

The Nina Variations

By Steven Dietz

TREPLEV

I was wildly happy. The very sound of your footsteps made me sing. You'd been riding and your cheeks were wet with tears- with haste. And then we kissed. You asked me something, and I can't even remember it. This is proof, Nina, don't you see? Proof that even then- in that first, lovely, hushed moment- that even then, we'd been fooled! That we were hopelessly wrong for one another! I'm being cruel...*(laughs)* that's a word that sounds like it feels. And it is always nearby, isn't it? Just waiting there beneath our days. And the very waiting makes it delicious to us. If only kindness lurked there instead. Odd. That in all this, neither of us remembers that kiss, how my mouth felt next to yours. I just remember that your cheeks were wet, and I was wildly happy.

Romantic Comedy

By Bernard Slade

LEO

I was outside the door when I heard these guttural groaning sounds and cries of pleasure. Naturally, I jumped to the conclusion that you were giving him a massage. So I burst in- and sure enough, you are...so, haha! *(beat)* It's amazing! Within a few weeks he's got you back to looking like Cinderella before she went to the ball. You've been distracted. Come on, it's like I've been living with a bad waitress. You never have to ask each other questions. It's like you read each other's mind. You finish each other's sentences. And yes, it bothers me...because you have to ask why it bothers me. I'm standing here fifteen minutes watching my wife and another man mentally copulate- I'm almost finished. I'm not exactly sure what is going on with you two-I'm not even sure you know either- but whatever it is, I think you should have a chance to find out and get it settled. To do that, you need time- and freedom. I wish you happiness- one way or another. I'd like to say you deserve each other- but I'm not sure you do.

Romantic Comedy

By Bernard Slade

JASON

Can you imagine the gall of that man? After all that's happened? Why shouldn't I feel jilted? The man was meeting with some film producer behind my back on a *screenplay!* I'm too young to start writing about real life from memory. My God do you know what I went through with that man for eleven years? He always exuded a strange musty smell that positively made my head reel. Did you even notice that? No, I'll never find another partner like Marty. He said he wanted his own identity...who would confuse us? The man was five feet tall and had a small clump of hair growing out of the bridge of his nose. I mean, we spent our writing lives together...five smash hits, two nervous hits and one flop. Lately, I've had this persistent, nasty thought. Was he the talented one? Blanche, this is no time for a pause. Please, just tell me.

Marvin's Room

By Scott McPherson

HANK

I was just looking at the tools. I was going to put them back...I...whaddya mean, you're giving them to me? You're just giving them to me? Really? The hospital won't let me keep them, though. When I go back they're moving me to a place for adults. I'm not going to take the test. I just don't want to go back. Being outside here is different than being outside at the hospital. Seems bigger. Mom is going to send me back to the hospital, though, I know it. My therapist says nobody ever does anything to be nice. People don't just do things. They get something for it, so I don't know why you're being so nice to me ...first time I hear from you is when you need something! I'm sure Mom is looking for me, I'd better go back in ...but I just... I'm just going to go put these tools back where I found them.

Fortinbras

By Lee Blessing

FORTINBRAS

So, what you're telling me is a ghost appears to Hamlet and tells him his uncle killed his father, so Hamlet pretends to go crazy — or maybe he really is, who cares? — and he decides to kill his uncle. Personally, I think we should just replace the whole story. We need a story that'll do something for us: explain the bodies, preserve the monarchy, give the people some kind of focus for all their — I don't know — anger, loss, whatever. And most of all, something that'll show people that everything that's happened up till now had to happen so that I could become king. I know how I'd like to explain it. A Polish spy. He sabotages the fencing match by poisoning the weapon and the wine — see how easy this is, all one guy — It's just so much better. Anyone can understand it. And the best thing is, it gives me that historical reason-for-being that's so important to a new king. You see? I'm here to save Denmark from an imminent attack by Poland. Of course, if you want to tell people that ridiculous story of yours, be my guest. But I'll bet mine's the one that catches on.

Fortinbras

By Lee Blessing

OSRIC

Horatio, get a grip on yourself. Monarchs change and we change with them. It's natural as the wind and rain. Do you want your head to end up in a sack? Then...what happened to the Electors? They were always nervous. I wouldn't be surprised if one of them was the Polish spy who...I know...I know!! But if there were one- I mean- if there were one- and we know there's not- sorry...(Breath) Well...he's cheerful. It's not like Hamlet- wandering around, looking morose all the time, wearing earth tones. Fortinbras does things. He gives orders we can follow. So what if he lies a little? Claudius lied a lot. Honestly, Horatio, I think you should just try to get on board for once.

