if for a moment. And I know you remember it--you fucking have to--because I'd never known that feeling before. And when that kind of thing happens there has to be at least a shred of mutuality at play, even if it's like point seven percent. You like walked out of your dress. And then you helped me take my clothes off. And then you took my hand and led me to the bed. It was...Well, it was more than the sex, way more than that. You were like kind. And it helped me. It helped me so much, Christina. In ways that I'd need like the twelve thousand semitones of dolphin language to articulate. And I'm sure that with all the guys or johns or clients or whatever you call your rotisserie of men that most of the time it's just a series of these like fast, pound-of-flesh experiences for you, but that's not what happened for me. It wasn't this like anecdote that American guys go over there to collect. They eat a few space cakes and fuck a window whore and get a tattoo of like a dagger or a yin yang sign or a fucking stallion getting struck by lightning. That's not what it was about for me. It was way bigger than that. And it was way bigger than a play or a paperback novel or like some precious cultural artifact or whatever. It was bigger than anything I could ever fucking write about. I mean, I spend most of my time in my head, like trapped with my own fucking terrible, spiritually corrosive thoughts. And sure, I know a lot of people suffer and have constant nightmares and mental illness and horrible crushing madness or whatever, but for some reason, it's not easy for me. To be with those thoughts, I mean. And sometimes disappearing seems like the only fucking answer. Just like ending it, you know? I used to wish that I could make a painting of a dog eating spaghetti or like write a haiku or a fucking play that would push those thoughts out of my head permanently, but I could never figure it out...But after I met you I...I don't know, I just felt like I could sort of be in the world again. And it made things in my head, I don't know...like slow down for a while. And I don't even know why. I mean, I hardly know you, but at the same time I do. Something happened in that room in Amsterdam. And I know this is going to sound like some totally New Age Carlos Castaneda psychic cookbook or something, but sometimes I close my eyes and send you thoughts. I'll be like, "Hey, Christina. I hope you're doing well. I hope everything's going good for you in that city you live in...Stay safe, okay?...I love you." And I've been doing this thing lately where I imagine what you were like as a little girl. In Baltimore or whatever. Like flying a fucking kite or smashing chocolate cake on your coloring book or making a lemonade sign or eating crayons under the patio furniture or whatever.

Death of a Salesman

by Arthur Miller

Character: Biff

BIFF: No! Nobody's hanging himself, Willy! 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?

Picasso at the Lapin Agile

by Steve Martin

Character: Angie

ANGIE. I needed you to have already known it. You should have seen that to let you in hurt me, because you wanted the part of me you cannot have; you wanted the part that no one should have of another person. (*She is at the zenith.*) And I will have my dream remain inside me, for me, and if you had let them be, they would have been for you too. So now I wait for a man my own age who will stand before me at arm's' length, and I will hand him unimaginable joy, and he will not move forward or move back. Then I will hand him unimaginable pain. And he will stand neither moving forward nor moving back. Then and only then, I will slit myself from here to here (*indicates a vertical line from her neck to her abdomen*), open my skin, and close him into me.

Stone Cold Dead Serious

By Adam Rapp

Character: Shaylee

Age: 17

SHAYLEE. Wynne, you know about six months ago I had a baby? It came out dead. It was about the size of a tomato. I put it in a McDonald's bag and threw it in the garbage. I talked about it in group today. How I keep dreaming about it. How sometimes it's huge and it's eating hamburgers at that Wendy's Oasis on 294. How I always wake up all fucked up and cryin.

This nun told me that God's trying to talk to me and that I should use the opportunity to ask Him for forgiveness. Like I should start praying and shit.

In group we had to go around a circle and describe our own personal picture of God. The crack addict chick said God was Smokey the Bear. I said he's like this old freak wrapped in a shower curtain and he's got this big holy boner. And he's eatin one of those side salads from Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Blacky was all, "Naw man, God's a meat eater." His personal picture of God is this old buff ancient-lookin fucker in a toga. And he's got a perm and he's at the Sizzler eatin a steak. Pretty funny, ain't it? . . .

Group's pretty cool. You get to talk about yourself, you know? Listen to all these fucked-up stories. Some people just sit there. You don't even gotta say nothin if you don't wanna. . .

In the book there's this whole thing about God, but it ain't all phony. The brother calls him the Fat Lady. It's actually pretty cool, Wynne. They learn about stuff, you know? Like how to get through the shitty times. . .

Ma's talkin about you like you're her hero. She paid off the house yesterday. And Pop's seein' this back specialist in Mount Prospect. And I guess Marna's husband's gonna come over and look at the house to see about central air.

Pop's callin you the Champ. They're on their way right now. . .

Dr. Kennedy said I can go home next month. I might do this halfway house thing first, but I'd get to crash at home on the weekends. Urine samples every three days. Try your luck, piss in a cup.

Ma says I've been approved to re-enroll at Norridge, too. If I catch up in school they're gunna let me back on the track team. Mr. Mecklo asked me to run the mile again but I was like, fuck that, I wanna pole-vault. Fly over some shit, you know? . . .

I'm gonna stay clean this time, Wynne, I really am . . .

Love, Loss and What I Wore

By Nora Ephron and Delia Ephron

Character: Pam

PAM. Last summer I lost my favorite shirt. Or to be more accurate, my favorite shirt vanished into thin air. When I got home from being away for the summer and I unpacked my bags, the shirt simply never materialized. I have replayed the sequence of events in my mind several times, and I have theories about what happened to it, but the fact remains that the shirt just ceased to be. The really sad part was that this came at the end of a summer when that shirt gradually revealed itself to be the perfect shirt. It was flattering (I always felt pretty in it), I liked the color and the cut, it went with all my favorite pants, it was casual and dressed down but not crappy and falling apart, it was comfortable. It was one of those shirts you have to make yourself NOT wear, because it seems every day's outfit would be improved by it. And as silly as it may sound, I am generally happier when I have clothes like this in my life, when there's something I know I can put on and feel good in. Something to fall back on. When I realized the shirt was gone, I couldn't think of anything else I owned that served remotely the same function, and I felt cheated out of something truly rare and precious.

I realize that I sound like I'm talking about death, or about lost love--and maybe I am. It's probably worth noting that my relationship with my boyfriend was ending at just the same time I lost the shirt. But I could have sworn to you at the time that I was not transferring my feelings about the loss of my boyfriend onto the shirt, but was actually mourning the loss of the shirt itself. The main lesson to be learned from this experience came from the purchase of eight different shirts, which each had some likeness to the lost shirt, whether it be in color, cut, material, casualness. But none of them in any way replaced it, and I eventually had to resolve to be thankful for the time I had with the shirt and move on. At least I know what I'm looking for.

Monologue copy

The Glass menagerie

Tennessee Williams

LAURA: Oh! Yes mother, I did like a boy once! See his picture? The operetta the senior class put on. We sat across from each other on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the auditorium. He had a wonderful voice. Here he is with the silver cup for debate team! See his grin? He used to call me-Blue roses. When I had that attack of Pleurisy, he asked me what was the matter when I came back. I said Pleuritis, he thought I said blue roses! So that's what he called me after that. Whenever he saw me he'd holler "Hello Blue Roses!" I didn't care much for that girl he went out with. Emily Misenbach. Oh, Emily was the best dressed girl in Sordani. But she never struck me as being sincere. I read in a newspaper once that they were engaged...that was a long time ago. They're probably married by now.

From Pygmalion
by George Bernard
Shaw

Original

LIZA [*desperate*] Oh, you are a cruel tyrant. I can't talk to you: you turn everything against me: I'm always in the wrong. But you know very well all the time that you're nothing but a bully. You know I can't go back to the gutter, as you call it, that I have no real friends in the world but you and the Colonel. You know well I couldn't bear to live with a low common man after the two of you; and it's wicked and cruel of you to insult me by pretending I could. You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but my father's. But don't think you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down... Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. You can't take away the knowledge you gave me. You said I had a finer ear than you. And I can be kind and civil to people, which is more than you can! Now I don't care that [*snapping her fingers*] for your bullying and your big talk. I'll advertise it in the papers that your duchess is only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach anybody to be a duchess just the same in six months for a thousand guineas. Oh, when I think of myself crawling under your feet and being trampled on and called names, when all the time I had only to lift up my finger to be as good as you, I could just kick myself.

WAVING GOODBYE

JAMIE PACHINO

LILY BLUE

You were leaving? You were leaving today? I would've come home and you would've been... too much to bear. I'm so stupid. I am so stupid (Lily picks up one of the suitcases and pearls that Amanda kick the other stuff and start smashing the last pieces of the hand sculpture) Take it- take it all, if you're going to go. Just don't leave anything behind. Nothing to keep you here. Nothing to come back for – crying out loud ever I'm begging you OK? Just take the rest of you and go. I'm fine. I'll be fine. As soon as you leave for good everything will be fine. (Pushing down tears not wanting to show them I'll just be here like always. Cindy like an idiot, expecting people to show up or come back... Or stay. Cleaning up after floods or wanting for phone calls for all eternity. Girl in the middle of a catastrophe, that's while be, for always. Then why does everybody leave? Sometimes... Sometimes my father dies, wrapped in icicles. Sometimes he lays in the bed of ice snow and when she wakes, and it begins to fall... He melts into our house, breaks open the windows, and runs down our walls and lands on her head. Just make sure we're awake. Sometimes my father just dies.

THE CRUCIBLE by Arthur Miller

Mary Warren

I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then (*entranced*) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice- and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (*Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight*) So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think--she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it? And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (*mimicking an old crone*) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (*Leaning avidly toward them*) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

Hey, you listen fellows.

Jack.

I know someone's put you up to this. They probably paid you some extra money too.

Yeah? Well it ain't right. If Pulitzer, he thinks we are gutter rats with no respect for nothing including each other, so what is that who we are? We, we stab each other in the back? That is who we are! But if we stand together, we change the whole game. And it ain't just about us. All across this city, man there are boys and girls who oughta just be out playin', hey or goin' to school and instead they are slavin' to support themselves and their folks! Hey, there ain't no crime in bein' poor and not a one of us complains if the work we do is hard, all we ask is a square deal. So fellas, for the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop and factor and slaughterhouse in this town, I beg of ya, throw down ya papers, and join the strike.

Newsies (Broadway) - Jack Kelly - Harvey Fierstein

SERPENT IN THE NIGHT SKY by Dianne Warren

JOY

You know, before you came along, I was scared. I was standing by the side of the road and it was getting dark and I was scared. Then you stopped and you were grinning and you had on that brand new cowboy hat. You reminded me of somebody's brother. No one in particular. Just somebody's brother. You gave me a lift and we ... we spent the night in that motel. (Pause.) After you went to sleep I lay there as close as I could get to the edge of the bed. The sheets were touching me all over, cold and starched, and I was afraid to move. I lay like that for a couple of hours, then you woke up. You moved over close to me, so we were both on the edge of the bed, and you put your arm over me and moved your head into my neck. And you were warm. You were so ... warm. And I felt myself put my arms around you and you held onto me and I held onto you and it was... it was like we were going to fall ... just fall through space together if we didn't hold on. (Pause.) Now I'm afraid again. I'm afraid if I leave I'll just start falling through space.

Angie Farella

Studio Theatre Adv.

Ms. Chusid

21 August 2016

MONOLOGUE

Stage Kiss by Sarah Ruhl

Angela

You're all such assholes. Marriage should be like a tattoo. You leave it on. That's the point of marriage and tattoos. There's this new removable tattoo ink it's such bullshit like why get one if you want a removable one that's like the definition of a tattoo, it's forever. If you're that much of a fucking coward don't get a fucking tattoo and don't get married. Why'd you even have me, you assholes. I hate you. You can't even figure out if you have souls, Jesus, am I just some fucking flesh in baggy clothes to you? Where are the grown-ups? I'm out of here.

Tyler Brann

Jason

Rabbit Hole

I might've been going too fast. That day. I'm not sure, but I might've been. So...that's one of the things I wanted to tell you.

It's a thirty zone. And I might've been going thirty-three. Or thirty-two. I would usually look down, to check, and If I was a little over, then I'd slow down obviously. But I don't remember checking on your block, And then the dog came out, really quick, and so I swerved a little to avoid him, not knowing, obviously...

So that's something I thought you should know. I might've been going a little over the limit. I can't be positive either way though."

Elena Gonzalez

Jessica Goldman

This is Our Youth

Kenneth Lonergan

What you're like now has nothing to do with what you're gonna *be* like. Like right now you're all like this rich little pot-smoking burnout rebel, but ten years from now you're gonna be like a plastic *surgeon* reminiscing about how wild you used to be...

Everything you think will be different, and the way you act, and all your most passionately held beliefs are all gonna be completely different, and it's really depressing.

Because it just basically invalidates whoever you are right now. You know what I mean? It just makes your whole self at any given point in your life seem so completely *dismissable*. So it's like, what is the point?

like the classic example is all those kids from the Sixties who were so righteous about changing the face of civilization, and then the minute they got older they were all like, "Actually, you know what? Maybe I'll just be a *lawyer*."

And now Ronald *Reagan* is President of the United States. I mean, how embarrassing is *that*?

I'm talking about the *mainstream*, and it is such a joke. I mean, I definitely feel that *evil* has like, triumphed in our time.

This is Our Youth

Kenneth Lonergan

Dennis

I just can't believe this, man, it's like so completely bizarre. And it's not like I even liked the guy that much, you know? I just *knew* him. You know? But if we had been doing those speedballs last night we could both be *dead* now. Do you understand how *close* that is? I mean... It's *death*. *Death*. It's so incredibly heavy, it's like so much heavier than like ninety-five percent of the shit you deal with in the average day that constitutes your supposed life, and it's like so totally off to the *side* it's like completely ridiculous. I mean that was *it*. That was his *life*. Period. The Life of Stuart. A fat Jew from Long Island with a grotesque accent who sold drugs and ate steak and did nothing of note like whatsoever. I don't know, man. I'm like, high on fear. I feel totally high on fear. I'm like - I don't even know what to *do* with myself. I wanna like go to *cooking* school in *Florence*, or like go into *show* business. I could so totally be a completely great chef it's ridiculous. Or like an actor or like a director. I should totally direct movies, man, I'd be a genius at it. Like if you take the average person with the average sensibility or sense of humor or the way they look at the world and what thoughts they have or what they think, and you compare it to the way *I* look at shit, and the shit I come up with to *say*, or just the *slant* I put on shit, there's just like no comparison at all. I could totally make movies, man, I would be like one of the greatest movie makers of all time.

Josh
Cain

Jeff: how's your brother doing? Well I can see you probably don't want to talk about that. But I was thinking about it today, and I was thinking about it today, no, really. I was. and seriously I don't mean to be, i'm not being cavalier about it. But I was thinking about it and I really think when you talk to the cops you should probably just go in there and tell them the truth. Because I realize you probably don't care what I think ... But you did ask me for my opinion last night, and I realize I wasn't very helpful, so I thought about it some more today and that's really what I think that you should do. For what it's worth. I know you probably don't even want to hear it... But I just want you to know, you don't have to worry about me. I mean... You took me into your confidence and I really appreciate that... Because it made me feel like you considered me as a friend. You're not sorry you told me about it, are you?

Nurse Ratched One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

Performed in Steppenwolf in 2001

"Boys, I've given a great deal of thought to what I'm about to say. I've talked it over with the staff and we all came to the same conclusion – that there should be some form of punishment for the unspeakable behavior of yesterday. (a pause. No comment.) Most of you are here because you could not adjust to the outside world. You broke the rules of society. At some time... in your childhood perhaps... you were allowed to get away with that. But when you broke a rule you knew it. You wanted to be punished – needed it – but the punishment did not come. That leniency on the part of your parents may have been the germ of your present illness. I remind you of this, hoping you will understand that it is entirely for your own good that we enforce discipline. (Looking straight at McMURPHY.) Is there any comment? (Silence. McMURPHY riffles the cards in his hands – splat!- then waves an apology) I assume that you understand me and agree. You also understand that it is difficult to enforce discipline in these surroundings. After all, what can we do you? You can't be arrested. You can't be sent to an institution, you're already there. All we can do is take away privileges."

“The Pillowman”

By Martin McDonagh

Katurian

I'm scared my brother is all alone in a strange place, and I'm scared your friend is gonna go kick the shit out of him, and I'm scared he's gonna come kick the shit out of me again although if he does it's okay, I mean I'd rather he didn't but if there's something in these stories you don't like then go ahead and take it out on me, but my brother gets frightened easily, and he doesn't understand these things and he's got nothing to do with these stories anyway, I've only ever read them to him, so I just think it's completely unfair you should've brought him down here and I think you should just fucking go and fucking let him out of here right now! Right fucking now!

GUYS AND DOLLS, by Jo Swerling, Abe Burrows, & Frank Loesser

SARAH BROWN

Brothers and sisters, resist the Devil and he will flee from you. That is what the Bible tells us. And that is why I am standing here, in the Devil's own city, on the Devil's own street, prepared to do battle with the forces of evil. Hear me, you gamblers! With your dice, your cards, your horses! Pause and think before it is too late! You are in great danger! I am not speaking of the prison and the gallows, but of the greater punishment that awaits you! Repent before it is too late!

Just around the corner is our little mission where you are always welcome to seek refuge from this jungle of sin. Come here and talk to me. Do not think of me as Sergeant Sarah Brown, but as Sarah Brown, your sister. Join me, Brothers and Sisters, in resisting the Devil, and we can put him to flight forever.

MOLLY

From Peter and the Starcatchers

- We girls can't afford to be sentimental, we must instead be strong. And when I marry, my husband will have to –

Not you, you swot.

