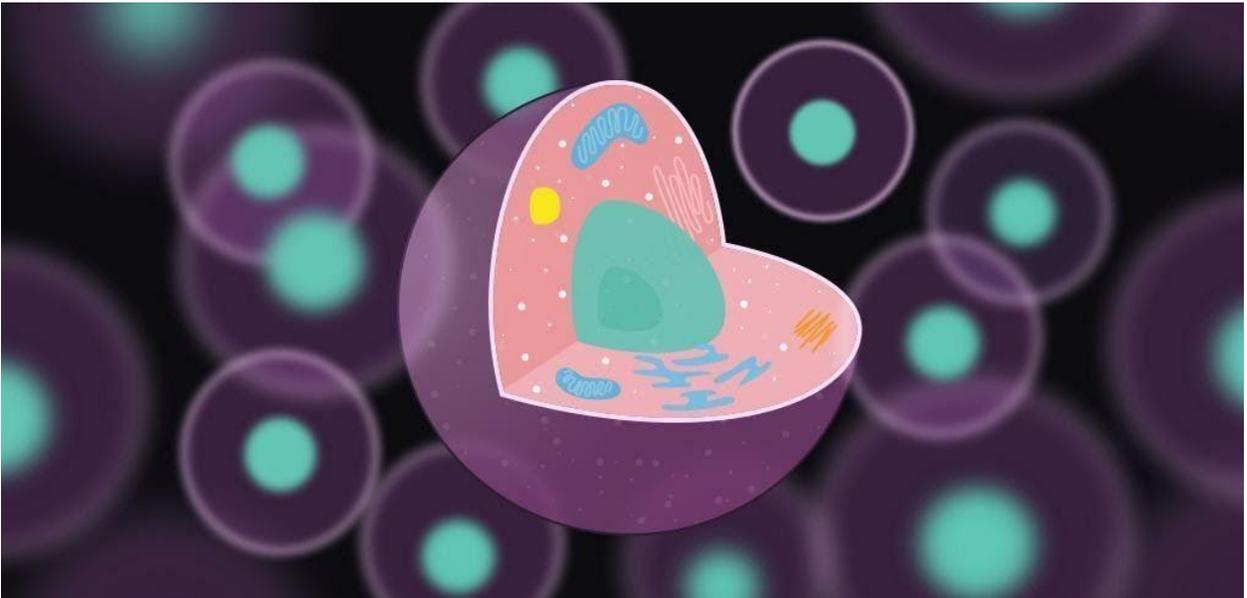


# PCHPROF.COM BASIC UNITS OF ACTING

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## INTRODUCTION

Through each of the following units the student actor will be introduced to an approach to acting that is technique based. Feeling is not dismissed but it is treated as an end result produced in the actor, and more importantly in the audience, through a technical process involving the actor playing the right objective (motivation) through the correct set of character and environmental given circumstances. Only the objectives and the given circumstances defined by the playwright in the particular instance are to be used. No substitution is necessary.

Have fun ACTING the character - don't become the character or lose yourself in the part.

Always remember you are an artist who continually knows they are creating a work of art!

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## Class Structure

You will be presenting Scenes in this Scene Study class. PAPERWORK recognizing objectives and given circumstances will be required at the First Showing of each Scene - not at the Second Showing. After the Second Showing you will receive your graded PAPERWORK back.

## Scene Anatomy PAPERWORK

This PAPERWORK needs to be filled out completely and thoughtfully. Hand it individually to me just before performing your First Showing of each scene. You are breaking your scene down into MOTIVATIONAL UNITS. Each UNIT has two conflicting objectives - one for you and one\_ for your partner/opponent.

In addition to this filled in Paperwork you will also STAPLE a xeroxed copy of your scene with it broken down into NUMBERED Motivational Units. You will list the Objectives and Tempos on the left side of the script and the Blocking on the right side of the script with the Ground Plan and overall Blocking patterns on the back of one of the sheets.



Environmental Givens \_\_\_\_\_

Character Givens \_\_\_\_\_

Laban: weight/time/space \_\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_\_

UNIT ONE:

Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY) him/her

Tempo=fast, medium, slow=\_\_\_\_\_

Blocking=\_\_\_\_\_

Partner/Opponent Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY)

THESE TWO OBJECTIVES MUST CONFLICT!

UNIT TWO:

Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY) him/her

Tempo=fast, medium, slow \_\_\_\_\_

Blocking=\_\_\_\_\_

Partner/Opponent Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY)

THESE TWO OBJECTIVES MUST CONFLICT!

UNIT THREE:

Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY) him/her

Tempo=fast, medium, slow \_\_\_\_\_

Blocking=\_\_\_\_\_

Partner/Opponent Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY)

THESE TWO OBJECTIVES MUST CONFLICT!

UNIT FOUR:

Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY) him/her

Tempo=fast, medium, slow=\_\_\_\_\_

Blocking=\_\_\_\_\_

Partner/Opponent Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY)

THESE TWO OBJECTIVES MUST CONFLICT!

UNIT FIVE:

Objective = TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY) him/her

Tempo=fast, medium, slow \_\_\_\_\_

Blocking=\_\_\_\_\_

Partner/Opponent Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY)

THESE TWO OBJECTIVES MUST CONFLICT!

UNIT SIX:

Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY) him/her

Tempo=fast, medium, slow=\_\_\_\_\_

Blocking=\_\_\_\_\_ Partner/Opponent

Objective=TO \_\_\_\_\_ (ONE WORD ONLY)

THESE TWO OBJECTIVES MUST CONFLICT!

**Further questions concerning your scene:**

Good Ground Plan? \_\_\_\_\_

Good BLOCKING???

Three Climatic Compositions Only? \_\_\_\_\_

Played givens of your character? \_\_\_\_\_

CONFLICT WITH PARTNER/OPPONENT? \_\_\_\_\_

Costume (**IMPORTANT**) ? \_\_\_\_\_

No props? \_\_\_\_\_

**GRADING SCALE:**

\*MOST IMPORTANT PART OF PAPERWORK: !!!!

(#10 is highest and #1 is lowest) I CARE ABOUT THIS! Think and be honest! This is the most important element in all of your Paperwork! You should grade yourself AFTER YOUR LAST REHEARSAL!

This GRADING SCALE is what you will use when writing your papers on the show(s) that you are required to see and papers that you are required to write! Pick a character from the show that you see and provide very SPECIFIC examples pro or con from this scale:

Did you have:

URGENCY\_\_\_

ELECTRICITY \_\_\_\_\_

STAGE ENERGY\_\_\_\_\_

COMMITMENT \_\_\_\_\_

COMMUNION \_\_\_\_\_

INTENSITY \_\_\_\_\_

VOLUME\_\_\_\_\_

ARTICULATION \_\_\_\_\_

FOCUS\_\_\_\_\_

OPEN TO ENTIRE AUDIENCE \_\_\_\_\_

EYE CONTACT WITH PARTNER\_\_\_\_\_

GREAT TRANSITIONS\_\_\_\_\_

SIMPLICITY \_\_\_\_\_

VARIETY\_\_\_\_\_

DID YOU TAKE RISKS\_\_\_\_\_

GOOD CLEAR TRANSITIONS BETWEEN UNITS\_\_\_\_\_

NO RAMBLING OR WANDERING \_\_\_\_\_

PAUSES ARE IMPORTANT \_\_\_\_\_

DO NOT LOOK AT THE FLOOR \_\_\_\_\_

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE:

Dates and times:

Comments on how the rehearsals went:

TOTAL TIME (IMPORTANT):

NOTES:

**OBJECTIVES;**

Your objectives MUST have a receiver (your partner/opponent).

Therefore, TO THINK is not an objective.

Your objective CANNOT have the word "BE" in it. BE implies that you are playing an emotion which does not require a receiver. Emotions should be the outcome which is triggered by playing a strong objective in the correct set of given circumstances.

Your objectives must be strong verbs which inspire physical action. TO LISTEN is an unacceptable objective.

TRANSITIONS are when you move from one objective to the next. Make them extreme.

Transitions give your scene SHAPE; RISES AND FALLS; PEAKS AND VALLEYS; SHIFTING GEARS, etc. They are the second most important part of acting after the playing of objectives.

Your objectives MUST be chosen from the 101 list below!

OBJECTIVES (Transitive Verbs):

TO: \_\_\_\_\_ him/her!

- |              |                |              |               |
|--------------|----------------|--------------|---------------|
| 1.Abuse.     | 32. Dare.      | 63.Molest.   | 94.Tease.     |
| 2.Accost.    | 33.Defy.       | 64. Mortify. | 95. Tempt.    |
| 3.Advise.    | 34. Degrade.   | 65. Nag.     | 96.Threaten.  |
| 4.Aggregate. | 35.Delight.    | 66.Offend.   | 97.Torment.   |
| 5.Annoy.     | 36.Deprecate.  | 67.Pacify.   | 98.Tyrannize. |
| 6.Arouse.    | 37.Deride.     | 68.Perplex.  | 99.Wheedle.   |
| 7.Attack.    | 38.Disgust.    | 69.Perturb.  | 100.Woo.      |
| 8.Attract.   | 39.Embarrass.  | 70.Pester.   | 101. Wound.   |
| 9.Awe.       | 40. Encourage. | 71.Praise.   |               |
| 10.Badger.   | 41. Enlighten. | 72.Reassure. |               |

- 11.Bait. 42.Enrage. 73.Rebuke.  
 12.Befriend. 43.Entice. 74. Reject.  
 13.Beg. 44.Entreat. 75. Repel.  
 14.Belittle. 45.Excite. 76. Reprimand.  
 15.Beseech. 46.Flabbergast. 77.Reproach.  
 16.Bewilder. 47.Flatter. 78.Ridicule.  
 17.Bother. 48. Glorify. 79.Satisfy..  
 18.Cajole. 49. Grill. 80. Scare.  
 19.Caution. 50.Horrify. 81. Scold.  
 20.Challenge. 51.Humiliate. 82. Seduce.  
 21.Charm. 52.Humor. 83.Shame.  
 22.Chastise. 53.Hypnotize. 84.Shock.  
 23.Chide. 54.Implere. 85. Snub.  
 24.Coax. 55.Impress. 86. Soothe.  
 25.Coerce. 56.Injure. 87.Stun.  
 26.Comfort. 57.Inspire. 88. Tame.  
 27.Command. 58.Intimidate. 89.Tantalize.  
 28.Confuse. 59.Interrogate. 90.Taunt. 29.Console.  
 60. Irritate. 91. Tease.  
 30.Coerce. 61.Mesmerize. 92.Tempt .  
 31 Curse. 62.Mock. 93.Threaten.