Valhalla By Paul Rudnick

JAMES

Look at you. Henry Lee Stafford, all grown up! I'm out...a graduate. Baby. Three whole years. I came back. Why? One reason. You! I have so much to tell you. Reform school was the best. Now I can really get into a good prison. Man, it is so good to see you. Wait...what are you doing? Who are you meeting. I got tattooed, you know- at Laredo. With a candle, a razor- blade, and a ball-point pen. And it says..."Henry Lee..." and it hurt. Like a son-of-a-bitch. So I screamed, and I spat, and I cursed your name. Why? Because you have TWO names! (Beat) I've had lots of time to think about my crimes ,and my sins, and my tendencies. And do you know what I've decided? I love them. They are the very best part of me. And they are going to save me.

Suddenly Last Summer

by Tennessee Williams

GEORGE

What are you up to? Huh? Sister? Are you trying to ruin us. I may have Cousin Sebastian's wardrobe but everything else is in probate! Did you know that? That EVERYTHING else is in probate and Aunt Vi can keep it in probate just as long as she wants to? Sebastian has bequeathed to us, fifty grand each!- AFTER TAXES! GET IT? But its in PROBATE! And'll never get out of probate until you drop that story. Am I coming through to you? We won't get a single damn penny, honest 't God we won't. That story...it isn't just crazy...its..its...PERVERSE. I'm sorry, Cathie, but you know we NEED that money, Mama and me, we- Cathie? I got ambitions! And Cathie, I'm YOUNG, and I want things- Cathie, I NEED things. So will you please think of me? Of us?

The Miss Firecracker Contest

By Beth Henley

DELMOUNT

I don't know if you realized this, but momma the monkey left this whole house to me. And I'm going to sell it. I'm going to sell this house and every stick of furniture in it. And I do not want to hear another word from you about it. It's mine; it was given to me. And I'm not going to feel sorry for you because you went and dyed your hair fire-engine red. I am going to sell it. Then I will be able to move on. I am sick of working disgusting job after disgusting job. But listen to this, Child of Mine, after I sell it, I'm planning on giving you half of what I make so you can get out of this town. Think about it. There has never been anything here for you but sorrow. You don't need some blaze of glory. You don't need some contest. You just need to go, Carnelle. That is all I want for you...all I have ever wanted for you.

Pillow Talk

By Peter Tolan

AARON

I'm going to tell my grandmother that you're an epileptic...or that you had a seizure...or, I'm going to say that I heard you choking, so I woke up to give you the Heimlich Maneuver. No, Doug, I'm not pathetic, I'm screwed. As soon as my grandmother wakes up- the second her eyes open- she's going to say, "now what was it I had to do? Oh yeah, call Dick and Sheila and tell them that their son is a homo!" Go to hell, I'm overreacting. It's not your family, your reputation. You'll just be..."Steve...his lover!" Its was late at night. She may have forgotten. Tomorrow, we go in to breakfast and say, "sorry to wake you last night." If she forgot, we're good. If not, we go into Operation Confuse Grandma. We give her that look that says, "poor-old-grandma-its-just-so-sad," and we look down at her vicious little dog and say, "Pookie is so cute. You think she'd ever bite anyone." That will push her over the edge. *(Ta-da gesture.)*

Pillow Talk

By Peter Tolan

DOUG

I can't believe that you are thinking of lying to your grandmother. You are trading your grandmother's mental health for your own, and that is disgusting. You are really threatened... by me? You have nothing to worry about, Aaron. You're my best friend. You're my best friend, and I love you. There, I said it. I can't believe I did it. I opened up, and I said it. You see, I'm being an open person. It feels good. It takes a lot out of you, but it feels good. We're best friends, we're open with each other...and we love each other. You know, this is a piece of the larger puzzle. It's new territory. I'm crossing the country with a new outlook every day. If I've made this much progress on the first night, just imagine what the rest of the trip will be like. So, now I'm going to get undressed, and we can go to bed.