Uch, the ego. (rewinding) And when I marry, I shall make it very clear to this person - that sentimentality is not on the calendar. He will have to lump it or leave it. And if he should leave, I'll stay a spinster and pin my hair back and volunteer weekends at hospital. And I will love words for their own sake, like "hyacinth" and "Piccadilly" and "onyx." And I'll have a good old dog, and think what I like, and be part of a different sort of family, with friends, you know? - Who understand that things are only worth what you're willing to give up for them. (then) Even if I - in the face of death, I may have - you know –

Rachel Cribb
Fat Pig
Wet Labite

●●○○○ AT&T

1:17 PM

☾ @ * 71%

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St *ff with her tray and her bag. TOM stands alone.*
A. **6 of 41** *t, she returns. Walks right up to him and gets close.*

HELEN So, look, I figure there's every reason why I'll never hear from you again, and that's why I came back here, just to say that I don't do this, come after guys or anything, not like some regular habit or whatever, so I thought you should know that. I think you're really cute and nice and that sort of thing . . . you might have a girlfriend already or not be attracted to me, I would just totally understand that, I would, but I really do hope you call me. Just even to talk on the phone would be fine, because I'd like that, if we were only these phone buddies . . . I think I would. Just don't be afraid, Tom, I guess that's why I came back here, to say that. Please do not let yourself be afraid of me or of taking some kind of blind chance, or what people think . . . because this could be so great.

She smiles at him and does what she promised: wanders out of the joint. He watches her go, waves when she nears the door.

TOM goes back to eating the pudding and then looks up, off in the direction that she left. He slowly folds the napkin up and pockets it.

That was the first girl I ever kissed. Rivkah was the first girl I ever got up in the morning thinking about. One time she went away on vacation in the middle of the school year. She was gone a week, and I was a mess. Didn't even want to go to school if I couldn't see her.

(Remembering) She was a looker. Dark hair, dark eyes. Dimples. Perfect white skin.

So Rivkah and I'd gotten to the point where we were trading notes. And one day, my mother found one of the notes. Of course it was signed, Rivkah. Rivkah? my mom says. That's a Jewish name. *(Beat)* I wasn't clear on what exactly a Jew was at the time, other than they'd stolen land from the Palestinians, and something about how God hated them more than other people... I couldn't imagine God could have hated this little girl. So I tell my mom: "No, she's not Jewish." But she knew the name was Jewish. If I ever hear that name in this house again, Amir, she said, I'll break your bones. You will end up with a Jew over my dead body. Then she spat in my face.

That's so you don't ever forget, she says. Next day? Rivkah comes up to me in the hall with a note. "Hi, Amir," she says. Eyes sparkling. I look at her and say: "You've got the name of a Jew." She smiles. "Yes, I'm Jewish," she says. *(Beat)* Then I spit in her face.

Fat Pig
Lindsey Kormanovich
Niel Labute.

●●○○○ AT&T

1:18 PM

Ⓢ 70%

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TOM I didn't . . . I'm not saying . . . what?

JEANNIE Do your circles thing, okay? Do not do that—

TC 11 of 41 you even—?

JEANNIE Talking around shit, that's what I'm saying. I hate that!

Are-you-dating-someone?

TOM No. Kind of. Hell, I dunno! I'm . . . It's not some big thing.

JEANNIE I see.

TOM Look, we said that we could . . . I'm not doing anything,
like, *wrong*.

JEANNIE But you're pretty defensive about it.

TOM Yeah, because . . . because you get all . . . you know how
you are.

JEANNIE I'm not *anything*. Except confused. By a guy who tells
me that he's interested in me. "Very," in fact, was the word
he used. "I am very interested in you." And we date, and
then we stop, and then he sends me stuff, like flowers and
letters, and keeps calling and wants to do it again, to try
one more time, he tells me . . . but then we do not go out.
We see each other at work, but he keeps putting off the
next date because of . . . God, I couldn't begin to list all of
the excuses because it's Monday afternoon, and I would
probably be here, like, through the *weekend*. But now I hear
he's met someone, a someone who he has managed—even
with his many work obligations and boys' nights out and all
his other related *Juvenile* shit—he has somehow squeezed
yet another person onto his social calendar.

JEANNIE *edges a bit closer to TOM now. TOM steps back.*

Megan Olson

Waving Goodbye By Jamie Pachino

Lily

Sometimes I dream my father falls, and I can catch him. I race and grope until I'm standing right under him, with my arms open wide. But instead his weight crushes me, and nobody survives. Sometimes my father dies because I'm too insignificant to break his fall. This was my favorite thing she ever did. I was ten when I saw it the first time. She had gone off to... the Serengeti I think. The month of March is supposed to be, I don't know- she has this thing about light and water and- she'd gone off before, but this time we were pretty sure she wasn't coming back. And he had to go off on a climb. The hot water heater was busted, the mortgage was overdue- again, Pepper our dog- needed an operation, and he had to leave. So he took me to this locker where she kept her early stuff, because he wanted me to know something about her. To understand why she was right, he said, to go away when the world asked her to, because of what the world got back. Not me, not him, just... the world. But there aren't so many ways to say that to a ten-year-old, so he took me to see her work. I didn't know anything about Art, but something about the forearms and the hands... my father's hands that she had done... He showed me all the work she'd done right after they met, and told me how she ate Hershey bars at 12,000 feet after climbing without any of the right equipment, and how it was a miracle she didn't die right there. He smiled so big when he explained how those first pieces made her name, how her vision of him made her- who she turned into- even though she had grown up past them and wouldn't look at them anymore. Even though they were his favorites, and my favorites, she had to go off hunting new light. They were so incredible, I almost forgave her.

Jenna Tebben
Sweet Bird of Youth
By: Tennessee Williams

Heavenly Finley

Don't give me your "Voice of God" speech. Papa, there was a time when you could have saved me, by letting me marry a boy that was still young and clean, but instead you drove him away, drove him out of Saint Cloud. And when he came back, you took me out of Saint Cloud, and tried to force me to marry a fifty-year-old money bag that you wanted something out of - and than another, another, all of them ones you wanted something out of. I'd gone, so Chance went away. Tried to compete, make himself big as these big- shots you wanted to use me for a bond with. He went. He tried. The right doors wouldn't open, and so he went in the wrong ones, and - Papa, you married for love, why wouldn't you let me do it, while I was alive, inside, and the boy was still clean, still decent? You married for love, but you wouldn't let me do it, and even though you'd done it; you broke Mama's heart.

Jason

Rabbit Hole

I might've been going too fast. That day. I'm not sure, but I might've been. So...that's one of the things I wanted to tell you.

It's a thirty zone. And I might've been going thirty-three. Or thirty-two. I would usually look down, to check, and If I was a little over, then I'd slow down obviously. But I don't remember checking on your block, And then the dog came out, really quick, and so I swerved a little to avoid him, not knowing, obviously...

So that's something I thought you should know. I might've been going a little over the limit. I can't be positive either way though."

Ratatouille

By: Brad Bird

GUSTEAU:

Last night, I experienced something new, an extra-ordinary meal from a singularly unexpected source. To say that both the meal and its maker have challenged my preconceptions about fine cooking is a gross understatement. They have rocked me to my core. In the past, I have made no secret of my disdain for Chef Gusteau's famous motto: 'Anyone can cook.' But I realize, only now do I truly understand what he meant. Not everyone can become a great artist, but a great artist can come from anywhere. It is difficult to imagine more humble origins than those of the genius now cooking at Gusteau's, who is, in this critic's opinion, nothing less than the finest chef in France. I will be returning to Gusteau's soon, hungry for more.

Simply Maria
By Josefina Lopez

RICARDO:

Maria, I brought you here so that you can have a better life. It wasn't easy for me to get here. One time I was hiding in a truck with a lot of other people for hours. The coyote had left us there until someone came with money to claim us. It was so hot and humid that we were sure we were going to die. But I told myself I was going to make it because I knew I had a daughter to live for. I did it for you. In los Estados Unidos I hear the education is great. You can take advantage of all the opportunities offered to you. You can be anything you want to be!

Is He Dead?
by Mark Twain

WIDOW:

(Note: This monologue is played by a man in drag. Don't audition in drag, just for context.)

(Reading a letter.) "...the gold of the Andes does not glitter as brightly as you hair. Your eternal servant, Bastien Andre." Well, he sure knows how to woo a lady. Truth to tell, Monsieur Andre's wooing begins to tire me a little. It's been a mine of satisfaction to the boys, and a body can't refuse them anything. Chicago says I ought to marry him, says it'd serve him right. Well, I draw the line at the altar. *(Beat.)* Suppose I promised to marry him on condition that he- Daisy, don't even think about it. *(Beat.)* Oh, Christmas. He'll be here any any time and I'm not even ready.

Peter and the Starcatcher
by Rick Elice

STACHE:

I see. Perchance you think a treasure trunk *sans* treasure has put my piratical BVDs in a twist? How wrong you are. Yes, I'd hoped to be hip-deep in diamonds, but they're a poor substitute for what I crave: a bona fide hero to help me feel whole. For without a hero, what am I? And then I saw you, and I thought, "Is he the one I've waited for? Would he, for example, give up something precious for the daughter he loves?" But alas, he gives up sand. Now, let's see. Hero with treasure, very good. Hero with no treasure... doable. No hero and a trunk full o' sand? Not so much. NOW WHERE'S MY TREASURE?!?

Peter and the Starcatcher

by Rick Elice

PETER:

So... bright. Holy - That must be the sun! I'm feeling you sun! And check - it - out!!! Space.
Light. Air. I'm finally FREE! *(Beat.)* Whoa. Hey bird, wassup? Me? Well, let's see... Saved the
world. Got a name. Not too shabby. I just - I wonder if Teddy and Prentiss made it off the ship
before it sank. I mean, how weird would it be if they- *(Beat.)* Please let them be okay. *(Beat.)*
Bird, we should make a pact. I don't leave you, you don't leave me. Deal? *(Bird flies away.)* No!
Come back! I don't wanna be alone! COME BACK!

The Foreigner
by Larry Shue

ELLARD:

Don't tell me you've never seen a knife. Knife. That's a knife. Use it to cut things. Cut things. (Mimes) Like - ham. If we had some ham. Or bacon, or sump'm. I can't believe you don't -. (Looks around for help. There is none.) Or butter. If we had some butter, you could use it to spread it on. You don't really need it. No, you don't need it. (Demonstrating.) Put it down. Bad Uh - . (Charlie now holds a spoon.) Yeah, now that's your spoon. Use that to put sugar in your coffee, if you had some sugar, here. And you had some coffee - shoot. I don't really know why we got all these things. But your fork - man, I wish somebody else's help you with this, 'cause I don't know anything, but - I think that your fork - your fork'd be the main thing you'd use. 'Cause you got your eggs, and you got your grits. Y'see? Eat 'em with a fork, just like we been doin'. Can - you - say - 'fork'? 'Faw-werk'? 'Faw-werk.' Two parts. 'Faw-werk.' . . . Right. Put 'em together. 'Faw-werk' . . . Good! That was great!

Vanya and Sonia and Masha and Spike
by Christopher Durang

SPIKE:

Oh, okay. Hey, good-looking. How's tricks? *(dutifully ad-libs listening to make it a monologue)* What? Who told you that? Hey, don't cry. Come on, give me a smile. Besides, it's not definite. *(Pointedly listens)* well... Yeah, it's true, I did meet with an agent at CAA. I thought they were real impressive. I mean, they can call up Sandy Bullock, they can collect Julia Roberts. You gotta face it, you don't know that caliber of person. What? *(he listens)* what about loyalty? What about my career? What about my getting ahead? Yeah, I know you put in a lot of time with me. But I put a lot of time in with you too. And I don't know... I think I might like CAA better. Oh, I'm sorry, don't cry.

Vanya and Sonia and Masha and Spike
by Christopher Durang

VANYA:

I have the remainder of my life to nap. I'm not done yet. WE LICKED POSTAGE STAMPS! We didn't have answering machines. You had to call people back. We ate spam, just like the soldiers in World War II did. *(To Spike)* Have you *heard* of World War II? We played Scrabble and monopoly. We didn't play video games, in some virtual reality where we would kill policeman and prostitutes as if that was some sort of entertainment. The popular entertainment wasn't so insane back then. It was sometimes corny, but since year. We all saw the movie *Davy Crockett* and wore coonskin caps. I'm not a conservative, but I do miss things in the past. I'm worried about the future. I miss the past. I don't want to talk anymore. I'm going to sit in the other room. I don't know why I exploded. Sorry. *(Exits)*

Chemical Imbalance: A Jekyll and Hyde Play

by Lauren Wilson

HENRY:

Oh, Xavier... Poor, well-meaning, innocent, kind, pathetic, useless Xavier. Don't you see? Must I lead you by the nose like a camel through the dunes? Why, I've solve the problem of our dual nature! With this chemical compound I can separate the good from the evil in my own hopelessly divided self, and become purely one or the other! Imagine being free to roam the world, shouting at strangers, kicking and biting, grabbing whatever you want with no inhibition, mowing down whoever gets in your way, no longer constrained by the rules of polite society... and then afterwards free to return to the comfort of society, without guilt! Why, it's a dream! And I, Henry chuckle, have discovered how to make that dream a reality!

Chemical Imbalance: A Jekyll and Hyde Play
by Lauren Wilson

XAVIER:

I am afraid that may be a bit difficult. You see, ambrosia thanks I'm in love with Miss Dewthistle. I suppose I can see why since I was begging her not to marry you, but you must understand, charm, you really aren't treating Miss Dewthistle terribly well. Of course, I am behind you 100% and all that, but perhaps the poor girl doesn't deserve to know you're an ax wielding – you've changed again haven't you? Well then, why don't we just discuss this later?

Hairspray

by Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan

WILBUR:

When I was your age my parents begged me to run away with the circus, but I said, "No. That's what you want. I have a dream of my own." I dreamt of opening a chain of joke shops worldwide. So, okay, I've still only got one, but someday, if I can figure out how to keep the air from leaking out of my sofa sized wish will be cushion, I'm going to make a noise heard 'round the world! You follow your dream, baby. I'm grabbin' an orange crush and heading back down to the Har-De-Har Hut. I've got my dream... And I wuv it!

Hairspray

by Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan

LINK:

Tracy, you can't do this. You're new to the council. You'll be blackballed and thrown off the show for sure. I like these people. But whether or not they're on TV won't get me a recording contract. *(realizes this sounds too shallow)* That came out wrong. I've been singing and dancing and smiling on that TV show for three years waiting for it to lead to my break. You've got everything: brains, talent, personality. Me? I've got one chance to get seen nationwide. Saturday night is everything I've worked for. I'm not gonna throw it away. Come on, I'm leaving and you got it too.

Rodgers and Hammerstein's Cinderella
by Oscar Hammerstein II

SEBASTIAN:

For this happy day – I am going to find you a bride – oh, happy the day! We shall have a magnificent ball. Dancing. Very eligible young women who can afford a gown will attend. That is a wonderful selection process right there. If you can't afford a nice dress, you don't have any business marrying a prince. No. All the guests will be in masks. At the stroke of midnight, everyone will remove their masks and you will have found your bride.

The Devil Wears Prada

Miranda Priestly:

You go to your closet and you select, I don't know, that lumpy blue sweater, for instance, because you're trying to tell the world that you take yourself too seriously to care about what you put on your back. But what you don't know is that that sweater is not just blue. It's actually cerulean. And you're also blithely unaware of the fact that in 2002, Oscar de la Renta did a collection of cerulean gowns. And then cerulean quickly showed up in the collections of eight different designers. And then it, uh, filtered down through the department stores and then trickled on down into some tragic Casual Corner where you, no doubt, fished it out of some clearance bin.

However, that blue represents millions of dollars and countless jobs, and it's sort of comical how you think that you've made a choice that exempts you from the fashion industry when, in fact, you're wearing the sweater that was selected for you by the people in this room from a pile of stuff.

101 Dalmatians

CRUELLA DE VIL:

You beasts! But I'm not beaten yet. You've won the battle, but I'm about to win the wardrobe.

My spotty puppy coat is in plain sight and leaving tracks. In a moment I'll have what I came for, while all of you will end up as sausage meat, alone on some sad, plastic plate. Dead and medium red. No friends, no family, no pulse. Just slapped between two buns, smothered in onions, with fries on the side. Cruella de Vil has the last laugh!

Finding Nemo

DORY:

No. No, you can't. ...STOP! Please don't go away. Please? No one's ever stuck with me for so long before. And if you leave...if you leave... I just, I remember things better with you! I do, look! P. Sherman, forty-two...forty-two... I remember it, I do. It's there, I know it is, because when I look at you, I can feel it. And...and I look at you, and I...and I'm home! Please...I don't want that to go away. I don't want to forget.

Simply, Maria
by Josefina Lopez

MARIA:

(Note: try to find different ways to express her anger aside from yelling.)

¡Ya basta! Enough! Do you want your dishes cleaned? I've got the perfect solution for them. Now you don't have to worry. I'll buy you a million paper plates. Ohhh!!!! And the tortillas, Mama! Are these good enough? I tried to get the top side cooked first; or was it last? Anyway, who cares! Here are the tortillas. I hate cooking and cleaning. I hate all the housework because it offends me as a woman!!! (*Beat.*) That's right. I am a woman... a real woman of flesh and blood. This is not the life I want to live; I want more! And from now on I am directing my own life.

Peter and the Starcatcher
by Rick Elice

MOLLY:

World-class swimmer that we know me to be, I reached the island in record time! I'm awfully glad I saved the boy, even if Daddy's furious. Saving the whole world's a bit abstract for a thirteen-year-old. Putting a human face in it makes it more jolly. (*adjusting herself.*) Oh, this training bra is so irksome! (*fixes it.*) Now, I really must fetch Daddy's trunk and bring it back to the Wasp, or my first-ever mission'll be my last. Don't worry, Peter, wherever you are! I'll find you!

The Secret in the Wings
by Mary Zimmerman

PRINCESS WHO WON'T LAUGH:

So I told them: I wouldn't laugh for all the treasure in the sea. Not if the muses themselves came to sing to me. You can take the charm of the ocean and the plains and the meadow in springtime, and you can take the sound of the larks and the sparrows and the scent of the grass and shove it all in a box. This kingdom will blacken and crumble and everything in it will wither and die and everyone here and their children and their children's children and their children's children's dogs and cats and goldfish and fizzy little rabbits will be cold and buried and rotten and decomposing with maggots crawling out of their eyes before I consent to laugh, because I know what the world is really like.

Alice in Wonderland

ALICE:

Who am I? Well, I'm not a silly pair of Tweedles who get all bent out of shape and tied up in knots if you don't know the proper way to say hello! And I'm certainly not a bunch of snooty flower girls who act like they're better than everybody else and whose only ambition in life is too look pretty. And I'm not some party animal Mad Hatter who likes to cheat at games and break other people's things just because he thinks it's funny. I'm also not a crazy white rabbit who never has time to visit and play and get to know me, when all I wanted to do was be his friend. And I'm absolutely, positively, categorically, NOT a bit old nasty Queen of Hearts who bosses people around.