NOTES:

### **GROUND PLAN**

YOU MUST LISTEN TO LECTURE TO LEARN GROUND PLAN WHICH IS a large portion of  
SCENE GRADE if you choose not to use the one that you are given.

The ground plan is the arrangement of furniture/set. Check that  
 you have done these basic rules:

1. A good ground plan is an obstacle course which keeps you and your partner/opponent apart.
2. Must be able to and move around furniture/set pieces.
3. Must use walls in classroom but not door.
4. Door is indicated by placing two chairs back to back with some room in between.
5. Window is indicated by turned around chair with the back being the window sill. Usually windows are placed down left or down right. Tying down the corners of the stage set.
6. Stage Right is to the right of the actor on stage & Stage Left is to the left of the actor on stage.
7. Downstage is toward the audience & Upstage is away from the audience.
8. Do not use flat lines because diagonal lines create tension which is desirable on stage.
9. Tie down your corners d.s.r. and d.s.l. to give a purpose to use the depth of the stage. Actors feel comfortable using horizontal moves but not vertical moves. Force yourselves to use vertical moves.
10. Use the ENTIRE space.
11. Have at least 3 unusual sitting positions.
12. \*\*\*Must staple your Ground Plan with your Blocking on it to the PAPERWORK when you hand it in.

NOTES:

## **BLOCKING**

Blocking is the movement performed by the actors on a stage.

Unless you are performing in THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD (which you are not - you are performing Modern Realism) black out any stage directions in your script and find your own blocking for your scene.

1. If there are 6 Units in your scene then there will probably be about 6 pieces of blocking AT MOST.
2. Blocking often occurs in Transitions.
3. Blocking is inspired by the Objectives that you are playing. Organic blocking.
4. Don't use boring blocking such as sitting side by side on a sofa or at a table.
5. Use no more than 3 brief Climactic Compositions (when the two of you are within 4 feet of each other). Use those 3 only in moments of high emotion and make them interesting.
6. Use VARIETY in your blocking. Use high standing level at the same time as low sitting level.
7. Ensure Obstacles are BETWEEN you and your partner/opponent.
8. Use walls and full stage distance BETWEEN you.
9. Use furniture in unique ways.
10. If you move (make a stage cross) do it with commitment.
11. Never ramble or wander.
12. Be OPEN to audience.
13. Don't linger in the no mans land which is the created empty space in a normal triangle Ground Plan.
14. Always take the upstage cross; always take the S-shaped curve; always make the LONG cross.
15. Tie into furniture.
16. ALWAYS have your downstage foot BEHIND your upstage foot.
17. Blocking must account for constant eye contact.
18. Write blocking in pencil.
19. NO LOOKING AT FLOOR!

**SCENE GUIDELINES**

1. Pick your scene choices EARLY.
2. Pick your scene partners EARLY.
3. No film or original or comic scripts!!!
4. Approval needed from Instructor for your scene
5. No scenes with Stage Combat or kissing.
6. Read the Wikipedia synopsis of script!
7. DO NOT UTube it or watch the film!
8. Rehearse! Don't talk! Use ground plan or create one.
9. Rehearse your Slate. Keep it simple and professional. Your name and your partner/opponent's name and characters you are playing and title of play and playwright. That's it! Rehearse it!
10. Say the word SCENE at the beginning and ending of your scene. (For monologues you just say thank you at the end).
11. Do not mime.
12. Do not improvise.
13. No starting over or calling for lines.
14. If your partner forgets lines (goes up on lines) then you MUST save them quickly by repeating your line, saying their line, jumping forward or going back, improvise.

NOTES:

**APPROVED SCENE LISTS****#1: Textbook = CONTEMPORARY SCENES FOR STUDENT ACTORS:**

Edited by Michael Shulman and Eva Mekler (Penguin)

**ONE MAN & ONE WOMAN:**

TWO FOR THE SEESAW (cut start with "Let's get it over with" and end with "We'll battle it out when you are on your feet")

I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER

THE LION IN WINTER

THE CRUCIBLE (Act Two Only)

KINGDOM OF EARTH

GOLDEN BOY

THE TENTH MAN

27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON (start with "what's your name")

THE SEAHORSE (no violence)

DIRTY HANDS

DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES

THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN

**TWO WOMEN:**

IN THE BOOM BOOM ROOM

HELLO FROM BERTHA

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE

ANTIGONE

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

GIRL ON THE VIA FLAMINIA

**TWO MEN:**

AMERICAN BUFFALO

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL

SHORT EYES

STREAMERS (No violence)

BOYS IN THE BAND

**#2: Textbook = THE ACTORS SCENEBOOK:**

Edited by Michael Shulman and Eva Mekler (Bantam)

**ONE MAN & ONE WOMAN:**

TALLEY'S FOLLY (start with "his family didn't want to marry" and end "her name Lottie Tally")

BETRAYAL

VIEUX CARRE (start with "I'd like to remind you" and end "with after dark on Sundays")

THE COLLECTOR

MODIGIANI (no chase, slaps, sex)

ANNE OF A THOUSAND DAYS

AWAKE AND SING (careful with grab)

CALIGULA (no violence)

WAITING FOR LEFTY (no kiss)

THE RUNNER STUMBLES (end with "make me forget" no kiss)

INNOCENT THOUGHTS, HARMLESS INTENTIONS (start "sorry not happy" and change "held" to "threatens")

**TWO WOMEN:**

AGNES OF GOD (no cigarette)

LAUNDRY AND BOURBON

A DELICATE BALANCE

THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION

**#3: Textbook = DUO! THE BEST SCENES FOR THE 90's:**

Edited by John Horvath, Lavanne Mueller and Jack Temchin (Applause)

**ONE MAN & ONE WOMAN:**

BORDERLINE (end with "want to dance")

FRESH HORSES (start with "I hate those girls who were here")

MILLENNIUM APPROACHES

MUSIC FROM A LOCKED ROOM

THE TALENTED TENTH (end with yes).

WRONG TURN AT LUNGFISH

**TWO WOMEN:**

THE EARLY GIRL

LOON WOMAN

MAMA DRAMA (end with "you still can't come back here after the baby is born")

THE TALENTED TENTH

**TWO MEN:**

EL SALVADOR (start with "Fuller, you just can't walk out on me.")

**#4: Textbook = DUO! THE BEST SCENES FOR TWO FOR THE 21st CENTURY:**

**MEN, WOMEN, ALL:**

AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY

BENCH SEAT FROM AUTOBAHN

BLACK THANG

DEAD MAN'S CELL PHONE

DEVELOPING IN A DARK ROOM

ERRATICA

EXPECTING ISABEL

FREEDOM HIGH

GAP

LET IT GO

MAGGIE MAY MARE'S

NEST

THE MERCY SEAT

OUR LADY OF 121st STREET

PARADISE

PERSEPHONE UNDERGROUND

PROPHECY

REBEL MOON

RED LIGHT WINTER

SCENES FROM AN UNFINISHED LIFE

SOME GIRL(s)

SOME GIRL(s) #2

THEY'RE JUST LIKE US

WOMAN KILLER

WTC VIEW

AGE OF AROUSAL

ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL

AMERICAN TET

AMSTEL IN TEL AVIV

DEAD MAN'S CELL PHONE

DOUBT

THE ELEKTRA FUGUES

THE EYES OF THE HEART

GRIEVING FOR GENEVIEVE

THE INTELLIGENT DESIGN OF JENNY CHOW

SECOND THIRD

V-E DAY

YOGA WARRIOR

THE BATTLE OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS

B'SHALOM

BURNING THE OLD MAN

CORPS VALUES

FLOATING HOME FROM AN INTIMATE HISTORY OF EXILE

I JUST WANNA GET TO PHOENIX

OPUS

OUR LADY OF 121st STREET

THE OVERWHELMING

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ESKIMOS

TAKE ME OUT

TAKE ME OUT #2

TIME OUT

NOTES:

**REQUIRED FIRST MALE/FEMALE SCENE**

**THE TRIP BACK DOWN\*\*\* (Must be your first scene!)**

By John Bishop

JO ANN: Wait a minute, Bobby! We can't keep doing this over and over again. I do want to talk... But you don't want to listen.

BOBBY: You don't want me to go?

JO ANN: No. You are my husband. I want you to be here. I want you to be with us. I want something solid for us all. Something solid and worthwhile.

BOBBY: Like what?

JO ANN: I am saying that there is a growth to things. You plant something and wait for it ...

BOBBY: Bullshit!

JO ANN: There's an order... you want everyone to go racing around on some strange kind of quick fortune? You think that makes sense?

BOBBY: For me.

JO ANN: For you. Everything for you. What about everybody else?

BOBBY: I ain't everybody.

JO ANN: Well, I am!

BOBBY: What?

JO ANN: Jesus Christ, will you stop being selfish?

BOBBY: Selfish ... You wanna come with me, is that it? What do you want, Jo Ann, what? You want me to take a job at the Westinghouse factory? You want that for me? Well that ain't me! Never was!

JO ANN: Who are you, Bobby? You'll never find out by racing. It will change every weekend, every race. Don't you see that?

BOBBY: You know what. You are scared. You're scared to move. Scared of anything different. You didn't use to be this way. But now something is scaring you. If you had your way you would never move your butt out of this house.

JO ANN: That is not true.

BOBBY: The thing that I don't understand is where the hell was all this hate for racing when we got married? What were you going to try and do? Try and change me or something? I don't change.

JO ANN: That was 7 years ago, Bobby. A lot of things were different then.

BOBBY: You can say that again.

JO ANN: You never really wanted me to share anything with you anyhow. Most often when I asked you about your car or a race, you just mumbled back at me. When I did go out to the track, you acted like I didn't belong to you. Like you were ashamed of me. Were you, Bobby?

BOBBY: I just asked you to come along.

JO ANN: This is before.

BOBBY: Fuck before. I'm talking about now.

JO ANN: And I am talking about the way you made me feel. You made me feel out of place and inadequate. You cut me out of your life, Bobby. I have never turned my back on you.

BOBBY: Except in bed.

JO ANN: WHAT?

BOBBY: You turn your back in bed, don't you? You sure as hell turn your back there.

JO ANN: WHAT?

BOBBY: You are like that joke. You know how to stop an Irish Catholic from fucking? Ya marry her. That's you.

JO ANN: You bastard. Oh you bastard!

BOBBY: It's the truth, ain't it? Hey come back here! I'm asking you a question! It's the truth, ain't it?

JO ANN: No it's not the truth. It's not all me. What about you? You ...

BOBBY: No. Oh no. I know about me. You were never the hottest thing coming down the pike, you know. Christ I never knew a woman got wet until ...

JO ANN: Until what? God damned you. Until what? Until you made it with one of those teeny boppers that hang around the track?