Crimes of the Heart

By Beth Henley

BARNETTE

So in order to quench this raging thirst that was choking you dry and preventing any possibility of you uttering intelligible sounds or phrase, you went into the kitchen and made up a pitcher of lemonade? Then you took Zachary a glass...even though he did not respond when you called him. Look, there's no reason for you to get yourself so all upset and worried. Please. You just keep filling in as much detailed information as you can about those incidents on the medical reports. That's all you need to think about Mrs. Botrelle...I mean, Becky. Don't you worry...Becky...we're going to have a solid defense. In fact, I have a solution for you. From now on I'll handle all communications between you two. You can simply refuse to speak with him. *(Pause)* Well, I'd better get over there and see just what he's got up his sleeve. Goodbye, Becky.

Opera Comique

By Nagle Jackson

BIZET

You! You are disappointed in me! You, who have the mind of a pancake, the heart of a hummingbird and the emotional sensitivity of a fencepost? You are disappointed in me... with your bracelets and earrings and petticoats and petty, boring soul, you are disappointed in me?? I have created a thing this evening, a work. My every waking moment has been focused on this day, on this night, on this...beautiful work... my beloved *Carmen*. And you- the primped and gussied dependent of some mindless functionary, you are disappointed in me! You come to me with alternate endings: have you considered insignificance? Or a simple solitude in some bourgeois suburb? Or better yet, and far more likely, a meaningless communion with some third-rate, propertied toad? These are the endings I propose to you, dear mademoiselle, for they require no work, no imagination and no concern. Which is what you have given me tonight.

Journey's End

By R.C. Sherriff

CAPTAIN STANHOPE

I know what you feel, Hibbert. I've known all along. I feel the same—exactly the same! Every little noise up there makes me feel—just as you feel. We all feel like you do sometimes, if you only knew. I hate and loathe it all. But supposing I said I can't—supposing we all say we can't—what would happen then? If you went—and left Osborne and Trotter and Raleigh and all those men up there to do your work—could you ever look a man straight in the face again—in all your life? You may be wounded. Then you can go home and feel proud—and if you're killed, you—you won't have to stand this hell any more. I might have fired just now. If I had you would have been dead now. But you're still alive—with a straight fighting chance of coming through. Take the chance and stand in with Osborne and Trotter and Raleigh. Don't you think it's worth standing in with men like that?—when you know they all feel like you do—in their hearts—and just go on sticking it because they know it's—it's the only thing a decent man can do. Well! What about it? Good man!

Five Finger Exercise

By Peter Shaffer

CLIVE

You think you can treat me like a child—but you don't even know the right way to treat a child. Because a child is private and important and itself. Not an extension of you. Any more than I am. I am myself. You think of me only as what I might become. What I might make of myself. But I am myself now—with every breath I take every blink of the eyelash. The taste of a chestnut or a strawberry on my tongue is me. The smell of my skin is me. You should want to become me and see them as I see them—as I should with you. But we can never exchange. Feelings don't unite us, don't you see? They keep us apart. And words don't help because they're unreal. I'm talking about care. Taking care. Care of people you want to know. Not just doing your best for them and hoping the best for them. Because what you do in the world, and so on, isn't important at all, not in the slightest, compared with what you look like and sound like and feel like as the minutes go by. That's why a question like—"What are you going to be?" is so unreal. Don't you see?

Hello Dolly

By Michael Stewart

CORNELIUS

Isn't the world full of wonderful things? There I sat cooped up in Yonkers for years and years and all the time wonderful people like Mrs. Molloy were walking around in New York and I didn't know them at all! I don't know whether you can all see from where you're sitting...well for instance, the way her eye and forehead and cheek come together up here. Can you? I tell you right now a fine woman is the greatest work of God on Earth! And they're awfully mysterious, too. I bet you could know a woman a hundred years without really being sure if she liked you or not. Today, I've lost so many things. My job, my future, everything that people think is important, but I don't care! Even if I have to dig ditches for the rest of my life, I'll be a ditch digger who once had a wonderful day!