QUIET!

I'll tell you who I am. I'm Alice.

Funny Girl book
by Isobel Lennart

FANNIE:

Suppose all ya ever had for breakfast was onion rolls. Then one day, in walks (gasp) a bagel! You'd say, 'Ugh, what's that?' Until you tried it! That's my problem - I'm a bagel on a plate full of onion rolls. Nobody recognizes me! WELL, it must be a plot, 'cause they're all scared of what I've got ... such a gift! I'm a great big clump of talent! Laugh, they'll bend in half. What are ya, blind? In all of the world so far, I'm the greatest star! No autographs please, What? You think beautiful girls are gonna stay in style forever? I should say not! Any minute now they're gonna be out! FINISHED! Then it'll be my turn!

You're a Good Man Charlie Brown
by Clark Gesner

SALLY BROWN:

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coathanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then we're not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the drycleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?

You're a Good Man Charlie Brown
by Clark Gesner

LUCY VAN PELT:

"Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I'm going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I'll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and...and...in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I'll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... What do you mean I can't be queen? Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It's usually just a matter of knowing the right people.. ..well.... if I can't be a queen, then I'll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I'll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen."

Vanya and Sonia and Masha and Spike
by Christopher Durang

SONIA:

I know I complain but in some ways I love it here. It's where I've been since I was eight years old. I came from an orphanage, into a family that either loved me or pretended to, I get confused about that. And it's pretty here. And I love to look at the pond. I love the wild turkeys who wander about the property, I like learning they're so awkward that they sleep in trees but repeatedly fall out of them. I identify with them. I often fall out of my bed, thrashing about in my restless sleep. I am a wild turkey. I am a wild turkey. And I love the cherry orchard in the spring. All the pink blossoms, nature so resplendent.

Vanya and Sonia and Masha and Spike
by Christopher Durang

CASSANDRA:

Did your brain hear that, you sexy killer, you? (*Sends in some additional thoughts*) "I do not want to sell the house, I do not want to sell the house. And whenever I do think of selling the house, I get a little pain." (*Sticks a pin in the doll again*) oh, it's bad to use voodoo, but it's for a good cause. (*Imparts this thought to the doll:*) Beware of selling the house. You have more money than you need, you greedy movie star. Don't toss your brother and your sister into the trash pile. (*said with a rhythm*) It's a bad chili that puts its loved ones on the trash pile. It's a bad chili that puts its loved ones on the trash pile.

Urinetown

by Greg Kotis and Mark Hollmann

PENNY:

Get your head out of the clouds, Bobby strong. No one gets in for free. Quiet back there! No one's getting anywhere for free! Don't you think I have bills of my own to pay?! Don't you think I have taxes and tariffs and payoffs to meet, too?! Well, I do! And I don't pay them with promises, see. I pay them with cash! Cold hard cash. Every morning you all come here. And every morning some of you got reasons why ya ain't gonna pay. And I'm here to tell ya, ya is going to pay! No butts, Bobby.

The Glass Menagerie
by Tennessee Williams

Tom:

Listen! You think I'm crazy about the *warehouse*? (he bends fiercely toward her slight figure.) You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five *years* down there in that – *celotex interior*! with – *fluorescent – tubes*! Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains – than go back mornings! I *go*! Every time you come in yelling that Goddamn "*Rise and Shine!*" "*Rise and Shine!*" I say to myself, "How *lucky* dead people are! But I get up. I go! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being *ever*! And you say self - *self's* all I ever think of. Why listen, if self is what I thought of Mother, I'd be where he is, GONE! (He points to his father's picture.) As far as the system of transportation reaches! (He starts past her, She grabs his arm.) Don't grab at me, Mother!

Collaboration
By Kellie Powell

Shane:

I've been sending this show all over the fucking country, Kim. And you mean to tell me I did all of that for nothing? I've got the chance of a lifetime here - Christ, you too. You may never get another opportunity like this one. Just because you hate it - what gives you the right to punish me, to take this away from me? I mean, come on! Do you think anyone would have produced the show you wrote? It was so... gooey. Sappy, sentimental, cheesy, corny, and Hallmark. Lifetime-made-for-TV-movie, Bridges-of-Madison-County, Oprah-book-of-the-month-club Gooey! (Kim collects her belongings and starts to leave. Shane panics.) Kim. Wait, don't go. Please? You're holding all the cards here, okay? You've got me right where you want me - desperate, okay? So, I will listen to whatever you have to say. And I won't be hostile. I promise. Just, please... Sit back down, have a drink with me, and tell me what I have to do to work this out. Kim, come on. This is my one shot to actually use my ridiculously expensive Theatre degree. I really don't want to end up teaching high school drama and English. Don't you see how badly I need this? Can't you at least sit down and talk to me? Please?

George Gray from "Spoon River Anthology"
by Edgar Lee Masters

George:

I have studied many times
The marble which was chiseled for me--
A boat with a furled sail at rest in a harbor.
In truth it pictures not my destination
But my life.
For love was offered me and I shrank from its disillusionment;
Sorrow knocked at my door, but I was afraid;
Ambition called to me, but I dreaded the chances.
Yet all the while I hungered for meaning in my life.
And now I know that we must lift the sail
And catch the winds of destiny
Wherever they drive the boat.
To put meaning in one's life may end in madness,
But life without meaning is the torture
Of restlessness and vague desire--
It is a boat longing for the sea and yet afraid.

A...MY NAME IS ALICE

By: Joan Silver and Julianne Boyd

ACTRESS:

Hello you...remember me? Chanteuse Rose? The little girl with the big voice who died for love-twice a night? Oh, how I love to sing of love-*en francais* of course. French is the language of love. Of course, it was not always French. Until I was thirteen, I was German. Being German was nice-I liked the sausage-but in my heart I knew something was missing. So, at thirteen, I decided to change. For a while I was Danish. *Comme ci, Comme ca*- I liked the pastry. Then I was very many things. I was Irish, Italian, Rumanian, Polish, but always, no matter how good the food, or how high the mountains, I knew something was missing- *l'amour, n'est-ce pas?* I needed to sing of my broken heart, to die of love-twice a night. And for this I needed a slit in my skirt, a beret on my head, long cigarette, champagne, stiletto heels-I needed, I *needed* to be French. French-my German Papa was right. When I was a little girl, he used to come into my room, kneel by my bed, and whisper into my ear, he would say, "Heidi-I was still German then-Heidi, you're different, you should be French."

OHIO

By Nick Zagone

CAT:

Hear that song? I love this song. It's one of those songs you always hear, but you never know who plays it. I'll probably never know. I don't want to know now. It would probably ruin the feeling. Whenever I hear this song I always feel there should be credits rolling you know? Like it's the end of something. The end of a movie. It just brings up so much... that guitar. It's concluding something. It's talking. The credits are rolling over the lead actor's dead body facedown in a gutter. The camera pans back. The rain is pouring down. And all that guitar can say is "Oh well." "That's Life." "Whatever." Every time I hear this song from now on I will remember this day and what happened and what I did. And I will remember this moment in time, right now, this exact place, the smell, everything... and the scene will freeze and the credits will roll. I never want to know who plays this song. It would ruin everything.

Quality Street
By JM Barrie

PHOEBE:

I am tired of being ladylike. I am a young woman still, and to be ladylike is not enough. I wish to be bright and thoughtless and merry. It is every woman's birthright to be petted and admired; I wish to be petted and admired. Was I born to be confined within these four walls? Are they the world, Susan, or is there anything beyond them? I want to know. My eyes are tired because for ten years they have seen nothing but maps and desks. Ten years! Ten years ago I went to bed a young girl and I woke up with this cap on my head. It is not fair. This is not me, Susan, this is some other person, I want to be myself. If you only knew how I have rebelled at times, you would turn from me in horror. I have a picture of myself as I used to be; I sometimes look at it. I sometimes kiss it, and say, "Poor girl, they have all forgotten you. But I remember." I keep it locked away in my room. Would you like to see it? I shall bring it down. My room! Oh, it is there that the Phoebe you think so patient has the hardest fight with herself, for there I have seemed to hear and see the Phoebe of whom this *[looking at herself]* is but an image in a distorted glass. I have heard her singing as if she thought she was still a girl. I have heard her weeping; perhaps it was only I who was weeping; but she seemed to cry to me, "Let me out of this prison, give me back the years you have taken from me. Where is my youth? Oh, where are my pretty curls?"

Roulette

By Douglas Hill

JANINE:

[Outraged] See? I knew you would do this. I knew you would have no reaction at all. The one thing that ought to matter to you—the one thing you have left and I can't even get you to say a word. Maybe you're just too lazy to care. Or too lazy to work up a response. Well, that's been the problem all along. So this is probably for the best. Right? *[Beat.]* Well, let me spell something out for you. If you were worth more to this marriage, this marriage would be worth more to you. *[She EXITS the bedroom. MATT remains looking after her. After a moment, he reacts as if he's heard something. He listens intently. Then, from offstage:]* I'm calling Marcy. She's got an extra bedroom. I can spend the night there. I know you don't care, but... *[MATT pulls a suitcase from under the bed, opens it, and begins packing his clothes. From offstage:]* Damn. It's busy. *[Silence as MATT continues to pack. Then:]* You ate the last of the salt and vinegar chips, didn't you? You couldn't go get your own bag from the store. You had to eat mine. —goddamnit. *[The sound of a cupboard door slamming shut.]* Those were mine, Matt. You don't even like them. From now on, everything is either mine or yours. All right? From this point on, don't take anything that doesn't belong to you. Those were my chips and I was saving them for ME! *[She appears in the doorway with an empty potato chip bag.]* And I'm tired of saying it doesn't matter when you take my things. Because it does matter. You just take and take and—And what the hell are you packing for? *[He continues to pack the suitcase.]* Matt! Would you answer me? Please!? *[She wads up the bag and throws it at him.]* So, you're just going to go? Without saying anything? Is that what you want to happen? You don't even have the— *[She storms over to the suitcase and begins unpacking it. He repacks as quickly as she takes it out.]* You are not leaving! Not without telling me! For once in this marriage you are going to talk to me about your plans before you leap into them. I don't care that you want to go, but you are not leaving without telling me first. I want to know! *[Resolutely, MATT continues packing in silence.]* Oh, this is great. First you rob me of my food and then you sneak off—You are not taking that! *[She*

reaches into his suitcase and pulls something out. She clutches it preciousy.] This is how you end a four year commitment? Well—okay—fine—then, I guess if it wasn't enough for me to hold down a job so you could lounge around all day in the apartment that I pay rent on and eat my food, then yeah, you should take back the only real gift I ever got from you and sell it for whatever the going price is and— *[A sudden change of heart]* No! No, you cannot have the ring. *[Beat.]* No. You figure out something else.

Sustained

By Eric Kaiser

WOMAN:

I had this dream I was at a Nazi Death camp, but it was a water park. With only the Jews sliding down hundreds of intertwined tubes. All the Nazis were watching from the ground. I walked and stood next to the Nazis and saw that all the rides ended in a violent death. Sometimes two different slides would end out of nowhere, and two Jews would fly out of the water tube slamming into each other and crushing their bones, limply falling to the ground already riddled with other limp bodies. Sometimes someone would fly out of the slide into a pool of razors and rusty spikes. Some would end in a great explosion, with flaming limbs landing all around the Nazis. In the movies the Nazi's always laugh, and are cocky and are mean. But the Nazi's were in as much pain as the Jews on the slides. They knew what they had caused, and they were ashamed. They knew their shame was a lifelong sentence. And the rides went on like that all day and all night.

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Daniela
By Angel Guimera

RAMON:

It's an absolute lie, the whole story. We have not abandoned her. As a child she was left without father or mother when she was seven years old. Her mother, a good woman, was unfortunate in love, and set her heart on a worthless fellow, one of those glib, smooth-tongued wretches, half French, half Spanish, who hail from nobody knows where. Well, one day they were married. Years later, she died from a blow that he gave her, and the man, for he was a smuggler, was found dead one morning in a gully on the French border, half across the line from Spain, slain in a drunken brawl. As for the girl, she was brought home to us and she became to me--a sister. But she was a strange child, always making a great outcry, passionate and wild, impetuously stamping and weeping about, so that one day my father went to lay hands on her to control her; and, because I defended her and held him off, he became angry with me, till, choking with rage, he could no longer bear to see her in the house. She, seeing how his passion had possessed him, for she was very near thirteen then and seemed much older, one day, when a party of mountebanks or jugglers were passing through the village, disappeared, and when it came to be vesper time we could not find her. Nowhere Daniela! I ran through the streets distracted--everywhere about. At first I thought I would go mad, for I feared she had fallen from some cliff or that the rapid current of the river had carried her away. I wanted to kill myself, believing that she was dead. We had lived so much together I did not really know her; I was too young to understand. Like a fool, for days I wandered through the villages and towns, until, at last, one night I learned that she had been seen crossing the frontier in a tartana with those same mountebanks, laughing, chattering there on the seat beside them, carousing in their arms, and shamelessly making merry. And this, this woman--this is she, that Daniela you know, for whom I would have given up my life, and who has never once since so much as troubled herself to think of me, no, not once, nor of her home. And now that she finds herself sick and poor, without resources, cast-off, rejected, despised, she has the shamelessness to propose to return home again to me and present herself again in my house. Ah! How does it appear to you now, gentlemen? Is it another story? Let her die and be buried in the deepest hole in the ground as befits such a thing, rather than that after what has happened, she should again enter my house. I have my wife, I

have my children, we are happy because we believe in God and have done wrong to no man, no, not in all our lives, but good--nothing but good--and to that, you can all bear witness.

CRIMES OF THE HEART 2

by Beth Henley

BABE:

After I shot Zackery, I put the gun down on the piano bench, and then I went out into the kitchen and made up a pitcher of lemonade. I was dying of thirst. My mouth was just as dry as a bone. I made it just the way I like it, with lots of sugar and lots of lemon- about ten lemons in all. Then I added two trays of ice and stirred it up with my wooden stirring spoon. Then I drank three glasses, one right after the other. They were large glasses- about this tall. Then suddenly my stomach kind of swole all up. I guess what caused it was all that sour lemon. Then what I did was? I wiped my mouth off with the back of my hand, like this? I did it to clear off all those little beads of water that had settled there. Then I called out to Zackery. I said, "Zackery, I've made some lemonade. Can you use a glass?" But he didn't answer. So I poured him a glass anyway and I took it out to him. And there he was, lying on the rug. And he was looking up at me trying to speak words. I said "What? ?Lemonade?? You don't want it? Would you like a Coke instead?" Then I got the idea- he was telling me to call on the phone for medical help. So I got on the phone and called up the hospital. I gave my name and address and I told them my husband was shot and he was lying on the rug and there was plenty of blood. I guess that's gonna look kinda bad. Me fixing that lemonade before I called the hospital. I tell you, I think the reason I made up the lemonade, I mean besides the fact that my mouth was bone dry, was that I was afraid to call the authorities. I was afraid. I - I really think I was afraid they would see that I had tried to shoot Zackery, in fact that I had shot him, and they would accuse me of possible murder and send me away to jail. I mean, in fact, that's what did happen. That's what is happening - 'cause here I am just about ready to go right off to the Parchman Prison Farm. Yes, here I am just practically on the brink of utter doom. Why, I feel so all alone.

'DENTITY CRISIS

By: Christopher Durang

JANE:

When I was eight years old, someone brought me to a theatre with lots of other children. We had come to see a production of Peter Pan. And I remember something seemed wrong with the whole production, odd things kept happening. Like when the children would fly, the ropes would keep breaking and the actors would come thumping to the ground and they'd have to be carried off by the stage hands. There seemed to be an unlimited supply of understudies to take the children's places, and then they'd fall to the ground. And then the crocodile that chases Captain Hook seemed to be a real crocodile, it wasn't an actor, and at one point it fell off the stage, crushing several children in the front row. *[SUMMERS: What happened to the children?]* Several understudies came and took their places in the audience. And from scene to scene Wendy seemed to get fatter and fatter until finally by the second act she was immobile and had to be moved with a cart. You remember how in the second act Tinkerbell drinks some poison that Peter's about to drink, in order to save him? And then Peter turns to the audience and he says that Tinkerbell's going to die because not enough people believe in fairies, but that if everybody in the audience claps real hard to show that they do believe in fairies, then maybe Tinkerbell won't die. And so then all the children started to clap. We clapped very hard and very long. My palms hurt and even start to bleed I clapped so hard. Then suddenly the actress playing Peter Pan turned to the audience and she said, "That wasn't enough. You didn't clap hard enough. Tinkerbell's dead." Uh...well, and...and then everyone started to cry. The actress stalked offstage and refused to continue with the play, and they finally had to bring down the curtain. No one could see anything through all the tears, and the ushers had to come help the children up the aisles and out onto the street. I don't think any of us were ever the same after that experience.

DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

ANNE:

Look, Peter, the sky. *(she looks up through the skylight)* What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful part about thinking yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time? It's funny. I used to take it all for granted. And now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you? *(softly)* I wish you had a religion, Peter. Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox, or believe in heaven and hell and purgatory and things. I just mean some religion. It doesn't matter what. Just to believe in something! When I think of all that's out there. The trees. And flowers. And seagulls. When I think of the dearness of you, Peter. And the goodness of people we know. Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, the vegetable man, all risking their lives for us everyday. When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid any more. I find myself, and God, and I... We're not the only people that've had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to. Sometimes one race, sometimes another, and yet...I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith when people are doing such horrible things, but you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, the way I was with Mother. It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but some day I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart. Peter, if you'd only look at it as part of a great pattern? That we're just a little minute in the life? *(she breaks off)* Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grownups! Look at the sky now. Isn't it lovely?

HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES

By John Guare

BUNNY:

Oh, I love you! You said you'll come with me to see the Pope! That's tantamount to a promise. Tantamount. Tantamount. You hear that? I didn't work in a law office for nix. I could sue you for breach of promise. (*Near tears*) I know what you're going to say--- I won't cook for you—You bend my arm and twist my heart, but I got to be strong. Now rinse your mouth out to freshen up and come on, let's go. It's really cold out so dress warm—look, I stuffed the *New York Post* in my booties—plastic just ain't as warm as it used to be. I won't cook for you! I cooked veal parmigiana for me last night. It was so good I almost died. But I won't cook for you till after we're married. I'm no that kind of girl. I'll sleep with you anytime you want. Anywhere. In two months I've know you, did I refuse you once? Not once! You want me to climb in the bag with you right now? Unzip it—go on—unzip it—Give your fingers a smack and I'm flat on my back. I'll sew those words into a sampler for you in our new home in California. We'll hang it right by the front door. Because, Artie, I'm a rotten lay and I know it and you know it and everybody knows it—I'm not good in bed. It's no insult. I took that sex test in the *Reader's Digest* two weeks ago and I scored twelve. Twelve, Artie!! I ran out of that dentist office with tears gushing out of my face. But I face up to the truth about myself. So if I cooked for you now and said I won't sleep with you till we're married, you'd look forward to sleeping with me so much that by the time we did get to that motel near Hollywood, I'd be such a disappointment, you'd never forgive me. My cooking is the only thing I got to lure you on with and hold you with. Artie, we got to keep some magic for the honeymoon. It's my first honeymoon and I want it to be so good, I'm aiming for two million calories. I want to cook for you so bad I walk by the A&P , I get all hot jabs of chili powder inside my thighs...but I can't till we get those tickets to California safe in my purse, till Billy knows we're coming, till I got that ring right on my cooking finger...Don't tempt me....I love you...

I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES

by Neil Simon

Libby:

I was wondering if I could discuss something with you. It's about sex. Don't get nervous. If you get nervous, I'll get nervous. I'm in trouble...I mean...I don't know how to do anything sexual. Most of the people left the party. And Gordon and I were sitting at the bottom of the hill in a car. And he wanted to fool around. He's not gorgeous but he's kinda cute. And I felt very grateful to him, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. And I wanted to fool around too.' Only I didn't know what was right. I didn't want to be one of those girls they call "easy," but I didn't want to be impossible either. So I just kissed him and got out of the car and decided not to deal with it. But this Saturday night I think I'm going to have to deal with it. I never talked about these things with my mother because she doesn't trust men too much. You can guess why. And Grandma.. well, sex isn't her best subject. I brought it up a couple of times but she pretended she was dead. I know how sex works. I don't have any mechanical problems. I've seen five X-rated movies. I could pass a test on it. I just don't know what to expect—emotionally. And I need to discuss it and you're my father. And what you think means a lot to me. If it's a major trauma for you, I understand. I mean, I could always take a couple of glasses of wine and just plunge in. I've got to have my first time sometime. If it's not Gordon, I could always use the information. Should I ask you some questions? Well . . . Emotionally, is it different for the man than it is for the girl? *It is?* How old were you the first time? FIFTEEN? Who was the girl? Okay, nevermind. So, what was it like with Mom? ... That's a very personal question, isn't it? Did you do it with her before or after you were married? She said after. I knew she lied. She just couldn't talk to me about those things. That's why I'm talking to you. I wanted to know how she felt. If she was scared or excited. Was it fun? Was it painful? I didn't think it was an unreasonable question. I mean, if she could teach me how to walk, why couldn't she teach me how to love? So what was she like? Making love. Because she was so angry when you left. So bitter. I don't think she ever slept with another man after you were gone. It's like when you left, you took her with you. That's why I was so angry with you. It was bad enough you were gone, but you could have left my mother there for me. She used to hug me so hard sometimes. Like she was trying to squeeze all the love out of me that she wasn't getting anywhere else. So instead of growing up to be me, I grew up to be a substitute—I know Grandma's dead. I know she probably can't hear me. But I speak to her everyday anyway because I'm not so sure anyone else is listening. If I have to go for an interview, my heart pounds so much you can see it coming through my blouse. . If you want the God*s honest truth, I don*t even want to be an actress. I don*t know the first thing

about acting. I don*t know *what* I want to be. . . (*Beginning to break down.*) I just wanted to come out here and see you. I just wanted to know what you were like. I wanted to know why I was so frightened every time a boy wanted to reach out and touch me . . . I just wanted somebody in the family to hold me because it was *me*, Libby, and not somebody who wasn*t there. (*Crying*) I love Mom so much. I didn*t mean to say anything against her. It*s just that she won*t let me inside. When she holds me, all I can feel is her arms . . . but I never feel what*s inside. (*Crying openly now; turns away.*) Boy oh boy . . . Really opened up the old waterworks. I never expected to do that. I hope you have flood insurance.

by Lillian Hellman

BIRDIE:

That was the first day I ever saw Oscar. The Ballongs were selling their horses and he was going there to buy. He passed and lifted his hat—we could see him from the window—and my brother, to tease Mama, said maybe we should have invited the Hubbards to the party. He said Mama didn*t like them because they kept a store and he said that was old-fashioned of her. (*Her face lights up*) And then, and *then* I saw Mama angry for the first time in my life. She said that wasn*t the reason. She said she was old-fashioned, but not that way. She said she was old-fashioned enough not to like people who killed animals they couldn*t use, and who made their money charging awful interest to poor, ignorant blacks and cheating them on what they bought. She was very angry, Mama was. I had never seen her face like that. And then suddenly she laughed and said, "Look, I frighten Birdie out of the hiccoughs. And so she had.... Who would have thought—(*quickly*) You all want to know something? Well, I don*t like Leo. My very own son, and I don*t like him. (*Laughs gaily*) My, I guess I even like Oscar more. Why did I marry Uncle Oscar? I don*t know. I thought I liked him. He was kind to me and I thought it was because he liked me too. But that wasn*t the reason—Ask why *he* married *me*. I can tell you that: he*s told it to me often enough. (*Speaking very rapidly, tensely*) My family was good and the cotton on Lionnet*s fields was better. Ben Hubbard wanted the cotton and Oscar Hubbard married for him. He was kind to me, then. He used to smile at me. He hasn*t smiled at me since. Everybody knew that*s what he married me for. Everybody buy me. Stupid Stupid me. I don*t have a headache!! I*ve never had a headache in my life. You know it as well as I do. I never had a headache, Zan. That*s a lie they tell for me. I drink. All by myself, in my own room, by myself, I drink. Then, when they want to hide it, they say, "Birdie*s got a headache again" You know what? In twenty-two years I haven*t had a whole day of happiness. Oh, a little, like today with you all. But never a single, whole day. I say to myself, if only I had one more *whole* day...

MARRIAGE OF BETTE AND BOO

by Christopher Durang

BETTE:

Hurry up, Boo. I want to use the shower. (*Speaks to the audience, who seems to be her great friend:*) First I was a tomboy. I used to climb trees and beat up my brother Tom. Then I used to try to break my sister Joanie's voice box because she liked to sing. She always scratched me though, so instead I tried to play Emily's cello. Except I don't have a lot of musical talent, but I'm very popular. And I know more about the cello than people who don't know anything. I don't like the cello, it's too much work and besides, keeping my legs open that way made me feel funny. I asked Emily if it made her feel funny and she didn't know what I meant;; and then when I told her she cried for two whole hours and then went to confession twice, just in case the priest didn't understand her the first time. Dopey Emily. She means well. (*Calls offstage:*) Booeey! I'm pregnant! (*To audience:*) Actually I couldn't be because I'm a virgin. A married man tried to have an affair with me, but he was married and so it would have been pointless. I didn't know he was married until two months ago. Then I met Booeey, sort of on the rebound. He seems fine though. (*Calls out:*) Booeey! (*To audience:*) I went to confession about the cello practicing, but I don't think the priest heard me. He didn't say anything. He didn't even give me a penance. I wonder if nobody was in there. But as long as your conscience is all right, then so is your soul. (*Calls, giddy, happy:*) Booeey, come on!

MISS FIRECRACKER CONTEST

by Beth Henley

CARNELLE:

Popeye's going to be using this red material to make my costume for the Miss Firecracker Contest. You see, I registered today. See, Elaine was Miss Firecracker way back when she was just eighteen. Anyway, it was way back that first year when I came to live with them. She was a vision of beauty riding on that float with a crown on her head waving to everyone. I thought I'd drop dead when she passed by me. Anyway, I just thought I'd give it a whirl. I'm twenty-four. Twenty-five's the age limit. I just thought I'd give it a whirl while I still could. Course, don't expect to win--that's crazy. I'm just in it for the experience---that's the main thing. That's actually why I dyed my hair red; I thought it would be more appropriate for the contest. Did you bring that dress along with you that I asked you about on the phone? You know, the beautiful red antebellum dress that you wore at the Natchez Pilgrimage the first year you got married. See, it's gonna be perfect for me to wear in the contest. I'm trying to make crimson red my thematic color. I'll just need them in the actual contest for the opening Parade of Firecrackers. Why do you think I should just wait until after the audition and see if I make the pageant? Don't you think I'll make it? I know they only pick five girls. I've thought about it, and I, frankly, can't think of five other girls in town that are prettier than me. I'm speaking honestly now. Course I know there's Caroline Jeffers, but she has those yellow teeth. I know why you're worried. You think I've ruined my chances, cause of my reputation. Well, everyone knew I used to go out with lots of men and all that. Different ones. It's been a constant thing with me since I was young and---I just mention it cause it's different now, since Aunt Ronelle died and since I got that---disease. Anyway, I go to church now and I'm signed up to where I take an orphan home to dinner once a week or to a movie; and I work on the cancer drive here just like you do in Natchez. My life has meaning. People aren't calling me Miss Hot Tamale anymore like they used to. Everything's changed. And being in that contest--it would be such an honor to me...I can't explain the half of it. I'm not all that ugly. I wish you had about a drop of faith in me

NAOMI IN THE LIVING ROOM

by Christopher Durang

NAOMI:

And this is the living room. The dining room is where we dine. The bedroom is where we go to bed. The laundry room is where we do laundry. And the living room is where Hubert and I do all of our living. Our major living. So that's the living room. Please, sit down, don't let my manner make you uncomfortable. Sit on one of the sitting devices, we use them for sitting in the living room. DON'T SIT THERE. I WANT TO SIT THERE!!! Ingrates! It's my house, it's my living room. I can ask you to leave! (*calling off*) Leonard! Oh Leonard. Come on in here in the living room and have some conversation with us. You don't want me to soak up everything our son says all by myself, do you? (*To her daughter-in-law*) You probably didn't know John was Leonard's and my son, did you? SHUT UP!! Goodness, my mood switch quickly. Tell me all about yourselves, do you have children? Uh huh, uh huh. Isn't that interesting? Excuse me if I fall asleep. I'm not tired yet, but I just want to apologize in advance in case your boring talk puts me to sleep. I don't want to offend you. (*Screams*)

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! I'm just so bored I could scream. Did you ever hear that expression? AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! Really, children these days have no sense. In my day we killed them. Stop talking about your children/ I heard you the first time. God, some people can't get over their own little personal tragedies, what a great big crashing boor. Lots of people have it worse girlie! Boy, you can't take criticism, can you? Insane? I'll give you insane! What's the capital of Madagascar? You don't know, do you? Now who's insane? What's the square root of 347? You don't know, do you? Well, get out of here, if you think I'm so crazy. I don't want you here. I can have Christmas by myself. I can burn the Yule log by myself, I can wait for Santa by myself. I can pot geraniums I can buy a gun in a store and shoot you. By myself! Leave here. I don't need you, and you're dead!! (*They leave, Naomi cries enormous heartfelt sobs, when they subside, she is like an infant with a new thought and she seems to be fairly contented.*) Well, that was a nice visit.

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'night Mother
by Marsha Norman

JESSIE:

Mama, I only told you I was going to kill myself so I could explain it, so you wouldn't blame yourself, so you wouldn't feel bad. There wasn't anything you could say to change my mind. I didn't want you to save me. I just wanted you to know. Don't you see, Mama, everything I do winds up like this. How could I think you would understand? How could I think you would want a manicure? That we could hold hands for an hour and then I could go shoot myself? I'm sorry about tonight, Mama, but it's exactly why I'm doing it. I'm not giving up! This is the other thing I'm trying. And I'm sure there are some other things that might work, but might work isn't good enough any more. I need something that will work. This will work. That's why I picked it. Mama, listen. I am not your child, I am what became of your child. I found an old baby picture of me. And it was somebody else, not me. It was somebody pink and fat who never heard of sick or lonely, somebody who cried and got fed,, and reached up and got held and kicked but didn't hurt anybody, and slept whenever she wanted to, just by closing her eyes. Somebody who mainly just laid there and laughed at the colors waving around over her head and chewed on a polka-dot whale and woke up knowing some new trick nearly every day and rolled over and drooled on the sheet and felt your hand pulling my quilt back up over me. That's who I started out and this is who is left. *(There is no self-pity here)* That's what this is about. It's somebody I lost, all right, it's my own self. Who I never was. Or who I tried to be and never got there. Somebody I waited for who never came. And never will. So, see, it doesn't much matter what else happens in the world or in this house, even. I'm what was worth waiting for and I didn't make it. Me...who might have made a difference to me...I'm not going to show up, so there's no reason to stay, except to keep you company, and that's...not reason enough because I'm not...very good company. *(A pause)* Am I? Just let me go, Mama, let me go easy.

THE CRUCIBLE

by Arthur Miller

Mary Warren:

I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she came into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then (*entranced*) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice- and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (*Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight*) So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think--she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it? And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (*mimicking an old crone*) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (*Leaning avidly toward them*) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

The Star Spangled Girl

By: Neil Simon

Sophie:

Mr. Cornell, Ah have tried to be neighborly, Ah have tried to be friendly, and Ah have tried to be cordial... Ah don't know what you're tryin' to be. That first night Ah was appreciative that you carried mah trunk up the stairs... the fact that it slipped and fell five flights was not your fault... Ah didn't even mind that personal message you painted on the stairs. Ah thought it was crazy, but sorta sweet. However, things have now gone too far... Ah can hardly accept gifts from a man Ah harly know... especially canned goods. And Ah can read your little note. Ah can guess the gist of it even though Ah don't speak Italian. This has got to stop, Mr. Cornell. Ah can do very well without you leavin' little chocolate-almond Hershey bars in mah mailbox--- they melted yesterday, and now Ah got three gooeey letters from home with nuts in 'em---- and Ah can do without you sneakin' into mah room after Ah go to work and paintin' mah balcony without tellin' me about it. Ah stepped out there yesterday and mah slippers are still glued to the floor. And Ah can do without you tying big bottles of eau de cologne to mah cat's tail. The poor thing kept swishin' it yesterday and nearly beat herself to death... And most of all, Ah can certainly do without you watchin' me get on the bus every day through that high-powered telescope. You got me so nervous the other day Ah got on the wrong bus. In short Mr. Cornell, and Ah don't want to have to say this again, leave me ay-lone!

OUR TOWN

By Thornton Wilder

Emily:

I can't bear it. they're so young and beautiful. why did they have to get old? Mama, I'm here! I'm grown up! I love you all, everything! I can't look at everything hard enough. oh mama, just look at me once as though you really saw me. Mama, fourteen years have gone by! I'm dead! You're a grandmother mama- I married George Gibbs, mama! Wally's dead too -mama. His appendix burst on a camping trip to Crawford notch. We felt just terrible about it. Don't you remember? But just for a moment now we're all together-mama just for a moment lets be happy- let's look at one another. I can't! I can't go on! It goes by so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. I didn't realize so all that was going on and we never noticed! Take me back up the hill to my grave, but first: wait! One more look, goodbye! Goodbye world! Goodbye Grovers Corners - mama and papa, goodbye to clocks ticking and my butternut tree! And mama's sun flowers and food and coffee- and new ironed dresses and hot baths and sleeping and walking up! Oh earth you are too wonderful for anyone to realize you! Does any human being ever realize life while they live it every, every minute?

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS

by Neil Simon

EUGENE:

"That*s-wha-ty-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.)* Asthma 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.

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.

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?*

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?

RUMORS

By: Neil Simon

Lenny:

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 quesada 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.

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 me...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 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.

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.

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?

All My Sons

By: Arthur Miller

CHRIS:

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?

The Emerald Circle

By: Max Bush

DAVE:

I keep seeing that night over and over again. I hear him. It's like he's right here, right next to me, talking to me, talking. I can't shut him up. And I dream about her. I'm underground, hiding or dead or something, and I can't breathe. I can't push the ground off me. I can't move. I keep looking for that guy. I even think I see him sometimes and I get ready and it's not him.

Everywhere I go I think he's watching me. You can't see at night. Like at the movies, tonight. He could just come up, come out of nowhere again. So I got to stay ready, I got to be ready this time. I want to gun. I think about a gun all the time. Then I'd be ready. Then that crazy bastard wouldn't get away. But I – I can't trust myself. I'll shoot somebody else, I know I will. I hate you, did night? I hate you! So a knife, I'll carry a knife – and – and I do, all the time. I have a knife. But they don't but you have a knife in school and I know he was there, he was watching Sandy there, at school. He was watching us all over. He called her by her name. And me. He called me by my name, too. He was watching me, too. I wish you'd come back. I even went out to the cemetery looking for him, calling for him, but he wasn't there. I'm sorry I hate you. You can hit me back; I won't do anything. I'm sorry I hit you.

Number the Stars

By Lois Lowry, Dr. Douglas W. Larche, and Susan Elliott Larche

Annemarie:

I miss you, Lise. I miss your stories. I miss your hands. The pillowcases are so pretty. Just like you. You did everything so well. I'm so sorry you never got to wear your wedding dress. It's still here. *(she picks up a well-worn photo album and leave through it.)* And I miss Peter. He was so good to us. So funny. He used to tickle Kirstie. Once he danced with me. He never comes anymore. Maybe we make him sad. But we weren't driving that car that hit you. We hurt just as bad as he did. Instead of just losing a sister, we lost a brother too. Listen to me, feeling sorry for myself. You lost a husband and a wife. Oh, Lise! It's so hard being a big sister. Sometimes I feel younger than Kirstie. She is much braver than I am. I wish I had your courage. I wish I had you. Mama and Papa won't even look in the trunk, lease, not since the day they packed it away. Papa won't even say your name. But I know they miss you. It just hurts from too much. I miss you. *(She kisses the wedding dress and put it back in the trunk.)* Godnat, Lise. Good night.