BOBBY: I said a WOMAN!

JO ANN: You son of a bitch. You son of a bitch. Just get out of here. Just get the hell out of here!

BOBBY: Take it easy, lady. Take it god damned easy. Or someday I'll go out of that door for good.

JO ANN: Then go. Oh damn. Damn!

BOBBY: Listen. Jo Ann. Listen.

JO ANN: No. No more. Just leave me alone. Get out.

BOBBY: Wait. Goddamn it. Wait.

JO ANN: Goddamn you. You son of a bitch. God damn you. **THE END**

NOTES:

**FIRST REQUIRED MALE/MALE SCENE****AMERICAN BUFFALO \*\*\*\* (Must be your first scene!)**

By David Mamet

TEACH: What time is it?

DON: It's midnight.

TEACH: I'm going out there now. I'll need the address.

DON: What's that?

TEACH: What?

DON: That.

TEACH: This gun?

DON: Yes.

TEACH: What does it look like?

DON: A gun.

TEACH: It IS a gun.

DON: I don't like it.

TEACH: Don't look at it.

DON: I'm serious.

TEACH: So am I.

DON: We don't need a gun, Teach.

TEACH: I pray that we don't, Don.

DON: We don't. Tell me why we need a gun.

TEACH: It's not a question do we need it. Only that it makes me feel comfortable. Okay? It helps me to relax. So, God forbid, something inevitable happens. And the choice is. And I'm saying God forbid. It's either him. Or us.

DON: Who?

TEACH: The guy. I'm saying god forbid the guy. Or somebody comes in. He's got a knife. A cleaver from one of those magnetic boards ...

DON: Yeah?

TEACH: With the two strips?

DON: Yeah?

TEACH: And whack. And somebody's bleeding to death. This is all. Merely as a deterrent. All the preparation in the world does not mean shit. The path some crazed lunatic sees you as an invasion of his personal domain. Guys go nuts, Don. You know this. Public officials. Ax murderers. All I'm saying is to look out for your own.

DON: I don't like the gun.

TEACH: It's a personal thing, Don. A personal thing of mine. A silly personal thing. I just like to have it along. Is this so unreasonable?

DON: I don't want it.

TEACH: I'm not going without it.

DON: Why do you want it?

TEACH: Protection of me and my partner. Protection, deterrence. We are only going around the fucking corner for chrissake.

DON: I don't want it with.

TEACH: I can't step down on this, Don. I got to have it with. The light of things as they are. DON: Why?

TEACH: Because of the way things are. Hold on a second!

DON: Fletcher?

TEACH: Cops.

DON: What are they doing?

TEACH: Cruising.

DON: They turn the corner?

TEACH: Hold on. Yes. They have the right idea. Armed to the hilt. Sticks, mace, knives. Who knows what the fuck they got. They have the right idea. Social customs break down. Next thing everybody's lying in the gutter!

**THE END**

NOTES:

**FIRST REQUIRED FEMALE/FEMALE SCENE**

**THE CHILDRENS HOUR\*\*\*(MUST BE FIRST SCENE)**

By Lillian Hellman

MARTHA: Where's Joe?

KAREN: Gone.

MARTHA: Karen. What's the matter?

KAREN: He won't be back.

MARTHA: You mean he won't be back anymore tonight.

KAREN: He won't be back at all.

MARTHA: What happened? What happened, Karen?

KAREN: He thought we had been lovers.

MARTHA: I don't believe you. I don't believe it. What kind of awful talk is that? I don't believe you. I don't believe it.

KAREN: All right. All right.

MARTHA: Didn't you tell him? For God's sake didn't you tell him that it wasn't true? KAREN: Yes.

MARTHA: He didn't believe you?

KAREN: I guess he believed me.

MARTHA: Then what have you done. It's all wrong. It is crazy. Why didn't you tell ...

KAREN: I don't ever want to talk about this, Martha.

MARTHA: Oh god. I wanted that so much for you!

KAREN: Don't carry on. I don't feel well.

MARTHA: It's a bad night tonight. But we might as well get used to it. They will all be like this.

KAREN: But it's isn't a new sin that they tell us that we have done. Other people aren't destroyed by it.

MARTHA: They are the people who believe in it. Who want it. Who've chosen it for themselves. We aren't like that. We don't love each other. I've loved you like a friend. The way thousands of women feel about other women.

KAREN: I'm cold!

MARTHA: You were a dear friend. Who was loved. That's all. It's perfectly natural that I should be fond of you. Why we have known each other since we were 17. And I always thought that ...

KAREN: Why are you saying all this?

MARTHA: Because I do love you.

KAREN: Yes. Of course. I love you too.

MARTHA: But maybe I love you that way. The way they said. I don't know. Listen to me, Karen. KAREN: What?

MARTHA: I have loved you the way that they said.

KAREN: Martha, we are both so tired. Please don't.

MARTHA: There's always been something wrong. Always. As long as I can remember. But I never knew until all this happened.

KAREN: Stop this crazy talk!

MARTHA: You're afraid of hearing it. I'm more afraid than you.

KAREN: I won't listen to you.

MARTHA: You have got to know it. I can't keep it to myself any longer. I've got to tell you that I am guilty.

KAREN: You are guilty of nothing.

MARTHA: It's there. I don't know how. I don't know why. But I did love you. I do love you.

KAREN: It's not the truth. Not a word of it. We never thought of each other that way.

MARTHA: No of course you didn't. But who says I didn't? I never felt that way about anybody but you. I've never loved a man before. I never knew why. Maybe it's that.

KAREN: You are tired and sick.

MARTHA: It's funny. It's all mixed up.

KAREN: What are you saying?

MARTHA: I've ruined your life. I've ruined my own. I feel so had damned sick and dirty. I can't stand it anymore.

KAREN: All this isn't true. Tomorrow we will pick ourselves up and ...

MARTHA: I don't want tomorrow. It's a bad word.

KAREN: Go and lie down, Martha. And in a few minutes I'll make some tea and bring it to you. You'll feel better.

MARTHA: Don't bring me any tea. Thank you. Good night darling. **THE END**

NOTES:

### **AUDITIONING WITH A MONOLOGUE and**

#### **INTRODUCING A SCENE**

1. No excuses ("have a cold", "better in my living room", etc.)
2. SLATE = professional introduction stating your first and last name, title of play, playwright, your character - and nothing else! Nothing cute like "enjoy"! Stand grounded, rooted and centered so no crossed ankles. Use a LOUD, clear, strong voice that says, "You really want to see this"! Keep your chin up! Clear focus to auditioners ONLY during your Slate. Do not look at them during your audition or scene. When you perform your monologue find a focus point about 4 feet above their heads. When performing your scene keep your eyes into your partner's eyes - you can make an occasional focus point down center stage above the audience's heads, down stage right high and down stage left high.
3. Don't keep them waiting or act scared/nervous.

4. First people to audition are best remembered so GO FIRST not last!
5. After intro, turn your back to audience and prep even fake if you have to (but not too long).
6. When you turn back front you should be 100% in character —take 3 seconds of strong focus before you begin your monologue.
7. Establish focal point (3 at most — d.r., d.c., d.1.)
8. Do not give to auditioners, give to one spot above their head or to empty seats.
9. Don't use furniture; if you are a beginner then a chair may help — but you must straddle it or angle it sitting almost sideways. Never just relax in it normally.
10. Stay VERY FAR upstage — do not get in their faces.
11. Do not creep forward — stay still in one place or use few, specific, clear steps when absolutely needed.
12. Block it — PRECISELY.
13. NO EYES ON FLOOR OR DOWN.
14. Careful with performing on the floor — their table may block sightlines and you may not be seen.
15. Keep face up high chin.
16. Speak clearly and articulately.
17. Use very selective few gestures — large/meaningful— no repetitive/boring - 4 gestures at most!
18. Your monologue should be 1-2 minutes long — leave them wanting more — don't hang yourself with length. Be ready to perform another monologue.
19. Always have: 2 Classic Shakespeare monologues — one serious and one comic; 2 Modern monologues - one serious and one comic.
20. Do NOT use film monologues!
21. Don't write your own — or if you do then make up author and it better be good!
22. At the end of monologue take a large inhale/exhale in character then say Thank You to auditioners. Do Not say "Scene".
23. Do not use props unless absolutely necessary!

24. Dress for the part but don't costume it.
25. When in doubt, dress as for an important business interview.
26. No flip flops or anything calling attention to itself.
27. No flashy shoes, etc.
28. Absolutely NO writing on t-shirts or clothes.
29. Audition as often as possible and don't linger over a rejection.

### **GENERAL ACTING NOTES**

1. DO NOT LOOK AT THE FLOOR! Play to the balcony.
2. Do not "tsk".
3. Do not huff or sigh.
4. Do not drop out.
5. Do not repetitively shake your head.
6. Do not be pouty.
7. Play strong objectives.
8. Make extreme transitions.
9. Shape with peaks and valleys.
10. Keep your energy forward!
11. Sit on edge of chair.
12. Keep your weight forward on the balls of your feet, not your heels.
13. Use few or NO props.
14. Keep your downstage foot behind your upstage foot. Don't upstage yourself.

16. Use only 3 climactic compositions and make them good — moments of high emotion.
17. Force every member of the audience to watch you!!!
18. Compete with your partner/opponent - take the scene away from them.
19. Make it life/death important. Up the stakes.
20. Do not take steps unless you must. The objective must demand it. Make steps clear, precise, clean, simple, strong. Organic Blocking!
21. Never wander or ramble on stage.
22. Do not gesture meaninglessly, repetitively or too much.
23. Gestures should be bold, theatrical and above mid level.
24. Over-acting, melodrama, opera, over the top acting are all beautiful!!!
25. Over articulate — especially final consonant sounds like d or t.
26. Open your mouth like an open singer even beyond feeling silly.
27. Take the long way around when moving on stage.
28. Take the upstage choice when moving around furniture.
29. Make the-S shaped pattern when moving around furniture.
30. Top each other!
31. DO NOT LOOK AT THE FLOOR!
32. Use very few pauses and make them dramatic.
33. Haul your scene.
34. Don't sit side by side on sofa.
35. Don't sit side by side at table.
36. Be across the stage far away from your opponent.
37. Tie down your comers and use them.
38. Use upstage and downstage, not just stage left and stage right.