The Bohemian Girl (a short story)

By Willa Cather

NILS

You can't sit on the bank and think about it. You have to plunge. That's the way I've always done, and it's the right way for people like you and me. There's nothing so dangerous as sitting still. You've only got one life, one youth, and you can let it slip through your fingers if you want, nothing easier. Listen, I'm not just some kind of tramp, Clara. I'm with a Norwegian shipping line. I expect I've got as much money as the Ericksons. And father sent me a little to get started. There! I hadn't meant to tell you; I wanted you to come on your own nerve...but one has to tear loose. You're not needed here. My bag is at the station...come along, Clara. I used to think you had nerve enough for anything. Where's your nerve, your Bohemian blood- what are you waiting for? Come with me!

Bent

By Martin Sherman

RUDY

Cheese, Max! I brought cheese. I know what you're thinking, I didn't steal it! I don't steal. I dug a ditch...I DID! Right outside of Cologne. They're building a road. They don't check your papers. You just sign in every morning, you work, then they give you food. Have some cheese. I have apples, too! I brought them for you...please...(MAX refuses) Fine, then don't eat them! I'll eat them. You weren't here when I got back. Did you go into town? Max, you know how scared I get when you leave me alone. You can't keep trying to make these deals...newspapers and tickets and new identification...you said you would get us those in Amsterdam, then in Hamburg, and "we will be fine, Rudy," in Stuttgart. I'm tired of your deals. I'm worried for you and for me, and I just want you to eat this cheese. I know it's terrible, but please, eat it...for me!

Fit to Be Tied

By Nicky Silver

BOYD

Carl is trying to kill himself again...no, not pills, red meat, the slow killer. Can I just say, I think the camera just loves you. You are going to be spectacular. A return to your element; Arloc Simpson is Mary Tyrone. Daring in its simplicity, shocking in its density. You can soooo do *Long Day's Journey Into Night* with one actor! The camera will just stay on you, and we can dub voice overs for everything else. It'll be great, the camera will follow you everywhere, wandering around the house succumbing to your morphine addicted madness. You have waited your whole life to play Mary Tyrone. You understand her! You are her...her tragedy runs through your veins. And I can capture that and give you immortality. Listen, when I came here, you should that you wanted me to give you a chance...now I want a chance!

Spinning Into Butter

By Rebecca Gilman

GREG

I think that no one wants to face the reality of the situation. But then, last night, when Dean Strauss got up and said to, you know, look inside ourselves and see were we culpable at all, well it really hit me. But my point is that we were all geared up to talk last night, but today is another day and I know how people are. If we're not careful, we'll just drop it. So, the thing is, I want to start an organization. I want to call it Students for Tolerance. So, now, I just need a little money for posters. It wouldn't look bad if I said I was president of Students for Tolerance before the committee actually approved it? Like, I mean, I'm applying to law school, and my resume is a little thin, if you know what I mean.. I am committed to this though, I am, and I can shell out a few bucks for posters, if its something I believe in. Thank you, Dean Daniels.

THE MERCY SEAT

By Neil Labute

BEN

Jesus... you think I was born this way, like some cut-throat pirate of the high seas? Huh? Hell, I'm just trying to muddle through, that's all, just muddle my way through to middle age, see if I can make it that far. You like trivia so damn much, well here's a little tidbit for ya...I'm faking it. OK? Totally getting on by fumes. I put on my game face on and go out there and I'm freaked out. *(Beat.)* You know what, I take it back...This *is* me. I've screwed up every step of my life, Abby, I'm not afraid to admit it. No matter what I do or have done, my kids adore the hell out of me, and I'm totally knocked out by that. And you...let's not forget you. Us. I've not done all that I've promised, said I'd do...screwed up all along the way- but I'm trying this time, with you. I mean, I'm trying. And so yesterday, through all this apocalyptic shit, I see a way for us to get through this- to erase it, to do away with a lot of the, just, crap we've done. More than anything else, that's what this is. A chance. I know it is.

DOGS BARKING

By Richard Zajdlic

NEIL

What would *you* want? A totally, selfish wish. What do you want for you? *(Beat)* I used to have this game with Alex. If you spotted an eyelash loose on their cheek, side of the nose- you'd gather it up, then hold it out for them to blow. Get a wish, see? We played it here that first night. She found one on me. Held it up. And I looked at her and thought....I wish this was enough. *(Beat)* She used to say 'I love you' in a way that made me cringe. 'I love you, Neil,' in this whining, self pitying tone that meant 'Don't leave me, Neil.' As if she knew in her heart that I wanted to go and that if she piled on enough guilt maybe I wouldn't. And when I finally did I thought at least now I'm free. I'd never have to hear that bleating tone again. But I did hear it. It was me saying 'don't leave me, Caroline.' *(Beat)* I'd always had this arrogant sensibility that I deserved something better. It made me think that every time that Caroline said I love you, maybe that's exactly what she meant.