Sueño

By José Rivera

Rosaura:

generous prince! You've been reincarnated from shadows and the weekend to a new life, like a new sun rising over a glorious new world. Please let unfortunate woman speak with you. Please let my status and my sex inspire your compassion and your chivalry. (*Beat.*) Three times you've seen me in three incarnations. The first time, I was dressed as a man. I met you in the tower and you were an animal with a man's heart and your troubles made mine look small and I pitied you. The second time, you saw me as a woman, a little servant, for the most resplendent and horrifying of kings. Indeed, in that grandma nightmare afternoon you were a man with an animal's heart. This is the third meeting, and today I am both man and woman, dressed for war as a man, containing a woman's broken heart. Today I am myself. (*Beat.*) Sir, my father left Poland, and my beautiful mother Violante, years ago – leaving behind only his sparkling sword and her shattered hope. He dishonored her by leaving her, despite his many promises, onward, and pregnant with me. I was the result of a young man's charming words and a young woman's willingness to believe, and if I haven't inherited my mother's beauty, I haven't inherited her luck: I too have been dishonored by a man. It was the Duke Astolfo of Warsaw. Just saying that faithless name – look at me! – is enough to inspire tears of hatred. I too have been dishonored by a man. It was the duke's still photo of Warsaw. Just saying that faithless name – look at me! – is enough to inspire shed tears of hatred. Indeed, for a long time, after he left me and left me to colonize his cousin, I went insane. I swear I'd hear my thoughts spoken aloud by village set sevens who had kidnapped my mind. I ate dirt. I cut my arms. I laid in bed counting spiders. I developed a hatred of even numbers. If I counted an even number of spiders, I delete one. I tried to kill myself several times. I lost the power to speak! It was my mother who brought me back from the dead: my mother told me her own pitiful story and that's when I decided to live – and to avenge her on her as well as mine – that's when I decided this cycle of rape and abandonment would end with me. Shielded with my mother's blessings and armed with my father's sword I came to Spain and now I've come to you. It was my mother who brought me back from the dead: my mother told me her own pitiful story and that's when I decided to live – and to

avenge her on her as well as mine – that's when I decided this cycle of rape and abandonment would end with me. Shielded with my mother's blessings and armed with my father sword I came to Spain and now I've come to you. *(Beat.)* You have a chance to avenge the wrongs done to you. You are justified in the eyes of God and man. I ask you to let me stand at your side, to fight at your side, and let me find my revenge, let the field of combat be the site of my life recovery. Sir, you know it's vital to both of us that Astolfo and Estrella not marry. I've come here to serve you with my woman spirit and my manly sword, but if you try to seduce me as a woman, I'll cut your throat as a man. If that's understood, generous Segismundo, let's proceed into battle and win this war of love.

A Thousand Cranes

By Kathryn Schultz Miller

Sadako:

Four hundred and thirty-six, four hundred and thirty-seven, four hundred and thirty-eight! *(She holds them up for mother and father who have just entered.)* See. *(Mother and father are very pleased to see her so happy and energetic.)* Kenji taught me! You shouldn't worry about me anymore. Kenji figured out a way for me to get well. Do you remember the story? If a sick person folds a thousand paper cranes then the gods will make her well again. And look I've already folded four hundred and thirty-eight! *(She holds them up, proud and delighted, full of new vigor.)* [MOTHER. *Oh, I'm so glad. I thought you would be sad about not being able to run in the races.*] *(Trying to hide her sudden sadness.)* oh, that. Oh, I don't think about that race anymore. Silly old race. What good was it? Kenji said I was better than the girl who ran. He said I ran like a bird. It's like I'm flying, he said. Folding cranes is much better than any old race. It's kind of like a race anyways, don't you think? If I fold them fast enough I won't have to die. *(SADAKO smiles radiantly at her parents. Her MOTHER gasps and grab Sadako, pressing her daughter's head against her breast and cries. Pause. MOTHER and FATHER move away, leaving Sadako alone. She is asleep and peaks with her eyes closed.)* mother? Mother, where are you? Father? Oh, just you wait, father. I'll make you so proud of me! I'm going to win. I'm going to win! Oh, but mother! Father? Where are you now? I don't like it here. It's lonely and I don't feel well. It hurts. It HURTS!!

University
By Jon Jory

Rose:

Don't kick me, ladies. We are born in America. We are middle-class down to our anklets and add-a-beads. we started learning this stuff with our Barbie dolls. And don't give me any "traditional roles" stuff. You think guys wouldn't do this if you had the 200 million? And if you don't do it, somebody else will. They will line up from here to Nome, Alaska. And what is your responsibility to yourself? Our responsibility is to our potential. Fifty percent of all American marriages end in divorce anyway and you know what is given to as cheap cars? Financial problems. No kidding. And you are doing him a disservice? He's pining out away out there. He sits with his back to the cafeteria while drinking black coffee and wishing he wasn't alone. I mean you aren't hard and cases or something. You can't tell a book by its cover and all that. He's bright. He's a gentleman. Joni says he practically threw *himself* over the puddles so she wouldn't get wet. I grant you his short, shy and myopic, but listen, he is a man among men. What can he do for you, superman can't do. And, by the way of comparison, how hot is everything else we've gotten mixed up with? Your fiancé, Margaret, how many Don's and bloody Mary's have we shared well you agonized? I will, I won't, I will, I can't, I love him, I don't we don't have the same interests, he's cute. Come on, face it. Prince Charles hasn't shown up.

The Rememberer
by Steven Dietz

Darin Longfeather:

Do you want to know what I did? Do you? (Pause, softer now.) I said my Mother's name. At night, in my sleep, I said my Mother's name. And they heard me. "No Indian names" they said, "No Indian names." So, the next night, they made me sleep on the wood floor, without a blanket. And they watched me. And, I closed my eyes and I tried with all my heart to forget my Mother's name. But, in my sleep, I said it again. So, the next night they took me to the barn. And they stuffed cloth in my mouth. And, they all stood around me while I slept. I tried to stay awake. I tried not to think about her, or her face, or her voice. I tried to pretend my Mother was dead. But, in the middle of the night, they woke me up and tied my hands to a post. They told me I'd said her name again in my sleep. And I swore I'd never do it again -- but they said it was too late. That I would have to be taught a lesson. (Pause.) They took off my shirt. (Pause.) One of the men took off his belt. (Pause.) And he started hitting me. (Pause. Very distant sound of leather striking flesh.) And I didn't cry. Because I could hear my Mother's voice, saying: You'll be home soon, my beautiful boy. (Pause, softly.) You'll be home soon.

The Arkansaw Bear

by Aurand Harris

Bear:

Ah, tears can be beautiful. But there is no need to cry. I am content. I was a part of what went before, and I will be a part of what is yet to come. That is the answer to the riddle of life. How many more minutes? Two. Bring me my traveling hat. I will wear it on my last journey. I must look my best when I enter the Great Center Ring. Does it look stylish? ... Is it becoming? ... Then I am ready. (Gently pushes Tish and Mime away.) No. This journey I must go alone. Goodbye, good friend. Thank you for everything. And sometimes when the band plays... think of an old bear. ... Yes, I remember when once we said, "Life is like a bright balloon." Hold it tight. Hold it tight. Because... once you let it go... it floats away forever. (Breathless.) How many more minutes? ... I have one last request. When the end comes... when I enter the Great Center Ring... I want music. I want you to whistle the tune your Grandfather taught you. ... You will find that when you whistle you cannot cry at the same time.

The Pinballs

by Aurand Harris

Harvey:

My mom won't come. She didn't come when I had the measles, when I had the operation. Dad is right. Forget her. She's forgot me. I heard them-- dad and mom quarreling the night she left. She kept saying, "I have to find myself-- to find who I am." Dad shouted, "You are my wife. You're Harvey's mother. That's who you are." And he said, "It was your idea. You wanted a kid. I didn't want him." She never knew I won a prize with my essay, "Why I Am Proud to Be An American." She never knew what I wrote. It began (Emotionally recites from memory.) "America is like a family. It has a father, the President, a mother, Congress, and fifty children, the states. When the band plays "Yankee Doodle" that means you and me are all part of our great Yankee Doodle family."

There's a Boy in the Girl's Bathroom

by Louis Sachar

Jeff:

I don't need help anymore. I have lots of friends now. We play basketball and I'm the best. Everyone says so. ... And I'm not friends with Bradley anymore. ... Why? I'm not. I hate him. In fact... (Looks around the room)... I beat him up. ... Oh, he wouldn't stop bothering me. I never liked him. No one does. So then he tried to hit me (Jeff pantomimes his fight with Bradley.) but I ducked and then smashed him right in the face. He came at me again, but I blocked with my left, a right to the gut, and then pow! (Shrugs.) I didn't want to have to do it, but I had no choice. (Pause.) So, I don't think I need to see a counselor anymore, since I have normal friends. ... They might think I'm weird or something. None of them see a counselor. ... Does that mean I can go?

Still Life with Iris

by Steven Dietz

Mozart:

Guten tag! Bon jour! Good day! (A quick look up at the stars, speaks urgently.) Or night. Why is it night? How long has it been night? And how close are we to morning? It's crucial that I find out. Can you tell me?! ... Oh. Yes. Where are my manners? I must have left them in Vienna where manners seem to be all that matters. (Steps toward them, bows.) I am Mozart. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. ... But you can call me Motes. I prefer that. ... I've been searching for something. Something that's just out of reach. It's a song I work on at night. Only at night. (With one finger, he plays the first few phrases of the Serenade in G... He stops--abruptly--one note prior to completing the second phrase. He looks back at them.) But, that's it. I can't seem to finish it, because when the sun rises... the melody vanishes. If only I could stop time-- if only I could find a way to make the sun wait just a few seconds more before rising-- I think the song would come to me.

The Mischief Makers

by Lowell Swortzell

Reynard:

(To self.) They've gone. I won't have it. But how can I get them back? I've got it. (Jumps from the pole, lands, then jumps up and rolls over.) Oh, I've broken my neck. Yes, it's definitely broken. They say that can be fatal. Certainly sounds fatal to me. (Groans in pain.) What a way to end my days, dying out here, alone, forsaken. Without a friend. Let me try to move one last time. No use. Every bone's broken. (Calling off.) Farewell, friends. I'm glad I spent my final hours with you. You both brought joy into my life. I thank you, Anansi, for spreading knowledge, and you, Raven, for giving us light. That was really good of you. All I ever did was show how despite nature and man, the fox survives. Well, that is, up to now. There goes the last bone. This is it. (Gets up, spins around several times.) Good-bye, ole buddies. (Throws himself down with an enormous thud.) I'm dead.

Many Moons

by Charlotte B. Chorpenning

King:

She'll be ill again. (He bumps himself.) What kind of a father am I? (He bumps himself again.) ... Everything always gets in my way! (He is at the window.) Even the moon in the sky. I can see it move! It will look over the garden wall. ... My child will be ill when she sees the moon, and all I can do is bump into things. Kings should not go "bump." I remember once, how I-- (He leaps up, frantic.) I will not remember those things! (He bumps his way to the window and looks out, in terror.) It will soon be shining over the garden wall and right into the Princess' eyes! ... Even my Wisemen think up foolish things. I can't even choose men wise enough to tell me what to do. What the Princess wanted was such a simple thing to get that even my Jester could find it out, but my Wisemen were no help at all. Why did I dream they could tell me how to hide a thing that is so many different sizes and is so many different distances away? I am not fit to be King. I am not fit to be the father of Lenore. I am always doing the wrong thing for her.

The Portrait the Wind the Chair

by Y York

Chairman:

Oh, no, don't go. I was only playing. I never get to go. Stuck in the same place year in and year out. How would you like it?! Little kids kicking and sticking and wiping, dripping and leaking on you. Chair abuse is rampant in the land. And is there a lobby, a coalition, a reform movement? Is chair relief the order of the day? Not on your life. I have to hear about reupholstering! Tear off my covers! Stretch new fabric! Stick me with pins! Sew on a new skin! Toss away my tired but trusty old cushion and implant a firm new foam appliance. Just so human behinds can be happy! Or, worse, redecorate entirely and just toss the old chair out. Boy, the stories I could tell about people if I could only talk. (Pause.) Wait a minute. I can talk. I am talking. I just have to... move. I have to walk. I will walk. Let me just -- (Pulls self free.) I can walk. I can talk. Where is that little chair kicker? I'm going to have a discussion with her about the rights of chairs.

There's a Boy in the Girl's Bathroom

by Louis Sachar

Colleen:

I just came to tell you I can't talk to you. [My parents didn't sign the form] and they won't either! You know what they said? They said it was a waste of money for the school to hire you! They heard you were (Making a face.) strange. They said you should get married and have your own children before you start telling other parents how they should raise theirs. And they said if I have a problem, I should talk to them... But when I try to talk to them, they don't even listen. Anyway it doesn't matter. At least I don't have to invite Bradley Chalkers to my birthday party. Jeff has other friends now. Anyway I couldn't invite Bradley even if I wanted to, because Melinda is my best friend, except for Lori, and she beat up Bradley. (Colleen quickly covers her mouth with her hand, then slowly takes it away. Sheepishly.) That was supposed to be a secret. Melinda doesn't want anybody to know. [Don't tell.] Melinda would kill me... [I haven't asked Jeff to my party yet.] But I will! I know he likes me because he says hello to me whenever I say hello to him. But then I always get so scared. I never know what to say next. I wish you could help me. Why did my parents say such bad things about you? They don't even know you.

Anne of Green Gables

by R. N. Sandberg

Anne:

Excuse me, are you Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables? ... I'm very glad to see you. I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me and I was imagining all the things that might have happened to prevent you. It's so wonderful that I'm going to live with you. I've never belonged to anybody -- not really. I feel pretty nearly perfectly happy. I can't feel exactly perfectly happy because -- well, (She sets down her bag and pulls off her hat.) what color would you call this? (She holds out one of her braids to him.) ... Yes, it's red. Now, you see why I can't be perfectly happy. I cannot imagine that red hair away. I do my best. I think to myself, "Now my hair is a glorious black, black as the raven's wing." But all the time, I know it's just plain red, and it breaks my heart. It will be my lifelong sorrow. (She picks up her bag. Matthew does not move.) Shouldn't we be going?

Anne of Green Gables

by R. N. Sandberg

Anne:

I can't. I'm in the depths of despair. Can you eat when you're in the depths of despair? ... Well, did you ever try to imagine you were in the depths of despair? ... Then I don't think you can understand what it's like. It's a very uncomfortable feeling. When you try to eat, a lump comes right up in your throat and you can't swallow anything, not even if it was a chocolate caramel. I had one chocolate caramel two years ago and it was simply delicious. I've often dreamed that I had a lot of chocolate caramels, but I always wake up just when I'm about to eat them. I hope you're not offended because I can't eat. Everything is extremely nice, but I can't.

Anne of Green Gables

by R. N. Sandberg

Anne:

Oh, Mrs. Lynde, I am so extremely sorry. I could never express all my sorrow, no, not if I used up a whole dictionary. I behaved terribly to you -- and I've disgraced my dear friends, Matthew and Marilla, who are letting me stay at Green Gables although I'm not a boy. I'm a dreadfully wicked and ungrateful girl, and I should not have flown into a temper because you told the truth about me. What I said about you was true, too, but I should not have said it. Oh, Mrs. Lynde, please, please, forgive me. If you refuse, it will be a lifelong sorrow for me. You wouldn't like to inflict a lifelong sorrow on a poor little orphan girl, would you, even if she had a dreadful temper? Oh, I am sure you wouldn't. Please, say you forgive me, Mrs. Lynde. ... Oh, Mrs. Lynde! You have given me hope. I shall always feel that you are a benefactress. Oh, I could endure anything if I only thought my hair would be a handsome auburn when I grew up. Thank you, Mrs. Lynde.

Afternoon of the Elves

by Y York

Hillary:

There's a ghost in Sara Kate Connolly's yard. We were playing with the elves, I mean their village. I didn't think it would be real. Why would elves build in Sara Kate's yard? She is a human mess. She's bony and dirty and dresses bad. There's nothing magical about her. Elves should live in a yard of someone...beautiful or...soft. I don't know why they chose Sara Kate's brain to leave messages in or Sara Kate's yard to live in. Unless they like haunted houses. Jane said Mrs. Connolly is dead and maybe she is because I just saw a ghost in the window -- It looked more like a ghost than a person. A skinny, creepy, sickly -- Oh!! (Hillary gasps and jumps away in fright, dropping her diary to the ground. Mr. Lenox enters.) ... (Relieved.) I thought you were a ghost.

Afternoon of the Elves

by Y York

Sara Kate:

(Ultra sweet.) Hello, I need to cash my mother's check, ma'am. See? she signed it right on the back. Her signature is on file here and you can look it up. I cash the checks because she works and can't come here, and it's real convenient for me to do it because the bank is right near our house. (Worried.) I always do it, ask anybody... (Relieved.) twenties will be fine. ...

In the grocery store, you only buy plain boxes of stuff, no brands because they cost more money. If you buy the stuff in the plain boxes it costs a lot less. Cream of Wheat in the plain box lasts a long time and it really fills you up when you're hungry. That way you have enough to send some money to the electric company and the phone bill, you don't want them turned off because to get them turned back on you gotta give them more money, for a deposit. ... It's a whole bunch of money that you don't get anything for. Only poor people have to pay one.

Afternoon of the Elves

by Y York

Hillary:

(Whispering.) You elves are very untidy. Oh! Don't whisper. Whispering is unnatural. (Beat.) Maybe you aren't untidy, maybe it's earth forces messing up your village each time. (Hillary gasps and turns to see an elf, but it's gone.) Someday you'll let me see you. I won't have to work at it at all; one day I'll see an elf. (Beat.) How'd I know that? (Realizes.) The elves are sneaking information in to my brain! Hey, elves! Sneak information into Sara Kate's brain -- a message from me. (Hillary remembers playing with Sara Kate. She speaks to her as if she were really there.) Sara Kate? The elves are going to live in the mess behind my garage. There's plenty of places for them to hide back there. I'll take extra rocks to separate their little lots. They're starting to trust me a little. I almost saw one. You don't have to worry at all; I remember everything you said. I will be one kindly giant sister, making sure no evil forces harm the elves or their village. I will climb the tallest hill and scan the horizon, waiting for your return.