39. A good ground plan is a triangle/obstacle course. The middle empty section is called “no man’s land”. Do not stop and stay in this area. Just go through it!
41. Be able to move around your furniture.
42. Don’t use furniture in obvious ways, same for props.
43. ALL GOOD DRAMA IS CONFLICT.
44. Angled lines create tension = good.
45. Don’t get to know your partner — be a pro and work all the time in your rehearsals - don’t talk!!
46. Don’t feel a need to like your partner.
47. Do not break the fourth wall to audience with asides.
48. Everything is for the audience — not for you. This is not drama therapy.
49. It does not matter if you feel anything — it matters that the audience feels it.
50. Make your audience get goose bumps.
51. Don’t you cry — make your audience cry.
52. No stage combat!!!
53. No Kissing.
54. Don’t allow anyone to intrude into your personal life —keep it professional!
55. Create a character - do NOT become a character — do not lose yourself in a character.
56. Do not be cerebral -be active passionate and theatrical.
57. DO NOT LOOK AT THE FLOOR!
58. Always be aware that you are on stage, creating a theatrical character for an audience.
59. Start your scene with a huge bang (even if the first line is “duh”) and end it with an exclamation point. These notes are extremely important for your scenes!!! Grab the audience with the very first line!!!
60. Come out of the chute like a race horse.
61. Dare to be too loud and too big. Dare to OVERACT!!!!!!

62. Strong, simple, energized listening on stage is beautiful.
63. Never lose control physically.
64. Never lose control mentally.
65. Never lose control emotionally.
66. Keep your hair completely off your face.
67. Do not shuffle on stage.
68. Do not wear flip-flops on stage.
69. Do not chew gum on stage.
70. Do not improvise on stage except in emergency.
71. It is your job to save your partner if they go up on lines, and again if needed.
72. Allow yourself to be saved gracefully.
73. Make an adequate ground plan and use it well.
74. BLOCK! BLOCK! BLOCK YOUR SCENE!!!!
75. Be too big, too loud, too over the top. Trust this advice!
76. Don't throw, push or shove things on stage.
77. Don't talk during rehearsal — work and repeat.
78. Keep your eyes up high.
79. DO NOT LOOK AT THE FLOOR!
80. Set clear high focal points in addition to your partner's eyes.
81. Do a good introduction/SLATE — it can make or break your scene or your audition monologue!
82. Stay far upstage with your ground plan or monologue.
83. Don't do comedy — it becomes too high school skit.
84. Use the scene list from the four scene books listed on this website. Or use the Anonymous scenes and monologues listed at the end of the website. Get my approval from instructor for all your scenes and monologues. Meet the deadlines listed in your syllabus.

85. Take risks, blow us away.
86. Block out all stage directions. Unless Theatre of the Absurd which you aren't doing in this Modern Realism Scene Study class.
87. Don't mime.
- g8. Use standard way of showing doors and windows.
89. Simple strong ground plan plus blocking= 90% of good scene!!!!!!
90. Acting is like athletics =commitment and practice, sweat after hard work, life time of study, Follow Through; NBA coaches say =not try to be friends during the game, discard 100% of what you hear from family, friends, etc. —just listen to the coach. You MUST HAVE urgency, hunger, sense of energy versus low energy, intensity, and everything else on your Paperwork checklist. THE SIGN OF A PROFESSIONAL IS CONSISTENCY AND CONSISTENCY IS ACHIEVED THROUGH REPETITION !!!!!
91. ACT, don't ever listen to someone who says Stop acting.
92. Cut off each other's lines.
93. Vary your tempos.
94. Do PHYSICAL preparation before your scene or monologue even if you act it.
95. Say "scene" at the beginning of the scene and at the end of the scene. REHEARSE who is saying it. Do not say scene for monologue —just say thank you.
96. Stay still except for purposeful strong steps.
97. Don't add words or make them your own!!!
98. Wear appropriate clothes/costume.
99. Practice intro and prep along with your scene.
100. Don't roll your eyes or be pouty.
101. Check for stage energy, urgency, communion, shape.
102. Formula = hair back; strong intro; don't move around; eyes up; interesting character fill the room.
103. Be big to affect the back row.

- 104. Do NOT watch the film or UTube!!!
- 105. Do not use film scripts - just theatre!
- 105. Use Wikipedia to research script and character!
- 106. Have Fun!

NOTES:

### SCENES

*(in addition to the lists in this website from the four Scene Books)*

- 1. MINE by Anonymous
- 2. DON'T ASK by Anonymous
- 3. TIME OUT by Anonymous
- 4. INTERROGATION by Anonymous
- 5. DECISIONS by Anonymous
- 6. MADAME BUTTERFLY REVISITED by Anonymous
- 7. BUSY by Anonymous
- 8. PODUNK by Anonymous
- 9. MISTAKEN by Anonymous
- 10. CYRANO REVISITED by Anonymous
- 11. FLYIN' by Anonymous
- 12. MAFIA MANIFESTATIONS by Anonymous
- 13. THE HOWL by Anonymous
- 14. ITALIAN ABANDONMENT by Anonymous
- 15. WALLET #2 by Anonymous
- 16. REALLY? By Anonymous
- 17. JAMES by Anonymous
- 18. JESUS FREAK! By Anonymous
- 19. KANAKA KAHINA by Anonymous
- 20. ACCENT by Anonymous
- 21. PIECE # ONE by Anonymous
- 22. PIECE #2 by Anonymous

NOTES:

**MINE**

by Anonymous

(Ned (or Nadya) is married to Maria (or Mario), Joe (or Janie) has been having an affair with Maria (or Mario) for several years).

NED: Excuse me. Did I just enter the wrong apartment?!

JOE: Not if you're name is Ned.

NED: Then where is my wife and who the hell are you?

JOE: Maria is in the bath. She always does that after making love. Your home very early. This wasn't supposed to happen. Ever.

NED: No. I suppose not. Now, if as I said before, you could just tell me who the hell you are ... and what you are doing in my apartment ... and what you are doing with my wife ...!

JOE: Your wife isn't in love with you.

NED: What the hell do you mean?

JOE: I mean exactly what I said.

NED: What?

JOE: Your wife doesn't love you. She loves me. She has loved me for a very long time. She hasn't loved you for a very long time.

NED: How long has this been going on?

JOE: Longer than you want to know.

NED: Get Maria out here!

JOE: I don't think you want to spoil her post sex bath time, do you?

NED: What I don't want to do is stand here talking to you ...

JOE: JOE!

NED: Whatever the hell your name is. Whoever the hell you are.

JOE: It's the man she loves ... Joe ... me. Why do you think I have a key? We've just been lucky until today. And maybe careless. Haven't you worried about anything? Haven't you worried about who really is the father of your children? Ned you amaze me.

NED: I don't know who you are - or what you think you are doing - but I want you out of my apartment - now!

JOE: I don't mind leaving now - but you will have to tell Maria what happened. Good luck! And just know who she wants to spend the rest of her life with. That's me.

NED: You know, your ego and your arrogance and your ignorance just amaze me.

JOE: What the hell do you mean?

NED: Just ask her sometime about Carlos - the current Carlos!

JOE: The current Carlos? What do you mean?

NED: Isn't it quite clear?

JOE: No! It's quite dark! So how about you just explain it all to me? Or I'll ask Maria from the bath ...

NED: Where do you get off ordering around in my own house? After screwing my wife? On second thought, it will be a pleasure to do so, to explain everything that you ...

JOE: Joe

NED: It will be a pleasure to explain everything to you ... JOE!

JOE: Please go ahead.

NED: Well ... Joe ... you see... I'm not a cuckold - a cuckold is a person whose wife is cheating on them without their knowledge . I love that word - C-U-CK-OLD. But I'm not one of them. And Maria is not being cuckolded either - she is not a cuckoldess - she is definitely not a cuckoldita! (Laughs at his own joke). We are just plain old Maria and Ned - and oh yes. By the way. We have an open marriage. A very very open marriage. We only had two rules - don't screw others in our home. And secondly, always tell each other about the other person. Maria, for whatever reason, has broken the first two rules. But it won't be the first time for one of us to slip up and I'm sure it won't be the last time. C'est la vie. We will talk it out and we will both go on stronger as we always do. And. Joe. You will just go on — but without Maria in your life. Oh by the way she has another one lined up after Carlos. My my my. It is hard to keep up with her but I do manage to keep up with her numbers. Now that I know why you are in my apartment. And now that you know why you Joe are in my apartment - it's time for you to get out of my apartment. So adios. Joe. And good luck.

**THE END**

**DONT ASK**

by Anonymous

(Rose (or Rob) is gay, in an affair with Julia (or Jim) and married to John (or Jane).

ROSE: I love you!

JOHN: Do you?

ROSE: Of course, you are my husband!

JOHN: I wonder!

ROSE: About what? About you being my husband? I can assure you, I walked down that aisle, said those vows, got this ring, ate that cake smashed in my face, so that makes me your wife ... and you are my husband. Come on, honey, whats wrong? Are you angry? Have I done something? Don't you love me anymore, sweetie, sweetie, sweetie, sweetie ...

JOHN: Oh cut the crap, rose ... just cut the crap!

ROSE: Baby, I really don't know what is going on here.

JOHN: I saw you ... I saw you ... I friggin saw you ...I hurt. I really hurt ... and I have a lot of anger... that's a powerful combination ... pain and raging love ... I saw you ... why, Rose, why? When, baby, when?

ROSE: Please, please share with me what you are talking about.

JOHN: I saw you with Julia.

ROSE: John ...

JOHN: No! I more than saw you — I Felt her tongue in your mouth — I Felt you whispering warm breath in her ear — I felt your touches exchanged. Amazing, isn't it? How a person can put themselves in another person's body and know EXACTLY what is happening?!

ROSE (pause) ... what are you talking about, John?

JOHN: Don't ...

ROSE: Julia is a dear friend ...

JOHN: Dont!...

ROSE: I see her for lunch whenever we get the chance — what with the house, the kids ...

JOHN: Don't, Rose ... all that you are doing is making the whole thing more painful ... and me more angry ...

ROSE: I Don't know what you think is going on but you are ...32

JOHN: Stop it, Rose! I heard it!

ROSE: From whom?

JOHN: Hha — what does it matter?

ROSE: It matters to me ...

JOHN: Then I saw it with my own eyes — and felt it with my own tongue ... and ears ... and

ROSE: Stop it John! So what if Julia and I are fond of each other?

JOHN: Fond? Oh please, Rose, don't belittle me, don't demean me, you have already tried to emasculate me ... but you aren't going to ... this is where I draw the line ... I'm not going to be cuckolded betrayed by a ... woman. Take her, Rose ... Julia is yours ... I'm gone ... I'm history ... sell the ring ... it will give the two of you a nice vacation . . .

ROSE: Wait! John, please ...

JOHN: Yes?

**THE END**

**TIME OUT**

by Anonymous

(Michael (or Mary) is a lawyer who takes care of his/her mentally challenged younger brother/sister, Charlie. It is now time to move Charlie into a care facility because Michael has to take a job in another city.)

MICHAEL: Hey, Charlie. How are you? Did you have a good day today?