ROOSTERS

By Milcha Sanchez-Scott

HECTOR

I only drink with people I trust. Father, that is my bird. Abuelo left it to me. *(Beat)* It is truth. It is the plain, tired, worn-out woman. The hands of a beautiful woman! Those aren't hands, they're claws because she has to scratch for a living. And Mother, it goes not to your head but to your heart, which is worse. Did he ever really take care of you? Did he ever go out and work to put food on the table, to buy you a dress? All he has is words, and he throws a few cheap words to you and you come to life. Don't you have any pride? And no one seems to realize that is my rooster. And that after that fight, depending on the outcome, I will sell him or eat him. I don't want to spend my life training chickens to be better killers. I don't want to spend my life in this valley.

ARCADIA

By Tom Stoppard

SEPTIMUS

You are mistaken sir. I did not insult your wife in the gazebo yesterday evening. I made love to your wife in the gazebo yesterday evening. She asked me to meet there, I have her note somewhere, I dare say I could find it for you, and if someone is putting it about that I did not turn up, by God, sir, it is a slander. Chater, Chater, Chater! My dear friend! First Mrs. Chater demanded satisfaction and now you demand satisfaction! I cannot spend my time night and day satisfying the Chater family. As for her reputation, she is the epitome of all the qualities society applauds in her sex. And as to fighting, well, I'll not. There are no more than two or three poets of first rank now living, and I will not shoot one of them dead over a perpendicular poke in a gazebo with a woman whose reputation could not be adequately defended with a platoon of musketry deployed by rote. *(Beat)* And I would say the same to Milton, were he not already dead. Not the part about his wife, though.

THE JUDAS KISS

By David Hare

WILDE

She charges me that I have not written to her. She sends me pictures of the children. I look at them. I cry. All evening I weep. What am I to say? How am I to write? She writes again. 'You have said nothing about the photos. What a brute you are! It is clear you do not love your children.' She wants me to answer. How can I? It is too cruel. I, who have spent my life holding language up to the light.

Making words shimmer in the light. How am I to say to her, 'I love my children so much I cannot write'? (*He is overwhelmed, on the verge of tears.*) It is all a bribe. It is all bribery. 'Behave as I would wish and one day you will see your children...' I sat with them, I played with them in the nursery. For years – yes, regardless – before the theatre, after the theatre – hurrying home to see my children – yes, even though I left to travel down the darkest East End street, to smear my mouth against men whose names I never knew, men whom I never saw, pressed against walls, in the dark, in the rough dark – yet every night I came home and told my children stories of ghosts, of fairies, of monsters and of enchanted lands...these are my children, Robbie. The nursery was my home, not the bedroom. (*He lifts one hand, helpless.*) And now she holds my boys like pieces in a game. She will move them forward or she will hold them back. It is not right. I have never seen them since the day I was sent to prison. What are we? Animals? Lower than animals. The animal holds its cub close, lets its cub come near...No, I cannot speak of it. (*He is too distraught to go on.*)

AFTER THE BALL

by David Williamson

STEPHEN

Does that take you back? The Palais de Dance? Big bands? Streamers? Polished floors? Swirling dresses? The nervous banter? The sizing up? The quickening heart beat as eye caught eye across the crowded floor? And Dad? You'll be with him again soon.

You *did* love him at the start, didn't you? That's why you want your ashes up there with him. Nobody starts a relationship thinking it's going to be anything less than perfect and neither did you. On the Richter scale of marital discord yours would have scored in the very high sevens, but I've finally realised that it wasn't your fault and it wasn't his. In another country and another time your talent *would* have been spotted and you *wouldn't* have spent your life angry and bored. Doctors' wives would have filled theatres and given you standing ovations. You would have got the love and attention you craved — and probably deserved.

[Pause]

Do you know why I think Dad left his Deborah for you? I don't think it was the sex. I think that deep in his bones he knew you were the most talented person he was ever going to meet in his life. But you made him pay. An audience of one was never going to be enough for you, was it? I'm not condemning. I finally understand. And I'm really sorry. Just when I *can* say I love you and mean it, it's too bloody late.