Mother Hicks

by Suzan L. Zeder

Girl:

Wouldn't it be something if you could remember that far back, when you was as young as they is? ... Sometimes I can remember back that far, I really can. I can just barely see hair colored hair and eye colored eyes... (Girl turns directly to Tuc.) You remember your people, Tuc? Your Paw and your Momma? (Tuc signs "yes.") They're dead ain't they? (Tuc signs "yes.") You're lucky... Not on account of them being dead, that part's sad, but lucky you know where they are. You can close your eyes and see 'em live inside your mind. When you don't know about 'em... when you don't know, there's always something inside you that's hungry.

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds

by Paul Zindel

Ruth:

They're going to laugh you off the stage again like when you cranked that atom in assembly... I didn't mean that... The one they're going to laugh at is Mama. ... Oh, I heard them talking in the Science Office yesterday. ... Miss Hanley said her nickname used to be Betty the Loon. ... She was just like you and everybody thought she was a big weirdo. ... Do you know what they're all waiting to see? Mama's feathers! That's what Miss Hanley said. She said Mama blabs as though she was the Queen of England and just as proper as can be, and that her idea of getting dressed up is to put on all the feathers in the world and go as a bird. Always trying to get somewhere, like a great big bird. ... I was up there watching her getting dressed and sure enough, she's got the feathers out. ... Are you kidding me? I just told her I didn't like the feathers and I didn't think she should wear any. But I'll bet she doesn't listen to me. ... It doesn't matter? Do you think I want to be laughed right out of the school tonight, with Chris Burns there, and all? Laughed right out of the school, with your electric hair and her feathers on that stage, and Miss Hanley splitting her sides?

Many Moons

by Charlotte B. Chorprenning

Princess:

Isn't it funny, Nurse? I was crying for the moon and the Wisemen thought it was only tarts I wanted. The Jester knew. He shoed me this shining path I'm walking on. What? (She pauses, as if listening to someone.) Can't you see it? I'm walking on a path of light, on the water. I'm going to get my moon. (She pauses, shaking her head, in disagreement with her imagined speaker.) What make you say the moon isn't mine? Of course, it's mine! I like it. What I like is mine. The Jester said so. He said what you like is part of you forever. (She laughs -- a laugh of wonder.) The moon is part of me. Everything it shines on is part of me. Temples, and animals, and hot lands covered with sand, and cold lands covered with snow and islands, and all the faraway folk. (She laughs.) I don't believe the Royal Mathematician could count up all the million, billion, zillion things that are part of me. I'm making up a song about it. It begins: "I like whatever the moon can see, And everything under the moon likes me----"

The Taste of Sunrise: Tuc's Story

by Suzan L. Zeder

Maizie:

I ain't always gonna be here running errands for my parents, and taking orders from old pickle face. My boyfriend and me, we're gonna get married and he's gonna take me to Chicago and I'm gonna work in a palace, a movie palace. You ever seen a movie palace? ... My boyfriend took me for my birthday, to the Fox right here in St. Louis. Outside, it's got about a million lights, so you feel like a movie star just goin' in. It's got these big doors made of solid gold and a huge staircase, like the kind queens come down. Inside the theater there's this painting on the ceiling. I swear that's what heaven looks like. Your whole stupid little life disappears when you sit there, it just blows away like fuzz off a dandelion; and there you are, your shiny self, clean and new. When they turn out the lights, you look up and see a heaven full of stars twinkling like they was alive. They made me sad, them stars, I don't know why.

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay

by Jean Kerr

Emily:

Cornelia! Get your life preserver! ... We're posting to starboard! ... I don't know [what it means.] But we were up on deck and I heard someone shout it to the first mate. And from the way he said it, you could tell it meant something serious! ... But we're in a fog! It came up suddenly. You can't see your hand in front of the prow! And they're blowing horns! ... But the boat keeps bounding up and down, up and down! ... But don't you see? That would be the most tragic part of all! To be drowned in sight of dry land! ... Very well, Cornelia Skinner. You can be nonchalant in the face of danger if you want to. I'm going up and see if our lifeboat is still there. ... Of course, I can find it! There's a sign in the hall that says our lifeboat is number six on the portside. ... Nobody has to come with me. I can work alone. But, Cornelia Skinner-- when the warning comes to take to the boats and everybody's shouting and screaming about women and children first-- you'll be very glad that somebody knows where our lifeboat is!

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay

by Jean Kerr

Cornelia:

I almost forgot! Oh, how terrible! ... I've been here a whole hour already--and I haven't called him. ... Monsieur de la Croix! Of the Comedie Francaise! ... (Grabbing her purse.) I've got the telephone number here somewhere. (She takes out the slip of paper.) Yes! (She smooths it out in front of her, going to the telephone.) ... Now, wait-- don't rush me. I've got to get myself composed. You just don't call up the greatest living French actor without thinking of what you're going to say! ... Oh, all right. (She turns to the telephone and puts out her hand to lift the receiver, but then jumps up.) But wait'll I comb my hair. ... No-- I know [he can't see me]-- but I'll feel better. I won't be so nervous if my hair is combed. ... No! Emily, wait! You might make the wrong impression! ... Now, let's see. The number is-- No. First, I've got to take my breathing exercises. (She hurries back to the center of the room and lies down on the floor... extending her arms and taking deep, noisy breaths.) If I don't-- my voice will sound breathy-- and terrible-- and he'll think I'm hopeless-- and he won't take me. ... Emily, you simply are incapable of realizing the importance of good chest tones. He could tell in a minute if I wasn't using my diaphragm. (She sits up.) There, now, I feel a little better. See? (She rises and goes to the telephone.) Emily, I'll tell you what. You can call the number. I'll let you.

The Ice Wolf

by Joanna Halper Kraus

Anatou:

Tarto, you came back! ... Thank you, Tarto. (Suddenly she takes off an amulet that she is wearing.) Tarto, you're the only friend I have now. I want you to keep this to remember me. The Shaman gave it to my mother before I was born. It's to bring good luck, but it was really always meant for a boy child, not a girl. Tarto, I wish I had something special to give you, but it's all I have. ... Tarto, why is [my hair so light?] I don't know. All I want is to be like the others, to play with you and sing with you, and I want to see my mother and father again. I love them. Do you believe me? I want to be friends with the villagers, but they won't let me. You're the only one who tries to understand. ... Tarto, you were brave to come back here. You know they'll be angry if they find you here. ... Tarto, listen. There's nothing I can do. I can't make a spell like a shaman, like the wise man. I'm hungry too, just like you. Even if I wanted to, there is nothing I can do. ... Don't you believe me either Tarto? Doesn't anyone? I'm not any different. I don't have any magic powers. I'm just like anyone else.

The Pinballs

by Aurand Harris

Carlie:

Oh, wow! Wow! Wow! If I made a list of what I wanted in a father, I'd say, "Good looking"--half of your looks do come from your father--I'd say "Rich, Loves me." But never once would I think of-- "A father who'll stick around." I mean, he didn't even wait to see if I was a boy or girl! He doesn't even know I'm ME. And YOU, I'll bet... never once would you think to say, "I want a father who will know the difference between forward and reverse in a stupid car!" And to make matters worse, here we are-- you and me-- totally unwanted-- I think we have to admit that-- and then there are people in the world who really WANT children and haven't got one. Life is really unfair.

The Secret Garden
by Pamela Sterling

Mary:

Could you keep a secret if I told you one? I don't know what I should do if anyone found out. (Fiercely.) I believe I should die! ... (Takes a deep breath and begins to speak in a rush.) I've stolen a garden. Nobody wants it, nobody cares for it, nobody goes into it. Perhaps everything is dead in it already. I don't know. (She begins to pace.) I don't care. I don't care! Nobody has any right to take it from me when I care about it, and they don't. They're letting it die, all shut in by itself! ... I found it myself, and I got into it myself. I was only just like the robin and they wouldn't take it from the robin. ... Come with me, and I'll show you. It's this. It's a secret garden, and I'm the only one in the world who wants it to be alive.

The Secret Garden
by Pamela Sterling

Mary:

What are you? Selfish people always say that. You're the most selfish boy I ever saw. ... You're not [going to die!] ... I don't believe it! You just say that to make people sorry. I believe you're proud of it. If you were a nice boy, it might be true-- but you're too nasty! ... I will! And I'm not coming back! (She starts out as Colin begins to scream and cry hysterically. Mary stops and turns back to Colin. Mary stamps her foot.) You stop it! (She stamps again.) I hate you! (She stamps back into the room on the next lines until she is face to face with Colin, topping his tantrum with her own.) Everybody hates you! I wish everybody would run out of the house and let you scream yourself to death. You will scream yourself to death in a minute, and I wish you would! If you scream another scream, I'll scream too-- and I can scream louder than you! (She opens her mouth to scream. ... Closes her mouth.) You can [stop.] Mrs. Medlock says that half that ails you is hysterics and temper-- just hysterics-- (She stamps her foot on each word.) hysterics-- (Stamp.) hysterics! (Stamp.) ... You didn't feel a lump! If you did, it was only a hysterical lump. There's nothing wrong with your horrid back.

A Thousand Cranes

by Kathryn Schultz Miller

Sadako:

(Cheerfully, counting cranes.) Four hundred and thirty-six, four hundred and thirty-seven, four hundred and thirty-eight! (She holds them up for Mother and Father who have just entered.) See. Kenji taught me! You shouldn't worry about me anymore. Kenji figured out a way for me to get well. Do you remember the story? If a sick person folds a thousand paper cranes, then the gods will make her well again. And look. I've already folded four hundred and thirty-eight! ... (Trying to hide her sudden sadness.) Oh, that. Oh, I don't think about that old race anymore. Silly old race. What good was it? Kenji said I was better than the girl who ran. He said I run like a bird. It's like I'm flying, he said. Folding cranes is much better than any old race. It's kind of like a race anyway, don't you think? If I fold them fast enough, I won't have to die. (She smiles radiantly at her parents.)

Our Town

By Thornton Wilder

Emily:

I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings, but I've got to- tell the truth and shame the devil [...] Well, up to a year ago I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you as you did everything? because we'd been friends so long? and then you began spending all your time at baseball? and you never stopped to speak to anybody any more. Not even to your own family you didn't? and, George, it's a fact, you've got awful conceited and stuck up, and all the girls say so. They may not say so to your face, but that's what they say about you behind your back, and it hurts me to hear them say it, but I've got to agree with them a little. I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings? but I can't be sorry I said it.

The Drowsy Chaperone

By Bob Martin

Janet Van De Graaff:

Chaperone, do you think that Robert is in love with Janet Van De Graaff the girl, or Janet Van De Graaff the sensation? I mean, many have fallen in love with the latter. Oh, I know you think it's crazy to give up a successful career to marry a man I hardly know, but somehow, for some reason when I look into his eyes... his big, monkey eyes... ah gee... I get all woozy. And that's what it's all about, isn't it? I mean that's love isn't it?

Ah, Wilderness!

By Eugene O'Neill

Read by Richard

Life! Life is a *joke!* And everything works out all wrong in the end. You can have your silly optimism, if you like, Aunt Lily. But don't ask me to be so blind. I'm a *pessimist!* As for Muriel, that's all dead and past. I was only kidding her, anyway, just to have a little fun, and she took it seriously, like a fool. You know what they say about women and trolley cars, Aunt Lily: There's always another one along in a minute.

"Nice" is all you women think of! I'm *proud* to be a cynic. It's the only thing you can be when you really face life. I suppose you think I ought to be heartbroken about Muriel—a little coward that's afraid to say her soul's her own, and keeps tied to her father's apron strings! Well, not for mine! There's plenty of other fish in the sea!

Rabbit Hole

By David Lindsay-Abaire

Read by Jason

I might've been going too fast. That day. I'm not sure, but I might've been. So... That's one of the things I wanted to tell you. *(Beat.)* it's a thirty zone. And it might've been going thirty-three. Or thirty-two. I would usually look down, to check, and if I was a little over, then I'd slow down obviously. But I don't remember checking on your block, so it's possible I was going a little too fast. And the dog came out, really quick, and so I swerved a little to avoid him, not knowing, obviously... *(Beat.)* So that's something I thought you should know. I might've been going a little over the limit. I can't be positive either way though.

Comedy of Errors

By William Shakespeare

Read by Dromio of Ephesus

I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long
ears. I have served him from the hour of my
nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his
hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he
heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me
with beating; I am waked with it when I sleep;
raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with
it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when
I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a
beggar wont her brat; and, I think when he hath
lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Picasso at the Lapin Agile

By Steve Martin

Read by Gaston

Well, you're a painter; you're always coming up with ideas. What's it like? I mean, the only idea I ever came up with was when I had to paint my shutters. I had to figure out a color. And I thought about it for a long time. Should they be a light color or a dark color? For a while, forest blue seemed nice; then, I realized there was no such thing as forest blue. I tried to flip a coin but it landed on the roof. I started thinking, "What are shutters anyway, and what would their natural color be?" Then I realized that shutters don't occur in nature, so they don't have a natural color. Suddenly, I knew I was just moments away from a decision, just moments, finally. Then this gorgeous thing walks by, with ruby lips and a derriere the shape of a valentine. I swiveled my head around and snapped a tendon. That put the decision off for three days. Then I thought, "Maybe just take off the shutters"; I started to think about moving to a land where there are no shutters, and, frankly, suicide. But then one day, I said to myself, "Green," and that was it.

Harvey

By Mary Chase

Read by Elwood P. Dowd

That was rather an interesting coincidence, Doctor. One night several years ago I was walking early in the evening on Fairfax Street – between 18th and 19th. I had just helped Ed Hickey into a taxi. Ed had been mixing his rye with his gin and I thought he needed conveying. I started to walk down the street when I heard a voice saying: “Good evening, Mr. Dowd.” I turned and there is this great white rabbit leaning against the lamp-post. Well, I thought nothing of that, because when you have lived in a town as long as I have lived in this one, you get used to the fact that everybody knows your name. Naturally, I went over to chat with him. He said to me: “Ed Hickey is a little spiffed this evening, or could I be mistaken?” Well, of course he was not mistaken. I think the world of all of Ed but he was spiffed. Well, anyway, we stood there and talked, and finally I said – “You have the advantage of me. You know my name and I don't know yours.” Right back at me he said: “What name do you like?” Well I didn't even have to think a minute: Harvey has always been my favorite name. So I said, "Harvey," and this is the interesting part of the whole thing. He said – “What a coincidence! My name happens to be Harvey.”

Monologue Copy

The Glass Menagerie

Tennessee Williams

Laura-

Oh! Yes Mother, I did like a boy once! See his picture? The operetta the senior class put on. We sat across from each other on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the auditorium. He had a wonderful voice. Here he is with the silver cup for the debate team! See his grin? He used to call me- Blue roses. When I had that attack of Pleurisy, he asked me what was the matter when I came back. I said Pleurisy, he thought I said blue roses! SO that's what he called me after that. Whenever he saw me he'd holler "Hello Blue roses!" I didn't care much for that girl he went out with. Emily Misenbach. Oh, Emily was the best dressed girl in Soldan. But she never struck me as being sincere. I read in a newspaper once that they were engaged... that was a long time ago. They're probably married by now.

Emily
Our Town
Thornton Wilder

Emily-

I'm not mad at you. But, since you ask me, I might as well say it, George. I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings; but I've just got to- tell the truth and shame the devil. Well up to a year ago, I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you while you did everything- because we'd been friends so long. And then you began spending all your time at baseball. And you never stopped to speak to anyone anymore- not to really speak- not even to your own family, you didn't. And George, it's a fact- ever since you've been elected captain, you've got awful stuck up and conceited, and all the girls say so. And it hurts me to hear 'em say it; but I gotta agree with 'em a little, because it's true. Now, I'm sorry I said all that about you. I don't know what made me say it. Now I can see it's not true at all. And suddenly feel that it's not important, anyway.

Ah wilderness!
Eugene O'Neil
Richard

Life! Life is a joke! And everything works out all wrong in the end. You can have your silly optimism, if you like, Aunt Lily. But don't ask me to be so blind. I'm pessimist! As for Muriel, that's all dead and past. I was only kidding her, anyway, just to have a little fun, and she took it seriously, like a fool. You know what they say about women and trolley cars, Aunt Lily: There's always another one along in a minute. "Nice" is all you women think of? I'm proud to be a cynic. It's the only think you can be when you really face life. I suppose you think I ought to be heartbroken about Muriel- a little coward that's afraid to say her soul's her own, and keeps tied to her father's apron string! Well, not for mine! There's plenty of other fish in the sea!

Ah Wilderness!

Eugene O'Neil

Richard Miller

Must be nearly nine- I can hear the Town Hall clock strike, it's so still tonight- I'll catch hell when I get back, but it'll be worth it. If only Muriel turns up- Am I sure she wrote nine? *(He puts the straw hat on the sand R. of boat and pulls the folded letter out of his pocket and peers at it in the moonlight)* Yes, it's nine, all right. *(He starts to put the note back in his pocket, then stops and kisses it- then shoves it away hastily, sheepishly, looking around him shamefacedly, as if afraid he were being observed)* Aw, that's silly- no, it isn't either- not when you're really in love- *(He jumps to his feet restlessly)* Darn it, I wish she'd show up!- think of something else- that'll make the time pass quicker- *(sit down on boat)* last night?- the Pleasant Beach House- Belle- ah, forget her!- think of-! But I didn't go upstairs with her- even if she was pretty- Aw she wasn't pretty- Muriel's a million time prettier, anyway- Muriel and I will go upstairs- when we're married- but that will be beautiful- But I oughtn't even to think of that yet- It's not right- I'd never- now- but after we're married- *(He gives a little shiver of passionate longing- then resolutely turns his mind away from these improper, almost deprecating thoughts)* That damned barkeep kicking me- I'll bet you I hadn't been drunk I'd have given him one good punch in the nose- *(Then with a shiver of shamefaced resolution and self-disgust)* Aw, you deserve a kick in the pants- making such a darned slob of yourself! You must have been a fine sight when you got home!- having to be out to bed and getting sick! Phaw! *(He squirms disgustedly)* Think of something else can't you!