CHARLIE: Mikey, mikey, mikey — I did so much today. I dug in the garden - and talked to the birdies - and fed the squirrels — the sun was shining so hard, really really hard, Mikey, I thought it was gonna break - hey you come home early today? Huh? Fast? Huh?

MICHAEL: Yeh, pal — I Came home early because I got to talk to you about something.

CHARLIE: uh huh? Im-port-ant?

MICHAEL: Yeh, Charlie. Im-port-ant. Real im-port-ant. See there is this house down the river. It has a garden too, and birds and squirrels...

CHARLIE: and it has you? Too? Are we gonna go there?

MICHAEL: You are going to go there, Charlie.

CHARLIE: No — no — no You show me this house before and I don't want to go. I don't want to go anywhere without you. You — you take me wherever YOU go.

MICHAEL: I know buddy — but this time I can't take you.

CHARLIE: But I can not not not live with no you.

MICHAEL: This will be good for you. You will be happy.

CHARLIE: No please — please — please.

MICHAEL: I have got to do this, Charlie.

CHARLIE: But you my big brother.

MICHAEL: Yes ...

CHARLIE: And you love me...

MICHAEL: Yes!

CHARLIE: And I love you!

MICHAEL: Yes, my love, my baby brother (or sister if Charlie is played by a girl).

CHARLIE: Then my heart no understand — it is sad — I have a sad sad heart.

MICHAEL: Look, buddy, I Love you to death but I can't keep taking care of you. It's time. Its time. I Have to go far, far away. And I Can't take you this time. I can't, buddy, I just can't. I will make sure that they will let you dig ... and talk with the birdie ... and... Charlie it's time for you to be with people who can take better care of you — and the home on the river is a good place. We both liked it when we saw it — remember?

CHARLIE: No, Mikey, no, Mikey, no, Mikey I love you, ... Bud

MICHAEL: I love you too, Charlie. God knows I love you too, Charlie.

### **THE END**

NOTES:

### **INTERROGATION**

by Anonymous

(Two parents being questioned by the police. The police have left the room for the moment and the couple is talking. They are poor - pained, angered, confused, vulnerable, enraged. They have been accused of murdering their grossly disabled child. Judy and Joe are interchangeable roles with a little adjusting).

JOE: I Don't never want to talk about this ... but those shitheads telling me I Can't go to my baby's funeral ...

JUDY: Shut up, asshole, I Don't want no questions ... so shut the fuck up!

JOE: Lissen — I not talkin to you ... right? Right? ...

JUDY: Right - so you just stands by yourself, big man.

JOE: I Needs to know ... right? Ok, you wantin it ... right? I wantin it ... right?

JUDY: Ok ... you be getting it.

JOE: She be sleepin ... breathin in ... breathin out ... I Always wondered how she could be ... so JUDY:

... So ... so ... peaceful like.

JOE: When she be sleepin. Yeh ... then when she be awake ... she go stiff ... really stiff ...

JUDY: Like this. (She stiffens like a wooden doll).

JOE: yeh ... just like that ... all stiff and straight ...

JUDY: But when she be sleepin ...

JOE: It was like ...

JUDY: I know, big guy ...

JOE: So I lookin in her eyes ... and

JUDY: yeh, you be lookin in her eyes ...

JOE: And there was nothing ... just empty ...

JUDY: Vacancy ...

JOE: Almost like shes askin me to put something in her eyes ...

JUDY: ... you need to shut the fuck up!

JOE: I caint!

JUDY: You idiot ... I don't know what you did ... but I sure know what they are going to do to you ... you fry, baby, you fry ... so shut the fuck up!

JOE: But I Didn't ... I Didn't do nothing ... I just saw that empty look in her beautiful open eyes

JUDY: And you wanted to answer them ...

JOE: No!

JUDY: Just don't say nothin — they are going to screw you!

JOE: But you were there too — you saw those eyes — you said they should be filled - no you said they should be closed — yeh — closed

JUDY: shut up! SHUT UP!

JOE: But that's what you said ... you said they should be closed ...

JUDY: You idiot ... im not takin this ... no way

JOE: Maybe, just maybe, we ... you and me ... should both just take this .

### **THE END**

NOTES:

### **DECISIONS**

by Anonymous

(Randy (male or female) and Sean (male or female) are in a hospital after birth of deeply down-syndrome baby. She wants to keep the baby but he does not)

RANDY: Look, darling, I feel the same way you do about the love I Feel for it.

SEAN: She is not an "it"! her name is Sarah! And she is as much of a person as you and me!

RANDY: You are not thinking rationally, my love ...

SEAN: Don't call me your love.

RANDY: The doctors have told us that there is nothing that can be done for it ... for her ... SEAN: For Sarah!

RANDY: I love you and I Love her but nothing can be done...

SEAN: A miracle can happen...

RANDY: As I said, nothing can be done. To leave her on life support is not the answer. It is cruel for you and it is cruel for her. Baby, she is never going to....be fine.

SEAN: Stop! If you just believed, if we just prayed, your saying these heartless words in the hospital's chapel, how dare you, if you just turned to god...

RANDY: Amanda, god is who did this to us! Am I supposed to forgive him and ask him for help now? I don't think I will ever be able to talk to him again. Amanda, I'm not sure I even believe in him now. No benevolent being would burden us with this ... this ... baby. What have we done? What have we done to

deserve this pain? I Am angry. I Am angry at your god! You tell him to take care of her for the rest of her life. Because I Don't think I can do it!

SEAN: Stop it! Stop it!

RANDY: No! i Know I Can't do it!

SEAN: You are going to be so sad and so wrong when sarah goes to her first dance — you will hate yourself for these words.

RANDY: Oh my god, Sean, wake up! You are dreaming. That baby is never going to do anything but lie there — lie there and require attention.

SEAN: and require love! The love that I Can give her even if you cant! I Have so much love for her! And when I touch her little hand, and look into her eyes, I Know she knows my love. And she needs it — more than any other baby needs it! If my loving Sarah means that I have to stop loving you, then that is what I have to do.

RANDY: Sean! don't!

SEAN: No! no. if I Have to choose - if the doctors are pressing us for an answer, then I have to choose. I can't believe that you would abandon our precious baby — a part of you and me and our love. God did what he did — and god works in strange ways — and I believe in his love and wisdom — but mostly I believe in Sarah.

RANDY: We have to give them an answer.

SEAN: There is no question in my mind.

RANDY: I Can't do this.

SEAN: I can.

RANDY: alone?

SEAN: alone ... if I Have to ...

RANDY: you have to, Amanda, you have to ...

**THE END**

**MADAME BUTTERFLY REVISITED**

by Anonymous

(Maria takes center stage and sings beautifully the one famous section from the aria from MADAME BUTTERFLY. She sings it beautifully and mimes committing the MADAME BUTTERFLY hari kari suicide with a very, dulled theatrically safe, large kitchen butcher knife. And collapses into a beautiful posed death.). (Bob has been in the upstage right corner wary, almost cowering, definitely close to being very frightened.) THIS COULD BE Cross-gendered - especially two women).

MARIA: How'd you like that? I'm good aren't I?

BOB: No. I wouldn't say that. I'd say that you were crazy. I would say that you are a strange crazy woman standing in my living room singing an aria from the opera "MADAME BUTTERFLY".

MARIA: Really good though, right?

BOB: All right. Whatever you want. Ok. Decent. No, sorry, beautiful. But definitely crazy.

MARIA: Crazy? Oh that's good, that's really really good. I hate to disappoint you. But I'm not. Crazy. Stalker? Yes. Crazy? No.

BOB: Why are you standing in my house ... singing?

MARIA: You know. I'm not sure.

BOB: Who are you? Who the hell are you? And why do you have my kitchen butcher knife?

MARIA: You know. I'm not sure.

BOB: What in God's name are you doing here?

MARIA: you know I'm not -... yes. I know. I'm stalking. Stalking you. Waiting. Waiting for Yvette. So I can really really stalk Yvette. Scare her. Really really scare her.

BOB: Oh my god. You are the ex-girlfriend that Yvette told me about.

MARIA: Did she? Really? I'm embarrassed. What did she say? Did she say I was gorgeous? Good in bed? Better than a man? Any man? Especially you? Oh come on. Fill me in. Yvette is gay! Really gay! Buddy? Sweetie?

BOB: She said you were a crazy stalker.

MARIA: Bingo! To the stalker. But ... but.

You see. There's that ... crazy .... again. (She laughs evilly) I am trying to enlighten you. Bob. I'm trying to broaden your horizons. Bobby. Robert. Bobby. What a ... a ... handsome name. B...O...BBY. With a little heart over the Y !(She mimes drawing the heart over the Y with the knife.) So kute ... that's capital K...U...T...E...

BOB: (Now he is scared). Ok. But I need to tell you that Yvette will be home from work at any moment.

MARIA: Oh good. Oh wonderful. Then we can have a manage a trois. Yummy....Oops. I forgot. You are taking Yvette away from me.

BOB: Yvette was never with you. It was all in your head. She dated you. Briefly. Once. To experiment with having sex with women. And that was it. And you have been stalking her ever since.

MARIA: Now, Bob. Bobby. With the little heart over the Y. (She mimes it again with the knife but ends it aggressively pointing at Bob with the knife). I haven't really been stalking Yvette! I've really been stalking you. Y...O...U...(Deadly serious - then starts laughing uncontrollably). Y...O...uuuuuu ... but there's no cute little heart over the uuuuuuuuuu. (Suddenly deadly serious). Now you sit on the floor, Bob. You. (Screams) SIT!!! (She holds knife at Bob's throat while holding his head up using a handful of his hair tightly).

BOB: (sits, in pain and frightened) Ohhh!

MARIA: Yes, that sounds like a key in the door. (Smiles evilly sardonic). Oh goodie! Yay!!!! Yvette is home! SURPRISE!!!!!!!

**THE END**

**BUSY**  
By Anonymous

(DEB can be DENNIS and JANE can be JOE).

DEB: (Sings RAINDROPS KEEP FALLING ON MY HEAD or any other WELL KNOWN song loudly and not very well).

JANE: (Tries to do her Statistics homework).

(This goes on while Jane squirms and Deb is really into her singing).

JANE: Deb, do you mind?

DEB: Oh, Jane, I didn't think I was disturbing you! I was just filled with good vibes and had to bust into song.

JANE: Well, could you just bust into silence? I'm working on my statistics assignment.

DEB: B Really? Really?

JANE: Yes, really. I need to concentrate. This stuff isn't a piece of cake you know.

DEB: But, Jane, I'm feeling the spirit. And nowadays that doesn't happen very often. And I wanted to share it with you. I really do. (She sings).

JANE: Deb. Forget it ok?