THE GOLDEN AGE

By Louis Nowra

FRANCIS

They survived; why not us? It doesn't matter, anyway. Why should I go back?

How can I go back after all I've seen? This is what I hate about this country: it pretends nothing important ever happened. Everything we experienced overseas...we return and pretend we never experienced it. I shot that German, not out of pity, but because I was filled with hate. All right, pretend it didn't happen. You helped co-ordinate the bombing raids over Germany. Forget it. We obliterated a group of people, not through deliberate cruelty, but through plain stupidity and indifference. Doesn't matter, no problems, mate. Indifference is our guiding star. We'd sooner turn our attention to making a quick quid, like children amused by shiny trinkets. We'd sooner wipe out all unpleasant memories, block our ears and pretend we can't hear the cry of pain. If we heard that cry, then our sense of ourselves would be deeper, then we shall have reached home. We are lost, rootless people: she isn't.

DREAMS IN AN EMPTY CITY

by Stephen Sewell

CHRIS

His whole body was trembling; the pupils of his eyes had almost disappeared. There was a dry blade of grass in his hair. He was whispering. I put the gun under his chin. I was breathing heavily, I was covered in sweat, but I felt clearer than I'd ever done in my life. I put the gun under his chin. The sky was blue, perfect, crystal. I'd never felt that kind of power before. I put the gun under his chin. His eyes were trying to look at where my fingers were. I said to him – I can still hear myself, I said to him 'God loves you'...Then I blew his head off...I went back to the village and sat...They brought me food. When night came, they covered me. I sat there the rest of that day and the next...They brought candles; they burnt incense in front of me...Other villagers came...They wanted me to be a god. The Federal cop got me out. Another two days and I wouldn't have even been a corpse to bury...

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS

By Nick Cristano

You know—you—you people are unbelievable! You invited her over without telling me. Which you had no right to do. Did any of you take into consideration how I would feel? Did any of you take into consideration how your sneaky little plan—which didn't work, by the way!—was infringing on my life? Hell, no! And exactly what kind of plan was that? You expected what? For us to meet and fall in love and spend the rest of our lives together! Well it doesn't happen that way! Today, we do things differently. We have careers and ambitions and we only fall in love with people who **we** choose, who **we** pick, when we're damn good and ready! But no, you people, you just did what you wanted because you want me to live my life your way. Well you know what, maybe I don't want to get married. Maybe I like **my** life the way **I've** made it! Maybe I need to find out what I'm about! Ya know, now I understand why Melissa and my parents really moved! 'Cause they wanted to live without constant interference! And judgment! And criticism! Oh yeah, I was feeling guilty about moving to Seattle—thinking maybe I shouldn't take the job 'cause I'd be leaving you! But now, no guilt! I'm home free! I'm outta here!

OVER THE TAVERN

By Tom Dudzick

RUDY

(Rushes in, kneels and does the Sign of the Cross.) Jesus, I hate him. I hate him! I know I'll go to hell for saying that, but I can't help it! I do! You could do something to help us, why don't you? Couldn't we have Robert Young for just one day? ...Jesus, I never hear from you. I pray every night for things to get better. If you could just let me know you're listening. A sign. Nothing big, just something so I'll know your listening. Uhhh, here, I'll watch that candle.

(Looks somewhere off in the distance) If you make it light up, I'll know everything's going to be okay. You ready? Okay, go. (Rudy watches intently for a while. Nothing happens) The one on the end there. On the left. (Again, nothing happens) Okay, I'll close my eyes.

(Puts his hands over his eyes. After a while, peeks through) Okay, you probably want to give me a better sign. Like when the angel appeared to Mary. Okay, so I'll wait. I'll wait till tomorrow morning. We had a deal, Jesus. I said I'd be a soldier for you. Please Jesus. If you don't... I dunno. I guess I'll just have some thinking to do.

RESCUE

By L. Kaye

JAKE

Sunny, come on, open the door. I mean, listen, I didn't mean those things I said. You know that. Everybody fights. Especially if they love each other, right? And Sunny, you know I never want to hurt your feelings. Sometimes I just forget what I'm not supposed to say. Because you have to admit, there are a lot of things you don't like...