Ken
Red
John Logan

Bores you!? Trying working for you for a living!- The talking- talking-talking-won't- he-ever-shut-up titanic self-absorption of the man! You stand there trying to look so deep when you're nothing but a solipsistic bully with your grandiose self-importance and lectures and arias and-let's-look- at- the- canvas-for - another- few- weeks-let's- not- paint- let's-just- look. And the pretension! I can't imagine any other painter in the history of art ever tried so hard to be SIGNIFICANT! You know, not everything has to be so IMPORTANT all the time! Not every painting has to rip your guts out and expose your soul! Not everyone wants art that actually HURTS! Sometimes you just want a still life or landscape or soup can or comic book! Which you might learn if you ever actually left your hermetically sealed *submarine*!

Our Town
Thornton Wilder
George

Emily I'm going to make up my mind right now. I won't go. I'll tell my pa about it tonight. I'm glad you spoke to me about that--- that fault in my character. What you said was right; but there was one thing wrong in it. That's where you said that I wasn't noticing--- people--- and you, for instance--- why you say you were watchin' me when I did everything--- Why, I was doing the same about you all the time. Why sure--- I always thought about you as one of the chief people I thought about. I always made sure where you were sitting on the bleachers, and who you were with, and for three days now I've tried to walk home with you; but something's always got in the way. Yesterday, I was standing over by the wall waiting for you, and you walked home with Miss Corcoran--- Listen Emily, I'm going to tell you why I'm not going to Agricultural School. I think once you've found a person you're very fond of--- I mean person who's fond of you, too, that's just as important as college is, and even more so.

Abigail
The Crucible

Shut up! All of you. We danced. That is all, and mark this, if anyone breathe a word or the edge of a word about the other things, I will come to you in the black of some terrible night, and I will bring with me a pointy reckoning that will shudder you! And you know I can do it. I saw Indians smash my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine. And I have seen some reddish work done at night. And I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down!

Fat Pig

by Neil LaBute

Character: Jeannie

JEANNIE. I'm not *anything*. Except confused. By a guy who tells me that he's interested in me. "Very," in fact, was the word he used. "I am very interested in you." And we date, and then we stop, and then he sends me stuff, like flowers and letters, and keeps calling and wants to do it again, to try one more time, he tells me... but then we do not go out. We see each other at work, but he keeps putting off the next date because of . . . God, I couldn't begin to list all of the excuses because it's Monday afternoon, and I would probably be here, like, through the *weekend*. But now I hear he's met someone, a someone who he has managed- even with his many work obligations and boys' nights out and all his other related *juvenile* shit- he has somehow squeezed yet another person onto his social calendar.

Stupid F*ing Bird By Aaron Posner**

MASH

**C'mon, it's just you and me here. You know what I mean. C'mon, look me
in the eye and tell me you don't feel the exact same way.**

**That we're cosmically screwed. That the whole fucking game has been bought and sold a
dozen times to the highest bidders... And that finally,**

**la
here at civilization's eleventh hour, the course towards destruction has actually been set --
like that self-destruct mechanism on the *Enterprise* -and the red light's flashing, and the
siren's blaring, and we've all been warned, but -- here's the thing -- we just don't know how
long the timer is set for...! So we all go prancing along pretending to be oblivious and
blithely clocking in and having kids and paying our bills and meanwhile...**

**"The sluggish economy" blah blah blah and and "the terrorist threat" blah blah blah and
and and and "the refugee crisis" and "the guns" and and and "climate change" and "the
war on drugs" and and the war on *blah* and the war on blah blah fucking fucking blah...!**

I'm fine. (*Breath. Breath.*) I'm fine.

**And the fucking irony is, no matter how *inconceivably broken* the world gets, all most of us
really care about, deep down, is if we get to snuggle up to someone late at night who will
just maybe, just *maybe, help us to forget everything we actually know.***

Reasons to be Pretty Neil LaBute

Steph

No! That isn't true! Don't speak for me! *(beat)* You always wanna say shit for me, vouch for me, or sign shit that we should both have our names on and I'm not gonna have it anymore ... you are not me so you don't know. *(Sits forward)* Listen to me very carefully, OK, because I'm only gonna say this the one time. Fuck off ... That's what I want you to do, Greg, get the fuck out of my life and leave me alone. Let me start over in a serious fashion, maybe in a relationship or not, I dunno, but if it is in something like that may it please, *please* be with someone who can keep from being an asshole and thinking they know everything because you don't. You do not know a goddamn thing to do with me is what I've discovered in my four years with you. Four years that are now gone ... so totally lost and gone that it makes me cry whenever I see any little bit from our time together. A key ring or, or your name light up on my phone or ... shit. *(she starts crying.)* Fuck, fuck, fuck. *(Greg tries to scoot closer and comfort her but she pulls away like he's holding a branding iron.)* STOP. Why would you... ? God. Idiot.

Buried Child

Shelly

Don't come near me! Don't anyone come near me. I don't need any words from you. I'm not threatening anybody. I don't even know what I'm doing here. You all say you don't remember Vince, okay, maybe you don't. Maybe it's Vince that's crazy. Maybe he's made this whole family thing up. I don't even care anymore. I was just coming along for the ride. I thought it'd be a nice gesture. Besides, I was curious. He made all of you sound familiar to me. Every one of you. For every name, I had an image. Every time he'd tell me a name, I'd see the person. In fact, each of you was so clear in my mind that I actually believed it was you. I really believed that when I walked through that door that the people who lived here would turn out to be the same people in my imagination. Real people. People with faces. But I don't recognize any of you. Not one. Not even the slightest resemblance.

Picasso at the Lapin Agile

by Steve Martin

Character: Angie

ANGIE. I needed you to have already known it. You should have seen that to let you in hurt me, because you wanted the part of me you cannot have; you wanted the part that no one should have of another person. *(She is at the zenith.)* And I will have my dream remain inside me, for me, and if you had let them be, they would have been for you too. So now I wait for a man my own age who will stand before me at arm's length, and I will hand him unimaginable joy, and he will not move forward or move back. Then I will hand him unimaginable pain. And he will stand neither moving forward nor moving back. Then and only then, I will slit myself from here to here *(indicates a vertical line from her neck to her abdomen)*, open my skin, and close him into ***me.***

THE (CURIOUS CASE OF THE) WATSON INTELLIGENCE

MADELINE GEORGE

ELIZA

You're too perfect and you're too imperfect. You're the only one I want to be around, and I have a really hard time being with you. When I'm with you I feel like I can't breathe, and when I'm away from you I feel physically sore, here, like someone punched me extremely hard in the chest. I feel destroyed, I feel—dismembered, sort of, or maybe it's the opposite, I feel so incredibly, powerfully coherent that I'm about to implode from the pressure, I don't know, I don't know, what have I let you do?

I could feel you working your way inside me. And now you're all the way in, here, right here against my heart, like a little hot stone, and there's nothing I can do about it anymore, but what are you going to do to me now that you're in there?

You could do anything. You could poison me. You could tear me open. You could detonate and shatter me into a thousand pieces. You could disappear and leave me empty and alone.

I can't trust anything anymore, not even my own body. There's no part of me you haven't touched. I know you're going to hurt me. In fact, you're hurting me right now.

Vaas

A Far Cry

Did I ever tell you what the definition of insanity is? Insanity is doing the exact... same thing... over and over again, expecting... shit to change. That... is crazy; but the first time somebody told me ,that...I dunno, I thought they were bullshitting me, so boom - I shot him. The thing is, okay... He was right. And then I started seeing: everywhere I looked, everywhere I looked, all these pricks, everywhere I looked, doing the exact same fucking thing... over and over and over and over again thinking: "This time, it's gonna be different; no, no, no, no, no, please... This time it's gonna be different."

...I am sorry, I don't like the way you are looking at me... Okay, do you have a fucking problem in your head? Do you think I am bullshitting you? Do you think I am lying? Fuck you! Okay? FUCK. YOU! It's okay, man. I'm gonna chill, hermano. I'm gonna chill... The thing is... alright, the thing is: I killed you once already... and it's not like I am fucking crazy. It's okay... It's like water under the bridge. Did I ever tell you the definition... of insanity?

Of Mice and Men by John Steinbeck

LENNIE: Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice. I didn't bounce you so hard. Now may be George ain't gonna let me tend no rabbits if he finds out you got killed. I'll tell George I found it dead. But he'll know. George always knows. He'll say: "You done it. Don't try to put nothin' over on me." And he'll say: "Now just for that you don't get to tend no --- you know whats." (his anger rises) Damn you. Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice. Now he won't let me...Now he won't let me. You wasn't big enough. They tole me and tole me you wasn't. I didn't know you'd get killed so easy. Maybe George won't care. This here pup wasn't nothin' to George.

A DOLL'S HOUSE

HENRIK IBSEN

NORA

It is perfectly true, Torvald. When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you—

I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as you--or else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which--I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman--just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

You neither think nor talk like the man I could bind myself to. As soon as your fear was over--and it was not fear for what threatened me, but for what might happen to you--when the whole thing was past, as far as you were concerned it was exactly as if nothing at all had happened.

Exactly as before, I was your little skylark, your doll, which you would in future treat with doubly

LAURA: Mother, I can't do anything— No, Mother, please! I have to say this. I can't go outside these walls. There's just too much pain! I can feel everyone staring at me—staring at this. (She points to the braced leg.) The noise it makes, it's just so loud! That's why I dropped out of high school! I felt everyone's eyes staring at me, heard all the giggles they tried to suppress as I clomped and limped down the hall. Nobody would want to be near me. So I tuned out from the rest of the world before it could cause me any more pain than I have already suffered. And it seems that whatever crippled my leg— (Amanda opens her mouth as if about to interject.) —yes, Mother, you might as well admit that I'm crippled!—has crippled the rest of my being throughout time. Mother, secluded from the world in this home listening to phonograph records and dusting my glass collection—this is where I belong! I fail everywhere else in the outside world. Here, there's nothing to fail at!

Our Town, Thornton Wilder. Emily Webb

They're so young and beautiful. Why did they ever have to get old? Mama, I'm here. I'm grown up. I can't look at everything hard enough. (doesn't hear her) Oh, Mama, just look at me as though you really saw me. Mama, fourteen years have gone by. I'm dead. You're a grandmother. I married George Gibbs. Wally's dead, too. Mama, his appendix burst on a camping trip to North Conway. We felt just terrible about it - don't you remember? But, just for a moment now we're all together. Mama, just for a moment we're happy. Let's look at one another. It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. I didn't realize. All that was going on in life and we never noticed. Good-bye, Grover's Corners? Mama and Papa. Good-bye to clocks ticking? and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths? and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. Do any human beings ever

realize life while they live it? - every, every minute. I'm ready to go back. I should have listened to you. That's all human beings are! Just blind people.

Monologues

RON: I don't believe in God, per se... but prayer is still kinda cool, as a way to move energy around, you know what I'm saying?

This is psychic I went to in New Orleans last time I was there — I go down there every year with my friends with the Cajun catfish stand, he sets up deals with the whole gumbo thing — and this psychic told me I'm sensitive to how energy moves and that's why I'm a musician ... but she said it also makes me very sensitive to the tunes of life, which is all prayer really is, it's got nothing to do with God or there being a God or anything, that's what she said, prayer is not begging God for something, it's just listening to the secret unfolding music of life and then playing your part. And because I'm a musician, I can do that. She said. Like, I can hear things other people can't, like right now. I can hear something coming.

There. Do you hear that? That little "door? See, I do. There it is again. You don't hear that, do you? See, that's what she meant.

The Profession

By Walter Wyhes

EUGENE: Hey! Don't touch that! That's my orange! MINE!! *VEUGENE wrenches his orange away from the VAGRANT.* Sorry. I'm sorry. I ... I don't mean to be stingy. I'm sure you're very hungry, but I can't allow you to eat this orange. It's just that ... well, it's ... it's the key to everything! I know that doesn't seem to make much sense. I don't understand it quite yet myself. But one has to have faith, you know, that ... well, that everything will come clear in the end. It

it must be nice to be a halfwit. A vagrant, I mean. A wanderer. You don't have to contemplate. If you're hungry, you eat. Everything's basic. Primitive. Nothing to confuse the issue. No one to push you around ... tell you what to do. Maybe ... maybe I should join you! Hey ... maybe ... maybe I should! They'd never find me then! And if they did ... well, they wouldn't recognize me! I'll bet people don't even give you a second look, do they?! They probably cross the street when they see you coming! That's it! That's the

answer! I'll be an outcast! What do you think?What's so funny? I could be an outcast! I ... I admit I don't have much experience, but I've always thought of myself as living on the fringes, you know. I'm an outlaw at heart! Once, when I was five or six ... don't tell anyone, but ... I once stole a whole handful of comic books from a retarded boy that lived down the street! Lifted them right under his nose! All right, I ... I took them back the next day, but it's the thought that counts!You're not impressed.I guess maybe a ... a true outcast only takes what he needs to survive. Is that it? You probably have your own code of conduct. Like the samurai. But I ... I could learn! You could teach me!I think I'd make a respectable outcast!All right, what's ... what's wrong with me? Is it the shoes? You're right—shoes might draw attention! Shoes are much too mainstream for me anyway! I've never really liked them! They chafe your feet! Give you blisters!There! I ... I suppose I should get rid of the socks too?There! You see—I'm willing to make sacrifices. I don't ask for special treatment. I just want to be a regular outcast like everyone else.What?What is it? The pants? Just tell me what to do. I'm willing to do whatever it takes. Only I ... I don't have anything else to wear. This is all I've got. I admit, it's a bit dressy for your average outcast, but ... I ... I could dirty it up a bit. A few properly placed smudges, a rip here and there, and you won't recognize it!This ahh ... this is ... good ... good fabric. Maybe if I try the seams.Oh! Wait! I've got it! We could trade! You want to trade?! You know, they say well dressed panhandlers are much more successful! People are more likely to give you a few dollars if you're wearing a coat and tie because they know you must really be in a bind! I ... I know it doesn't make much sense, but it's a proven fact!

Love, Loss and What I Wore

By Nora Ephron and Delia Ephron

Character: Pam

PAM. Last summer I lost my favorite shirt. Or to be more accurate, my favorite shirt vanished into thin air. When I got home from being away for the summer and I unpacked my bags, the shirt simply never materialized. I have replayed the sequence of events in my mind several times, and I have theories about what happened to it, but the fact remains that the shirt just ceased to be. The really sad part was that this came at the end of a summer when that shirt gradually revealed itself to be the perfect shirt. It was flattering (I always felt pretty in it), I liked the color and the cut, it went with all my favorite pants, it was casual and dressed down but not crappy and falling apart, it was comfortable. It was one of those shirts you have to make yourself NOT wear, because it seems every day's outfit would be improved by it. And as silly as it may sound, I am generally happier when I have clothes like this in my life, when there's something I know I can put on and feel good in. Something to fall back on. When I realized the shirt was gone, I couldn't think of anything else I owned that served remotely the same function, and I felt cheated out of something truly rare and precious.

I realize that I sound like I'm talking about death, or about lost love--and maybe I am. It's probably worth noting that my relationship with my boyfriend was ending at just the same time I lost the shirt. But I could have sworn to you at the time that I was not transferring my feelings

about the loss of my boyfriend onto the shirt, but was actually mourning the loss of the shirt itself. The main lesson to be learned from this experience came from the purchase of eight different shirts, which each had some likeness to the lost shirt, whether it be in color, cut, material, casualness. But none of them in any way replaced it, and I eventually had to resolve to be thankful for the time I had with the shirt and move on. At least I know what I'm looking for.

Jeannie

Fat pig

You know I'm in accounting, right? You do know that. So anything you turn in is going to come past me, I mean over my desk. I know that you know because I've had you come in there, to my office, looking for stuff before. An old receipt or some stack of files. I mean that's how we first... we *met* that way, so I'm sure you realize the way things go. The course they take. You turn in your expense reports, attach the receipts, and write in the little explanations, and we do the rest. You know this. (Beat)1 waited for the Chicago dinner to come through, just so I could see. I heard Carter joking around about it, so I wanted to, you know, check out who you were with. But nothing has been turned in. Why's that? Because you've always been- how can I put this?-Pretty *punctual* about it before.

Chicago doesn't have a record of anybody coming here last month. No employee-- Man. Woman. Fat Chick. Nothing. I verified.

Jeannie

Fat pig

You know I'm in accounting, right? You do know that. So anything you turn in is going to come past me, I mean over my desk. I know that you know because I've had you come in there, to my office, looking for stuff before. An old receipt or some stack of files. I mean that's how we first... we *met* that way, so I'm sure you realize the way things go. The course they take. You turn in your expense reports, attach the receipts, and write in the little explanations, and we do the rest. You know this. (Beat) I waited for the Chicago dinner to come through, just so I could see. I heard Carter joking around about it, so I wanted to, you know, check out who you were with. But nothing has been turned in. Why's that? Because you've always been- how can I put this?-Pretty *punctual* about it before.

Chicago doesn't have a record of anybody coming here last month. No employee-- Man. Woman. Fat Chick. Nothing. I verified.

Emily Webb Monologue: from "Our Town"

By: Thornton Wilder

Well, up to a year ago I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you as you did everything... because we'd been friends for so long... and then you began spending all your time at baseball.. And you never stopped to speak to anybody any more. Not even to your own family you didn't... and, George, it's a fact, you've got awful conceited and stuck up, and all the girls say so. They may not say it to your face, but that's what they say about you behind your back, and it hurts me to hear them say it, but I've got to agree with them a little. I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings... but I can't be sorry I said it.

Monologue Text for Ken: Act 1, Scene 4

Ken: Bores you?! *Bores you?!* _Christ almighty, trying working for you for a living! — The talking-talking-talking-jesus-christ-won't-he-ever-shut-up titanic self-absorption of the man! You stand there trying to look so deep when you're nothing but a solipsistic bully with your grandiose self-importance and lectures and arias and let's-look-at-the-fucking-canvas-for- another few-weeks-let's-not-fucking-paint-let's just-look. And the *pretension!* Jesus Christ, the *pretension!* *I can't* imagine any other painter in the history of art ever tried so hard to be SIGNIFICANT! You know, not everything has to be so goddamn IMPORTANT all the time! Not every painting has to rip your guts out and expose your soul! Not everyone wants art that actually HURTS! Sometimes you just want a flicking still life or landscape or soup can or comic book! Which you might learn if you ever actually left your goddamn hermetically-sealed *submarine* here with all the windows closed and no natural light — BECAUSE NATURAL LIGHT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU! But then nothing is ever good enough for you!