DEB: I can't do that. You need to relax. (She sings again).

JANE: You are driving me crazy woman!

DEB: I'm flowing in the stream. Come flow with me.

JANE: No.

(Silence)

DEB: (starts singing quietly again while Jane tries to keep working).

JANE: Ok. That's it.

DEB: Oh what do you mean?

JANE: I mean I am tired of dealing with your spiritual adventures. I am tired of dealing with your ultra vegan stuff in the refrigerator. I'm tired of dealing with your drug dealer boyfriends.

DEB: What? I don't understand.

JANE: Well, let me explain it to you. I don't want to go on your journeys. Your whimsical stoned journeys. My absolutely normal boyfriend and I want to just continue to be normal. Deb, you are charming. Truly charming. But you are the ultimate space cadet. And. Hello. I want to stay firmly rooted on earth. This earth.

DEB: Oh baby. That's your loss. But I still love you. (She sings again).

JANE: Ok. That does it! Shut up, Jane! Take your crystals and your beads and your strange wafting smells and move out! Out! Out!

DEB: But, Jane ...

JANE: No! I friggin pay your rent! You don't! I friggin put up with your spiritual journeys! I'm done. So go. Now.

DEB: And what about our sexual relationship? I put up with your sexual neurosis. Doesn't that mean anything?

JANE: That's over.

DEB: No it's not. (PAUSE). Is it?

**THE END**

**PODUNK**  
by Anonymous

(Lou Ellen (or Lou) staggers in with an empty whisky bottle in her hand. She keeps trying to get a last drop out of it. She is really hammered). (Janelle or Billy Joe)

LOU ELLEN: Well ain't that jist a pity. (She starts to cry with her head on the table).

JANELLE: (Janelle is the waitress in this very small Texas town).  
Ok, Lou Ellen, what's it gonna be? What do you want to eat?

LOU ELLEN: Oh my gawd just look at that. Its the town "HO" the ho waitering on me!

JANELLE: Look, Lou Ellen, just tell me whats you want to eat! You shore as hell don't need nothin more to drink!

LOU ELLEN: You ain't talkin to me, is you? Hey, y'all, it's the town's ho waitering on me.

JANELLE: Jist cut it with that town ho stuff. Yer gettin on my nerves. Again. You shootin yer mouth to me about me bein the town ho when you have gone and took and did every livin man from every woman in this town. And probably half the dead ones too. What did you want to eat or not?

LOU ELLEN: I ain't been tookin every man in this podunk town. I'm jist doing all them women in this town a favor.

JANELLE: You doin them a favor! Ha!

LOU ELLEN: Well, ha ha ha to you too. Besides, I already tole you, I ain't taken their men. I'm jist doin these poor gals a favor!

JANELLE: A favor??? Ain't that rich.

LOU ELLEN: Yep. A big ol fat favor.

JANELLE: Now how you figure you doin them a favor?

LOU ELLEN: Have you seen them men?

They don't need them men. I'm jist freeing them gals to live free. Free as the wind blows. Free as the grass grows. Aw shit, I'm a poet and I don't even know it!

JANELLE: Well, you is doin a lot of things but I don't think iny of them is you doin no favor for nobody. And you sure as hell ain't no poet. Now, I'm gonna ask you one more time. What do you want ta eat?

LOU ELLEN: I wants one of them lousy little pot pies. And some more of this here whiskey. It seems to have all dried up.

JANELLE: Yeah?

LOU ELLEN: Yeah. And I want me some kareeokee.

JANELLE: Now if you was sober, Lou Ellen, you would know there ain't no kereeeokeee here.

LOU ELLEN: Well, there sure as hell should be. That would pick up this lousy little place. And I'm gonna start right now. (She climbs on the table and faking holding a mic she begins to sing. Badly) "I needs me a cowboy real bad cuz I'm home home on the range. Where them deer and them antelope play. Where seldom is heard - a discouraging word. And the clouds ain't cloudy all day" (She ends with a real flourish). (Acts as if the crowd is applauding). Well, thank ye, thank very much. Each and every one of you strong, VIRILE, cowboys out there. I'm so happy about y'all likin my song. Cuz I'm likin your song too - if you know what I mean.

JANELLE: Yep. Everybody knows what YOU mean. That's for sure.

LOU ELLEN: Ok now. I'm ready to let another beauty rip. So give me some geetar, cowboy. Hit it, cowboy! Oh shit, you ain't got no guitar. Ok. Well I'll just have to sang this here song ac-acp-akeypeli. (She starts singing again) "Well she'll be coming round that mountain when she comes. Hee haw. Yeah she'll be a coming (starts to cry again) round that ol mountain when she ... (she collapses on the table in tears). What am I going to do, Janelle?

JANELLE: Well, I don't know, Lou Ellen, but whatever it is you ain't doin it here cuz I'm closing up and going home. So git your keester off that there chair and say good night. (Janelle takes off the table and puts it upstage right putting the chair upside down on the table). Good night, Lou Ellen. (Janelle exits off up left leaving Lou Ellen).

LOU ELLEN: (Just collapses in a heap on the floor bawling and doesn't look up but just waves her hand high at Janelle).  
I'm just too good for this podunk town!

**THE END**

NOTE

**MISTAKEN**  
by Anonymous  
(Genders can be changed)

KAREN: What's wrong, Jane?

JANE: Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

KAREN: Jane?

JANE: Everything is wonderful. Life is wonderful.

KAREN: Jane?

JANE: When one has everything at peace ... and understanding, then there is nothing that can be wrong.

KAREN: Jane?

JANE: What makes you think that anything is wrong?

KAREN: Well, you don't usually start philosophizing about life at 10:00 in the morning during our usual meeting for coffee.

JANE: Well maybe I'm just feeling... I don't know ... DEEP this morning.

KAREN: Jane, we have known each other since grade school and during all that time the last thing I would call you is DEEP! Adorable, yes. Charming, yes. Loving, yes. Deep, no.

JANE: What do you think I am? A bimbo?

KAREN: Well, I do think you are leaning toward space cadet.

JANE: Thank you Miss Multi-faceted Clever Sophistication!

KAREN: Ok. Cut the crap and tell me what is bothering you.

JANE: Ed has been sleeping with another woman.

KAREN: WHAT? Your meek mild husband has been doing the nasty with someone other than you?

JANE: That's right, Karen. That's right. And it hurts me so deeply I can't stand it.

KAREN: Oh you poor baby.

JANE: Now you cut the crap, Karen.

KAREN: What do you mean?

JANE: I know who the woman is.

KAREN: Who? Tell me everything.

JANE: There is really not much to tell.

KAREN: Ok. Then who?

JANE: It's you, Karen. It's you.

KAREN: You must be out of your mind.

JANE: No, Karen. I know it is you. Absolutely. Without a doubt. It's you.

KAREN: Well your little cheating meter is wrong this time.

JANE: How can you say that?

KAREN: Because I am gay. 100% certified gay. With no doubts gay. Happily gay. The only thing I'm not happy about, Jane, is that you have never picked up on the fact that it is you that I want. You that I have always wanted. You I have lusted after. You. Now what are you going to do? Find that bitch that's doing your husband?

**THE END**

**CYRANO REVISITED**

by Anonymous

(Mary and Joe can be played by either gender)

MARY: It's not you?

JOE: No. Not a word of it.

MARY: All those beautiful things that you said to me?

JOE: Yes.

MARY: You didn't write them? They weren't from you?

JOE: Oh Mary, the feelings were from me.

MARY: What?

JOE: All the love. All the compliments. All the hopes. All the romance. All was from me. It's just the words weren't mine.

MARY: But you just said. You said that none of those texts came from you.

JOE: They come from me. They just aren't written by me.

MARY: Then who the hell wrote those beautiful text messages? Huh? Who?

JOE: No. Mary. No.

MARY: Joe. Tell me who made love to me, who seduced me textually. Who was it that I had sex text with? Come on, Joe.

JOE: Does it really matter?

MARY: Yes! Yes. It really matters.

JOE; Mary ...

MARY: No, Joe, no. I had an amazingly intimate relationship with you - no not you - and I want to know who it was with.

JOE: It was with me, Mary. It was with me. My heart embraced yours.

MARY: But the words. The words. They weren't yours.

JOE: No. Because I could never come up with those words. They were so loving and so beautiful.

MARY: How could you?

JOE: I never graduated from grade school. And even then I somehow slipped through the cracks. The teachers couldn't be bothered to spend the time with me teaching me. So they just kept passing me on. So you see, Mary, I'm basically illiterate.

MARY: b Why couldn't you share that with me? Why did I have to go through this charade? All those beautiful thoughts. All those sexy thoughts. All those intimate thoughts. That I thought you said so beautifully. You said. You said!

JOE: Now you know the truth.

MARY: I wouldn't know if it hadn't been for my best friend who somehow found out and told me. Do you know how humiliating that was? To be duped? To be fooled? By someone I thought loved me?

JOE: But I do love you. You are not listening. It's me behind those words.

MARY: Oh I was listening. Or rather I was reading. All those lies.

JOE: Oh Mary please.

MARY: No, Joe, no! Who wrote me those texts?  
Who? Who?

JOE: His name is Robert.

MARY; I want to meet Robert. No. I must meet Robert. The end Joe. Finish. Finis. Done. Over.  
... Joe?

JOE: I heard you, Mary. I heard you.

**THE END**

NOTES:

**FLYIN'**

by Anonymous

(The genders can be changed)

JIM: I'm flyin'. Come fly with me, Babe. This new stuff is making me fly really high!

SUSAN: Babe isn't flying anymore, babe.

JIM: Are we going to go through this again?

SUSAN: No. Because I'm through.

JIM: Oh yeah. The "I'm through thing again".

SUSAN: Really, Jim? Really? You think so little of me that you think I can't blow the cops whistle on you, BABE?

JIM: Why, Susan? Why now? You're blowing my really good buzzing high. That's what you are blowing!

SUSAN: Yes, babe. It's going to really be blown.

JIM: Come on. I got my sister coming over to fly with us. With this great stuff!

SUSAN: Oh my god, that's your problem.

JIM: She's coming over so we can all have fun.

SUSAN: Fun? When have I had fun?

JIM: What are you saying, babe?

SUSAN: I earn the money. I take care of the dog.  
I TAKE CARE OF YOU. While you FLY!

JIM: And I give you the best LOVIN' SEX you have ever had! We blow our brains out! We fly, babe!

SUSAN: Jim, BABE, I have called the cops. I told them to be here about now. So, Babe. I suggest you get some shit together and vacate MY apartment before you have to fly in a cell.

JIM: What are you saying, Susan?

SUSAN: I'm saying you are gone, Jim.

JIM: Why? We have had a good thing with the three of us.