If you come out, though, I won't say anything, I promise. I'll touch your hair, if you want. I'll comb it out, and then we'll go to a restaurant, one of those fancy ones you like with the cloth napkins and purple candles. We'll sit by a window, Sunny, and look at the tugboats flopping up and down on the river. And you'll say how the water's so cold, it can just sweep you up, and I'll ask if there isn't something warm that might take you instead and then you'll kiss me...

Of course, you don't have to. It's always your choice, Sunny, even though I miss kissing you. I'll wait, you know I will, until you feel better and the nightmares stop and... Damn it, Sunny, I can hear the water running. What you doing in here? You're not hurting yourself again, are you? Sunny! Come out here and yell at me, I don't care. Hit me if you want or something. I can't take this...

RABBIT HOLE

By David Lindsay- Abaire

JASON

So, I don't see any photos anywhere. The one in the article was nice. Him at the beach. I used to have a shirt just like that one. The one he's wearing in the picture. (Beat) 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 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, so it's possible I was going a little too fast. And then 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.

Brigadoon

By Alan Jay Lerner

JEFF

Well, kiddies, that's what happened to Tommy today. But, what about his friend Jeff? Well, he had fun too. Tonight he went running off through the woods after some highland hot-head who was gonna make all the people disappear by crossing the wrong street. Well after a while, Jeff thought he saw a bird perched low in a tree, and he shot at it. Something fell to the ground. He rushed over to it, and whaddya think it was? It was hot-head Harry. Yessir, the boy Dermish himself, lying there looking all dead....Now to kill somebody somewhere else in the world would've been an awful thing, but you see, Harry was a citizen of the little town that wasn't there, and he probably never lived in the first place. Chances are there weren't even any woods. In fact the whole day probably never even happened, because you see, this is a fairy tale...(angry) Dream stuff, boy, all made up outta broomsticks and wishing wells! It's either that or a boot camp for lunatics, I don't know what goes on around here. All I know is that whatever it is, it's got nothing to do with me and nothing to do with you! And anything that happens to either of us just doesn't count! How can it when you don't understand it? And you wanna give up your family, your friends, your whole life for this? It's not even worth arguing about. Now go say goodbye to the little people and thank them for the picnic!...You're confused aren't ya boy? You know, if you believed as much as you think you do, you wouldn't be.

ELLIOT LOVES**By Jules Feiffer****ELLIOT**

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

TARTUFFE**By Moliere****CLEANTE**

There are too many such mean hypocrites in the world; but from them the truly pious are easy to distinguish. Our age offers us abundant and glorious examples, my brother. Look at Ariston, look at Périande, Oronte, Alcidamus, Polydore, and Clitandre. No one will refuse them this title. They are no pretenders to virtue. You never see in them this unbearable ostentation, and their piety is human and tractable. They never censure the doings of others; they think there is too much pride in such censure; and leaving lofty words to others, they only reprove our actions by their own virtue. They do not trust to the appearance of evil, and are more inclined to judge kindly of others. We find no cabals, no intrigues among them; all their anxiety is to live a holy life. They never persecute the sinner, but they hate the sin. They do not care to display for the interest of Heaven a more ardent zeal than Heaven itself displays. These are people after my own heart; it is thus we should live; this is the pattern for us to follow. Tartuffe is not of this stamp, I know. You speak with the best intention of his goodness, but I fear you are dazzled by false appearances.

TARTUFFE**By Moliere****TARTUFFE**

The unspeakable sweetness of your divine charms forced the obstinate resistance of my heart; it overcame everything -- fasting, prayers, and tears -- and fixed all my hopes in you. A thousand times my eyes and my sighs have told you this; to-day I explain myself with words. Ah! if you consider with some kindness the tribulations and trials of your unworthy slave, if your goodness has compassion on me, and deigns to stoop so low as my nothingness, I shall ever have for you, O marvellous beauty, a devotion never to be equalled. With me your reputation runs no risk, and has no disgrace to fear. All those court gallants upon whom women dote, are noisy in their doings, boastful in their talk. Ever vain of their success, they never receive favours without divulging them; and their indiscreet tongues dishonour the altar on which their hearts sacrifice. But men like me burn with a hidden flame, and secrecy is forever assured. The care which we take of our own reputation is a warrant to the woman who accepts our heart, that she will find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.