Character: Larry Yee

Well, "a paper name" is when you're chinese and you come to america and you gotta get yourself some papers that say, "oh yeah sure, I'm a american citizen, yeah--"wink wink."--and sometimes the fake papers got a DIFFERENT last name than your ACTUAL name. and the fake name is known as your "paper name." most people keep the fake name, even though everyone else in chinatown knows your real name. and that's basically the chinese excusion—excludon? clusion. *(starts again)* the chinese "don't let them in" act of 1882!

This is our Youth Kenneth Lonergan Jessica Goldman

Well ... OK ... It's just— This is getting a little weird now, because when I talked to Valerie, she asked me if anything happened with us last night. And for some reason, I guess I didn't really tell her that anything did. So now she's gonna talk to Dennis, and I'm gonna look like a total liar to someone I'm just starting to be close friends with and who I really care about. I just should have figured that you would like rush off to tell your friends that you fucked me— whereas I might be more inclined to be a little more discreet about it till I found out where I stood with you. You know what? It doesn't matter— It really doesn't matter— Honestly, Warren, I really don't care who you told, or what you told them, because people are gonna think whatever they think and you know what? There's nothing I can do about it. And it's not like I even care what he thinks, OK? Because I don't actually know him. Or you. Or Valerie, for that matter! So it doesn't really matter! I've made new friends before, I can make more new friends now if I have to. So let's just forget the whole thing ever happened.

Original

Monologue from the play "Street Scene"

written by Elmer Rice

Rose: I really think the best thing I could do, would be to get out. You know, like we were saying, this morning - how things might be different, if you only had a chance to breathe and spread out a little. Only when I said it, I never dreamt it would ever be this way.

I like you so much, Sam. I like you better than anybody I know. It would be so nice to be with you.

But- it's what you said just now - about people belonging to each other. I don't think people ought to belong to anybody but themselves. I was thinking, that if my mother had really belonged to herself, and my father to himself, it never would have happened. It was only because they were always depending on somebody else, for what they ought to have had inside themselves. Do you see what I mean, Sam?

That's why I don't want to belong to anybody, and I don't want anybody to belong to me. I want love more than anything else in the world. But loving and belonging aren't the same thing. Sam, dear, listen. If we say good bye now, it doesn't mean it has to be forever.

Original

Quality Street

JM Barrie

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MAN. (*This speech is not an attack. It's more of a rumination – one that doesn't do much to make the woman feel better.*) Oh, come on. You give yourself too much credit. He was young. That's all you need to get your hopes dashed: Be young. And everybody starts out young, so... everybody gets their hopes dashed and besides... I don't think you really dashed his hopes. 'Cause if you dash somebody's hopes – well that's... kind of a nice way to let 'em down, 'cause it hurts... but it's quick. If you'd have said "No," that woulda been "dashing his hopes." (*Beat. Maybe a little pointed here.*) But you didn't say "No." You said nothin'. You just didn't answer him. At all. And that's... killin' hope the long, slow, painful way, 'cause it's still there just hangin' on, never really goes away. And that's... kinda like givin' somebody a little less air to breath every day. Till they die.

Ring Round the Moon by Christopher Fry

Isabelle

Well, are you satisfied now? You wanted entertainment, and no one can say you haven't had it. You stood up on your chair and told them who I was: or if you haven't yet, you have no need to. I'm going to show myself to them, looking as I am. A common little slut, as this lady class me. I've been unhappy: isn't that vulgar of me? I've been unhappy. And all because you didn't understand, or wouldn't understand, that I love you. It's because I love you that I've done my best to dazzle them this evening; it's because I love you that I've pretended to love your brother, it's because I love you that I was ready to throw myself in the lake, like a baby and a fool, to finish it all. If I hadn't loved you, and loved you from the moment we met, do you think I should have agreed to be in your mad puppet show? Well, won't you say something? It's tiresome, of course, this poor girl standing here saying she loves you. But please say something. You usually say so much. What's the matter?

THE SNOW GLOBE

Tabatha

They call me names, mostly, when I'm riding my bike or walking. Or they'll say things like "hey, nerdy girl, why are you so ugly?" They call me "four eyes" and make fun of me whenever they see me reading a book. Even when I'm just sitting on my porch, you know, minding my own business, they'll come by and say things like "if I had your face, I'd jump out of a window to make it look better."

(Ethan is silent.) One time, I was riding my bike, and I saw them up in Charlie's room. I think they were all playing video games or something. But on my next time around the block, they were all of the sudden outside. I was looking at them, and I didn't see the huge tree branch they had put in front of my bike. When I hit it with my bike, I fell off and I fell down the hill. They all thought that was very funny. "We did you a favor," Charlie said, "Now your face will look better."

(Ethan is quiet.) I sprained my wrist, and I got some cuts and bruises. Oh, and my glasses broke. I had to get new ones. But I was okay. *(Pause.)* I thought you were with them that day... It's okay. *(Pause.)* My mom says I need to have stronger energy so I won't get picked on. *(She fumbles with her necklace:)* She gave me this crystal. It's supposed to help, she said. But I don't think it is. Especially not with those boys...

Jack Grant

“Looks Get In The Way”

By: D.M. Larson

Phil: Hey, there, Sidney. I'm early. I mean I'm Phil and I'm early. I am glad you're early too, well, sort of. I was hoping to beat you and get used to the room first I get nervous a lot. I brought you flowers. The flowers are a little wilted. They were pretty. I mean there is this wonderful flower shop but I didn't have time to go there today but I did a few days ago and I wanted these flowers. I don't get a date every day you know and I wanted this to be special, so I got the best flowers I know of because I wanted this to be great. You know what I mean. Well, you probably get a lot of dates. I mean a normal amount of dates, but more than me, but less than say.... Madonna. But these flowers were the best . . . a few days ago.

Our Town

Emily: I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. (She glances at him.) I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings; but I've just got to – tell the truth and shame the devil. (Facing mostly out, on the verge of tears.) Well up to a year ago, I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you while you did everything – because we'd been friends so long. And then you began spending all your time at baseball. (She bites the word.) And you never stopped to speak to anyone anymore – not even to your own family, you didn't. And George, it's a fact – ever since you've been elected Captain, you've got awful stuck up and conceited, and all the girls say so. And it hurts me to hear 'em say it; but I got to agree with 'em a little, because it's true. I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be. (All innocence, yet firm.) Well, my father is. And as far as I can see, your father is. There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be too.

Pony Boy

The Outsiders

Soda and I were kicking rocks down the street and we noticed Johnny's jacket of the ground. Then we saw a hump the other side of the lot. And there was a moan. Soda got there first, and turned him over. *(Has to pause.)* I nearly puked. *(Continues with difficulty.)* we're used to seeing Johnny banged up—his father clobbers him a lot. *(With horror.)* But nothing like this. *(Has to take a breath.)* Soda was on his knees holding him, his body all limp, giving him little shakes, saying, "It's okay, Johnnycake. They're gone now. It's okay." *(It's vivid in his mind.)* Two-Bit was suddenly there, and for once he had nothing smart to say. Dallas got there, too, swearing under his breath, then turning away, and he was sick. Dallas! Finally Johnny figured it was Soda holding him. He started shaking and crying—couldn't stop himself. He said there was a whole bunch—a blue Mustang full. Soda kept holding him saying, "Don't talk," and over and over, "They've gone. They've gone, Johnnycake."

"Flowers in the Desert" by D. M Larson

SAM

Homeless kids aren't homeless because they want to be. Homeless kids are usually ones that aren't wanted. Either their parents died or they left them. Oh, sure there's foster homes but they don't really want you either. If they did, why would they keep getting rid of me?

I didn't always have a home. I lived on the streets a little while. And surprise, there were lots of kids there with me. People never thought we were homeless even though we weren't dressed nice. Kids never dress nice anyway. And sometimes we'd even get a five finger discount on something nice from a store. That's how I got caught. I hadn't been out there very long when they got me. Some kids are out there forever. They learn how to survive. I didn't.

They gave me a choice. Come here to the Happy Rancher or go to jail. Sarge even came down to visit with me. (Softens) He told me about the Happy Rancher and despite the stupid name it sounded kinda cool. And he did something most people never did for me. He asked me what I wanted. He really wanted to know what he could help me do for myself. I just broke down and cried. It seemed like I cried forever. I'd finally found someone who cared.

(Realizes she's just spilled her guts to a stranger and makes a total turnaround) Oh, man, what am I saying. You must think I'm a total dork. (Laughs)
Real sob story, huh?

LUNA

The Locker Next 2 Mine

by Jonathan Dorf

Pluto was officially discovered in 1930. It became the ninth planet, and the farthest from the sun.

What a lot of people don't know - no, what pretty much everybody doesn't know, is that its orbit crosses Neptune's, the eighth planet, but the two planets don't ever come close to each other.

(Beat.) So Pluto's always been this lonely little planet, and it's cold. Really, really cold. Like negative 230 degrees Celsius cold. People couldn't live there. (Beat.) I'm pretty sure most people don't spend a lot of time thinking about Pluto. Why would you? Pluto doesn't get you an A in English or pay your car insurance or keep your mom from aiming a half full coffee mug at your dad's head on the last night you pretended you had a functional family. (Beat.) But then it happened. Pluto got demoted. In 2006. One day it's a planet, and the next day it's not. They come up with this new category for it: a dwarf planet. Sure, Pluto, you're separate but equal. Right. And finally people take notice. Harvard students stage a sit-in at University Hall, in Berkeley they burn a revised map of the solar system and protesters take to the streets of Manhattan to stand up for Pluto. (Beat.) I made that last part up. Outside of a few astronomers, nobody really cared, and after a few weeks, people stopped talking about it. Nobody ever stands up for the Plutos of the universe. At least not in my universe. (Beat.) Our high school has a Pluto problem.

Original

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Kayleen

When my dad died, when you... When you came to the funeral home that night. That stuff you said to me... You're always doing that, you know? The top ten best things anyone's ever done for me have all been done by you. And I know. I know I know I know.... I'm so stupid. I'm always.... I'm just fucked up, you know that. And so, I'm gonna need you to come looking for me again. Because I'm not great, you know? I'm not great. And I really need you right now. I really need you to come over and show me some stupid shit again, tell me some stupid joke like you always do. I'm sorry I've been gone. I'm back now. You know? I'm back now. So wake up. Wake up now, buddy. It's Tuesday. That was always your favorite day.

from GRUESOME PLAYGROUND INJURIES
by Bijou Joseph

Character: Kayleen

MAN. (*This speech is not an attack. It's more of a rumination – one that doesn't do much to make the woman feel better.*) Oh, come on. You give yourself too much credit. He was young. That's all you need to get your hopes dashed: Be young. And everybody starts out young, so... everybody gets their hopes dashed and besides... I don't think you really dashed his hopes. 'Cause if you dash somebody's hopes – well that's... kind of a nice way to let 'em down, 'cause it hurts... but it's quick. If you'd have said "No," that woulda been "dashing his hopes." (*Beat. Maybe a little pointed here.*) But you didn't say "No." You said nothin'. You just didn't answer him. At all. And that's... killin' hope the long, slow, painful way, 'cause it's still there just hangin' on, never really goes away. And that's... kinda like givin' somebody a little less air to breath every day. Till they die.

Ring Round the Moon *by Christopher Fry*

Isabelle

Well, are you satisfied now? You wanted entertainment, and no one can say you haven't had it. You stood up on your chair and told them who I was: or if you haven't yet, you have no need to. I'm going to show myself to them, looking as I am. A common little slut, as this lady class me. I've been unhappy: isn't that vulgar of me? I've been unhappy. And all because you didn't understand, or wouldn't understand, that I love you. It's because I love you that I've done my best to dazzle them this evening; it's because I love you that I've pretended to love your brother, it's because I love you that I was ready to throw myself in the lake, like a baby and a fool, to finish it all. If I hadn't loved you, and loved you from the moment we met, do you think I should have agreed to be in your mad puppet show? Well, won't you say something? It's tiresome, of course, this poor girl standing here saying she loves you. But please say something. You usually say so much. What's the matter?

Wonder of the World

By: David Lindsey Abaire

Character: Cass

464! Ah, my old life is 464 road signs behind me! Mmmmmm! God, don't you just love the smell of a bus?! You're pretending to be asleep, aren't you? But I can spot a faker. You're a little faker aren't you? Oh! Hi! You wanna strike up a conversation? My name's Cass and I just left my husband for very mysterious reasons. Uhhh....I've never been to Niagara Falls before. I almost went once with my parents, but then Kip proposed so I stayed behind to plan our wedding and my parents went without me. And on the way up, they hit a beaver. My dad lost control of the car, and they landed in a ditch. My mother was killed, and my father's legs were crushed...

Okay! Your turn to share! God, you're a challenge, aren't you? You know, for a really long time I thought that Kip had saved my life, but now I just think that if he hadn't proposed then I would have gone with my parents, and I would have been in the car to yell, "Dad, look out for that beaver!" and then my mom would still be alive, and I would have gone and seen Niagara Falls, and maybe there I could have met a man that I was meant to be with. A good man! Oh! I lost track of the road signs. Oh well. That was getting tiresome anyways. Wanna play punch buggy?

Mom Babe by Jim Chevallier

Please don't wear that dress. It makes you look like... well, a mom. Guys don't want to date their moms. Not even guys your age. Especially not guys your age. They want to date babes. Even chicks your age. They want you to be babes.

Now, I know you're my mom and all, and I probably shouldn't be saying this, but you totally have it in you to be the ultimate babe. This I believe. This I swear.

But not in that dress. That dress is the anti-babe. That dress is babeicide. It's like a great big sign saying, "Keep your eyes on the hairdo, pal! Nothing to see down here. Down here is off-limits. Visits not encouraged. Intruders keep out."

Now, from a strict marketing point of view, is this the message you wish to convey? I think not.

Do not hide the honey from the bear. Do not hide the apple from the worm. Do not hide the blossom from the bee.

Put on something sultry, something clinging, something that shows what you've got. Then dab a little color on those cheeks and go forth in all your glory, go forth in all your babe glory and conquer as is your due. Oh you babe you, oh sweet beloved mom-babe of mine.

Original

The Not So Perfect Child
By D.M. Larson
MOIRA

(Quiet anger)

You hate me don't you? I am never good enough for you.

(Anger builds)

**No matter what I do it's not as good as my sister. I always
have to hear how she would have done it better. Or how
she already did it better.**

(Hurt)

**Why does she want to ruin my life? She just wants to blot
me out like I was some sort of mistake... I'm just a copy...
A copy of a copy... Not as good as the original... Not as
good as you.**

(Sarcastic and bitter)

**You are so perfect... Everyone around me is so perfect...
And there was nothing left over for me... I am the leftover
failures...**

(Fury)

**Everyone hates me! Why does everyone think I am so
horrible... (Shakes and tries to hold back the fury) Probably
because I am. A horrible creature doomed to walk this
earth and suffer... For you.**

(Cries uncontrollably... Struggles to speak)

**I'm hurting... Hurting so bad inside... Punished for some
past life wrongs... What did I do in a past life to deserve
this... Do I remind you of some sin you want to forget?**

DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

ANNE

Look, Peter, the sky. *(she looks up through the skylight)* What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful part about thinking yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time? It's funny. I used to take it all for granted. And now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you? *(softly)* I wish you had a religion, Peter. Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox, or believe in heaven and hell and purgatory and things. I just mean some religion. It doesn't matter what. Just to believe in something! When I think of all that's out there. The trees. And flowers. And seagulls. When I think of the dearness of you, Peter. And the goodness of people we know. Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, the vegetable man, all risking their lives for us everyday. When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid any more. I find myself, and God, and I... We're not the only people that've had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to. Sometimes one race, sometimes another, and yet...I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith when people are doing such horrible things, but you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, the way I was with Mother. It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but some day I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart. Peter, if you'd only look at it as part of a great pattern? That we're just a little minute in the life? *(she breaks off)* Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grownups! Look at the sky now. Isn't it lovely?

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Like Dreaming, Backwards by Kellie Powell

NELL:

Have you ever had a dream and you realize that you're dreaming? And you realize: if you know that you're dreaming, then you can control what's going to happen next? When I have an episode, it's exactly like that - only backwards.

The first time I tried to kill myself, I was ten. When I woke up the next morning, I was relieved. I was happy that I hadn't succeeded. I didn't tell anyone. And for a while, I was happy to be alive. But then, a year later, I tried again. I've lost count of how many times I've tried and failed. I tried to poison myself, overdose on sleeping pills, hang myself, drown myself, suffocate myself, and throw myself into traffic. Now, when I wake up after taking every sleeping pill in arm's reach and washing it down with a bottle of wine, I'm never, ever relieved. I feel trapped. I feel like even more of a failure. And I have even wondered if the reason that I can't kill myself is because I'm already dead and in Hell. This is a living Hell. They say suicide is "taking the easy way out". Let me tell you: It's not that fucking easy. Your physical drive to live undermines your mind's desire to die. You can't bear another second of misery - but your heart just refuses to stop beating

The Fantasticks

written by Tom Jones & Harvey Schmidt

Luisa: This morning a bird woke me up. It was a lark, or a peacock; something like that. So I said hello. And it vanished, flew away, the very moment I said hello! It was quite mysterious. So do you know what I did? I went to my mirror and brushed my hair two hundred times, without stopping. And as i was brushing it, my hair turned mauve. No, honestly! Mauve! Then red. then some sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it.... I'm sixteen years old, and ever day something happens to me. i don't know what to make of it. When i get up in the morning and get dressed, I can tell...something's different. I like to touch my eyelids, because they're never quite the same. oh, oh, oh! I hug myself till my arms turn blue, then I close my eyes and cry and cry till the tears come down and I can taste them. I love to taste my tears. I am special. I am special! Please god, please, don't let me be normal!