SUSAN: Yes. It's just been.... whatever. But it's over. You can get your sister to take you somewhere. Anywhere. But not here.

JIM: Susan, sometimes you are so full of it.

SUSAN: Yeah, I'm absolutely full of it.  
I'm full of your baby. The latest pregnancy test is positive. And that's a negative for us. I'm not raising a child teaching her how to fly with you.

JIM: Oh, babe. Oh babe. Please let's talk about it.

SUSAN: When you are in this drugged condition? It's like talking with the wind.

JIM: Just wait for my sister.

SUSAN: No.

JIM: I'm serious about my sister coming over.

SUSAN: And I'm serious about the police.

Doorbell rings.

SUSAN: And that's the doorbell, babe.

**THE END**

**MAFIA MANIFESTATIONS**

by Anonymous  
(Genders can be changed)

(Anna and Galina are living in a lovely condo in Chicago. But they are victims of the human trafficking that the Russian mafia has done bringing Russian girls to enslave them in the U.S. for sex work. Galina has been doing this for a few years now and is the “manager” of the girls brought from Russia to this condo. Her job is to control the girls, especially the new ones, and to keep the condominium beautifully - if she can't control them then they will be severely beaten up or even killed for their insubordination. There are hundreds of these nice condos throughout the United States. The facts used in this scene are true - they are going on here today).

GALINA: (She slaps Anna). Shut your mouth!

ANNA: But I just want to go back home to Russia for a visit. My little girl is growing up without me.

GALINA: And if you tell the men above us that you want to go back for a visit - you won't get a plane ticket back, you will get a ride to the Emergency Room for your broken bones - if you are lucky.

Anna, they can do more - they have the power to really hurt your little girl back in Russia - and to cripple your parents taking care of her.

ANNA: But I can't take this. I can't take this anymore.

GALINA: You can. And you will.

ANNA: But back in Russia...

GALINA: In Russia, back in Russia, I don't want to hear about back in Russia. It's gone. It doesn't exist. Truth is this dirty beautiful condominium which is now your prison home. Who would have thought that beautiful America could be a prison? Do you want to get beaten up? Do you want your little girl hurt? Then get happy! Now!

ANNA: Every fiber in my body. Every ounce of my being says no, don't do this."

GALINA: NOW!

ANNA: But they didn't tell me anything true.

GALINA: No, they don't. They own you. Feelings can't get involved.

ANNA: They told me that I would have a nice job here in America. They said that when they interviewed me in that beautiful hotel in Moscow.

GALINA: They are experts at that. Pure experts.

And all you see in America is the inside of a strip club - and the inside of one of our beautiful bedrooms here.

ANNA: But, Galina, sometimes I get extra money from the American men.

GALINA: Oh, no. Anna, no.

ANNA: I have saved enough to fly back to my daughter.

GALINA: Anna. Nooooo.

ANNA: But you don't understand. You don't know what it is like. You have no children. You have nothing back home.

GALINA: (She grabs Anna and stares hard/cold into her eyes). (With great passion she speaks). What do you know of me? You know nothing of me but how I take care of this beautiful condominium and control the girls inside it. Do you think I didn't have a life back in Russia? Do you think our mafia men are the only people that I have known in my life. You listen to me, Anna, you listen to me and you learn. I was once a new girl just like you. I left my beautiful mountain village with my heart high. As I said goodbye to my five year old son, these men (she spits on the floor) they had to pry my fingers from the icy grip I had on my precious little boy. And the only reason I finally let go was because my ears were filled with the dreams of a better life in America. A life where I could send money back for him. A life where I would one day afford to bring him to these ... (sarcastic) great United States to join me in the happy home that I would make for him. (She laughs sarcastically).

ANNA: The swine. They are pigs. Just pigs.

GALINA: So. But I made a mistake. Just one. Just one mistake I made.

I told one of the good American men that I was servicing. I told him the truth.

Stupidly I thought he would tell the American police about our situations - but I didn't think beyond that.

I thought this man would come riding in on his beautiful white horse and would scoop me up and then I would scoop up my little boy and then we would ride happily into the sunset. With the American police cheering us on. Well, he did go to the local authorities. And the local authorities came here to find me. And our mafia captors met them, paid them off and that was that.

No more dream. Just two broken arms of mine that can no longer work correctly. And ... and ... and a little boy in a pretty mountain village that was tortured to death. The screams of his little voice still haunt me at night. And I wasn't even there to hear his screams. I live. I survive. I do as I'm told. And you will too. No, Anna? I think yes. (She pulls Anna into her arms and rests her head n the top of Anna's.) We will survive.

**THE END**

NOTES:

**THE HOWL**

by Anonymous

(Characters can be either gender)

(Jim is passing Jo on the street. She leans with both hands on her hips, throws her head back and howls loudly).

JO: Aaaaaoooooh!!!!!!

JIM: (Stops. Looks back at her). Excuse me?

JO: Aaaaaoooooooh!!!!

JIM: (He looks around for somebody or something but there is nothing). Can I help you Misss ...?

JO: Aaaaao!!!! Woe is meeee ....!!!!

JIM: Can I help you Miss Woe?

JO: Are you for real? (She gives a little howl)

JIM: (He pats her on the shoulder). It's ok, Misss ... Misss ... Woe.

JO: Would you stop with the Miss Woe? (Exasperated) It's an expression. Expression. Oh, woe is meeee .... expression .... (she throws her head back and gives a huge howl).

JIM: O.k., Missss Expression ...

JO: Ah jeeez. I'm trying to express a moment of pain. Genuine pain. Something bad just happened to me - and I can't even express my grief because your I.Q. level won't allow that to

happen. (She looks straight at him and howls a small aggressive howl at him). Just ... just walk on and let me howl by myself.

JIM: I can't do that. Misss ... whoever you are. I've felt your .... woe ... and I feel a need to assist you. To help you. What happened? What's wrong? How can I assist? What can I do to help you, Misssss? ...Miss!

JO: It's too late now.

JIM: Maybe not.

JO: It's just too late. (Starts to howl .... looks at him ... decides not to).

JIM: Let me try to help you. Tell me. Tell me what happened.

JO: I got robbed! (Starts to howl - he puts his hand up - she just gives a meek little howl).

JIM: That's good. Now we are getting somewhere. When did this happen? How did this happen? Tell me everything.

JO: Well. I took my wallet out to check my money. To see if I had enough cash on me for a cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie. Down at the cafe on the corner. Down there.

JIM: Ok. And then what happened?

JO: This man walked by me and grabbed my wallet and kept going. He just walked by me and grabbed it.  
My wallet.

JIM: Ok. And you said he was walking. And he grabbed it. And kept walking.

JO: Yes.

JIM: Well why didn't you just walk after him and get it back?

JO: I don't know. I was stunned. I don't know! (She starts to howl again - he puts his hand up - she stops mid howl).

JIM: Let me give you some money.

JO: I don't want some money. I want my wallet back. I want my credit cards, my driver's license (she waits and he says nothing so she goes on) I want my green card that allows me to be here!

JIM: Really?

JO: Nooooooo!!!! (She starts to howl then sees something in the distance). (She yells). That's him! That's the man that took my wallet! That's him!

JIM: I'm on it! (He runs around the perimeter of the room - maybe twice while she has her eyes closed and her head back, howling).

(He returns to her and stands next to her. He proudly shows her the wallet).

JIM: Here you go. (He tries to hand her the wallet).  
(She looks at him, looks at the wallet, looks at him).

JO: That's not my wallet.

JIM: What?

JO: I said that's not my wallet. My wallet is brown. That wallet is black. You have just mugged some poor stranger - you have probably mugged some poor tourist!

JIM: (He howls loudly).

**THE END**

NOTES:

**ITALIAN ABANDONMENT**

by Anonymous

(Genders are changeable)

ANN: (Very seriously). I want to stay here in Italy and that's that. No "if", "ands" or "buts". And, baby, you have got to make that happen. You must.

TONY: I'm not a magician, sweetheart. You know that I want that just as much as you do. But there are these two little things called visas and illegal aliens. (In Italian he says to her you could end up in jail).

ANN: I know if I stay here I could end up in jail. I know that. But I'm willing to risk that. I'm willing to risk that in order to stay with you. I can't leave you. I just can't. And Italy has become my home. With you. My beautiful home. And my spiritual retreat ... from life's realities.

TONY: (He says firmly). Go.

ANN: I don't have a ticket.

TONY: Go.

ANN: I have no family back in the U.S.

TONY: Go.

ANN: I DON'T WANT TO GO.

TONY: (He holds her). Oh, baby. I don't want you to go either. But. We will be back together ... eventually. I know we will. (In Italian he says love conquers all). You will meet all of my family. And we will be together. We will make it happen.

ANN: You drive me crazy. You're driving me crazy.

TONY: You are driving yourself crazy.

ANN: Hasn't all this time that we have spent together showed you anything, no - everything about us? You and me. Us.

(In Italian she says I can't live without you). (She laughs at her Italian).

TONY: (He laughs). Hey. Your Italian is getting better and better.

ANN: Well, it couldn't get any worse. Right? (She tickles him). (They are laughing together). Come on. Tell the truth. It couldn't get any worse, could it? Come on, babe.

TONY: I surrender. I always do to you. You are my conqueror.

ANN: Good. Now that that's established. All you have to do is fix everything for me to stay in Italy with you. That's all. Just a little thing.

TONY: (He says oh my god in Italian).

ANN: (She smiles). Besides. How am I going to make my Italian better if I am not with you? You know what they say, they say that the only real way to learn a language is - in bed! So I think we are on the right track - to making me fluent in Italian! Nobody does it better than us!

TONY: (Smiles). (He says oh my god in Italian).

ANN: (Suddenly serious). I don't want to be left alone again. Don't do what my mother did - when she left me on the steps to that hospital - when I was only hours old.

I can't take it. I have lived with that knowledge my entire life.

Abandoned.

I can't live with the knowledge that you left me at the airport.

Abandoned.

I just can't. If you do that to me then I have no reason to go on living.

TONY: (He says honey or baby in Italian). Don't say that. Don't say that. Please.

ANN: (Almost crying) Please? Please?

TONY: Stop.

ANN: I can't stop.

TONY: Please don't go on like this.

ANN: Please? Then PLEASE don't abandon me.

Please let me make this very clear.

Without you -

Without you -

Without you -

The woman that you love - and your baby that she carries - cannot go on living. (She stares at him).

Silence.

He looks at her shocked. She silently nods her head "yes" while gently touching her belly. He drops to a squat and holds his head. She stares at him for a few seconds. Then she pulls him up to a standing position and they hug each other with her face on his downstage shoulder. She holds him at arms length and he shakes his head NO and she exits leaving him. He squats down and holds his head again.

**THE END**

NOTES:

**REALLY?**

By Anonymous

(Genders can be changed)

MARY: Isn't this apartment second floor number G?

JORDAN: (She has a finished bottle of wine in her hands). Yes ...

MARY: I thought so. You must be Jordan.

JORDAN: Yes ...

MARY: Well it looks like we have the same key. Tony give it to you?

JORDAN: He did.

MARY: How long have you known Tony?

JORDAN: About three years now.

MARY: You come here often?

JORDAN: Often enough. Why do you have his key? And who are you?

MARY: We have this understanding. You have an understanding too?

JORDAN: You might say that. A very nice understanding. Tony never told me about anyone else. So who are you?

MARY: Mary. I suppose Tony is in the bathroom? Did you just finish? Or are you getting started?

JORDAN: Just how long have you known Tony?

MARY: I've known him about three years too.

JORDAN: Are you sure we are talking about the same Tony?

MARY: I have no doubt about it.

JORDAN: He will be out of the bathroom in about ten minutes. Perhaps you would like to see him.

MARY: We see each other often enough. I'd much rather talk to you. I see you have just finished a bottle of wine. Did you know that is Tony's favorite. He always likes to drink wine before he has sex. That's how I knew that you had just finished. That and your appearance.

JORDAN: I know it's his favorite wine. I'm the one who introduced him to it. As for my appearance, can you also tell that our love making was wonderful?

MARY: I don't know about wonderful. Successful maybe. But wonderful? Isn't that stretching it a bit? Isn't it?

JORDAN: That depends on where you are putting the most stretch. Look. I like Tony. I like him a lot. And I don't like your attitude about him.

MARY: I liked him too. Once. No. I loved him. I loved him more than anyone could love anyone. But he managed to destroy everything we have. I've known about you for a long time. And I hated you. But now I don't. I just feel for you.

JORDAN: Yes. Like one human being would feel for another. I don't buy it.

MARY: if you don't you don't. We all play games. Some games have a higher stake than others.

JORDAN: Well at least you admit that you have lost. When I play I play and win. You see. I'm lying in his bed. And you are not. Tony's won because he has me. We will be married soon and you will have to give back his key.

MARY: Soon maybe a while. Tony will have to divorce me first. And that takes time. Sometimes a long time. Sometimes a very long time.

JORDAN: Divorce. But he never told me.

MARY: oh then I see there are many things you will find out about your wonderful relationship. Well what do you know. Maybe I haven't lost. Maybe I haven't lost at all.

**THE END**

NOTES:

**JAMES**  
by Anonymous

SARY: Why are you so good? You truly frighten me. Did you train?

JAMES: My darling, if one has to TRAIN to make love then one shouldn't bother.

SARY: But there is so much about you that I don't know.

JAMES: And you never will, my pet.

SARY: But why not, James? Why the hell not?

JAMES: Maybe I don't know it either!

SARY: Oh stop playing the mind games with me and just tell me who you are, damn it!

JAMES: I am James — And James just had a lovely time — and now I have work to do!

SARY: YES! that's what I want to know! your work!

JAMES: There is nothing subtle about you! Is there, Sary, sweet?

SARY: Please, James, tell me who you are!

JAMES: I Am a person who practices Carpe Diem ... or Carpe Manana — as the case may be. Both of which you should practice, by the way, Sary.

SARY: At least you remember my name. Bravo!

JAMES: I always do, darling — one of my best attributes

SARY: and you have so many!

JAMES: thank you, my dear.

SARY: Oh come on, James, tell me what you do and why you are here!

JAMES: If I tell you then I have to kill you!

SARY: Stop joking around.

JAMES: Who says I am joking?

SARY: ooh I Could scream — you frustrate me so much!

JAMES: just tell me you love me!

SARY: I love you...

JAMES: But mean it!

SARY: I do ...

JAMES: You are just playing. Ok i'm an assassin. Im here for M15.

SARY: Now YOU ARE playing!

JAMES: Am I?

SARY: You will drive me crazy!

JAMES: That is my other assignment from M15 is — to drive you crazy!

SARY: Please stop these games — I love you ..., James -that doesn't sound right does it?

JAMES: Yes, yes it does — this is a great game — enjoy your assassin that you love, Sary!

SARY: — I can go on with this game as long as you can. You are an assassin - so kill me.

JAMES: Don't test me, darling, I love you.

SARY: No. You don't You are just teasing me!

JAMES: This isn't a game, Sary?

SARY: Oh really?

JAMES: Or is it? Does my behavior tell you yes or no? When you first saw my quiet cosmopolitan nature - Did it tell you yes or no? my reticence? Oh what games we mortals play or do we just exist in a killing job? Too much too much too much. Forget! Say that right with a bit of an accent the "forget" sounds like "fuckit". Aye there is the rub. Now enough play. IT IS TIME FOR SILENCE!

THE END

NOTES:

**JESUS FREAK!**

by Anonymous

(Genders can be changed)

STREET PERSON JOE: Say, I have to tell you something, dude!

JEFF: Excuse me, are you talking to me?

JOE: Yeh, I got something really important to tell you!

JEFF: You do?

JOE: Like really important!

JEFF: Ok, so tell me.

JOE: (Yells) JESUS LOVES YOU!!!!!!!

JEFF: You're kidding! Nobody else knows about this, do they? I'm SO embarrassed! Please don't tell anyone you heard about this. Has Jesus told anyone else yet? I sure hope not because I am already so embarrassed. This just can't get out to anyone. Jesus needs to keep this under wraps because it is so embarrassing. I am not gay, you know.

JOE: Man you are one weird dude.

JEFF: ... and you are a true gentleman to let me in on what's going around! Now I Must be on my way!

JOE: Wait! Didn't we go to the same High School?

JEFF: No I Don't think so.

JOE: NO! i'm sure that we did. GO BEARS! Yeh , and you were the mascot, weren't you?

JEFF: Sure, I Didn't realize anyone could see who it was through the nose holes! You won't tell anybody because it is so embarrassing! Right? Now I Really must go. People did like me more when I was a bear but those days are behind me. By by now!

JOE: Now I remember!!!! I remember Our connection! I Think I Dated your mother in the Phillipines! Yeah I'm sure I did — there is a remarkable similarity. Now she was one hot chick. Fine! So finel Really fine!

JEFF: Of course that was you! You were working at a convenience store, right? Yes, siree, she was one fine woman. Now that we have caught up on so much I really need to go.

JOE: But now that we have so much in common, we are going to be real friends, real buddies, right?

JEFF: You bet. You and Jesus, and the Bear, and the Phillipines — here's my address! Got it?

JOE: Sure do!

JEFF: Now LOSE it!!

JOE: Oh I couldn't lose it— its all beginning to happen now — the great scheme — and you are not just an arbitrary part of it, Pal. You are the most important part of it. Its getting clearer as I talk about it — and you are crucial.

JEFF: Pardon me! I have not a clue of which you speak. Can you help me here — or better yet — just cut me loose ... pal ... dude?

JOE: NOW it's clear!!!! I Can't let you go. Jesus is sending a comet that will come very close and will pick us up if we just chill and relax and let it happen. But we need an educated leader ... and probably a bear mascot with nose holes ... or at least a mascot of some kind ... but as Jesus made you a bear in high school he can change you to anything he wants once we are in his comet.

JEFF: Buddy, chap, you are creeping me out now! Big time! Now I have to stop using your language and get on with my business which is my daily life today.

JOE: There is no business of yours on this planet — Jesus awaits to tell you when you have risen in the glow of the comet. It is the almighty, the all seeing and all the mystical nothingness that is freakin jesus — that's why i am called a Jesus freak — and I Embrace it with all the karmic beaded meditation I can. . But now I Have you to comingle with. Today was the day!

JEFF: OK - as you would say - I am out of here! If Jesus loves me then he damn well better keep it to himself. Got it? Oh and give me my address back (he eats it) there! Holy communion! Ciaol

THE END

**KANAKA KAHUNA**

by Anonymous

CHICK: I cannot believe it! I'm like so excited! I'm here - and you're here! Like It's all too much! I am too lucky! Like OMG! You're the great, great surfer Kanaka, aren't you? Aren't you??? Ooooooh!  
(She kneels).

KANAKA: Yes, I am the party to whom you are ... genuflecting.

CHICK: Oh gosh, I am just like your biggest fan. Biggest. Biggest ever. Like Forever. I was standing down front during the surfing competition... oooooh. (She kneels again).

KANAKA: Hey, cool down. Pour some water on that sexy hot carburetor.

CHICK: I Haven't even like introduced myself, I'm Chick Coo. You are like a living legend. Did you really ride that killer wave off the coast of Bali?

KANAKA: Yep. I did it in "like" handcuffs. So how come you know so much about surfing?

CHICK: Oooooh. I don't But I'm like dying to ... dying to learn.

KANAKA: A "like" a very beginning girl surfer? That's "like" a bad joke.

CHICK: Well, Why don't you like teach me? I'm a great like swimmer.

KANAKA: You're a tadpole. LIKE!!! You're not meant to hit the high waves. It's like a mystical calling. Sorry, babe, sign up with the YMCA. They love tadpoles. Like.

CHICK: But Kanaka...

KANAKA: Hey little girl. I'm drinking my morning Java, like my grey cells are still dozing, in other words, angel, buzz off. LIKE!

CHICK: Well you haven't seen the last of me. No siree!! You'll see, I'm going to be your greatest student — even if it kills you. Tootles. Like...

THE END

**ACCENT**

by Anonymous

BARB: Oh my god!!!!!! You! you have an accent — I like Love accents — its so cool — I bet you catch lots of girls with your accent. It's like a chick magnet! Yeh. Oh yeh. I want you to — just talk for me — just say something — anything — I Just want to hear it — come on...

BOB: Ok, what would .....

BARB: Oh my god that's it!!! You .... you have really got it — where are you like from?

BOB: well, actually I Was born ...

BARB: No No No — let me like guess!

BOB: Actually there are three different influences that ...

BARB: Austria? That's it, isn't it?

BOB: In actual fact that's not even close to ...

BARB: OK, bad guess ---Africa? Aruba? I Know it begins with an A !!!! Like I know it!

BOB: ok that's it — it turns me on that my accent turns you on — but stop while you are ahead. Now I can do a really good Arnoldar Schwarznegger imitation if that will get this situation hotter. By the way HE IS from Austria and Im not. I can also do some African for you but it would have to be south African - but I Think that would be fine with you. Aruba is a bit more difficult but if you go to bed with me then I Think I could work on it! So what do you say?

BARB: Huh?

BOB: I Have an idea! How about you just keep your cute blonde little mouth shut and I Will do all the talking since my accent turns you on. LIKE.

BARB: ok ... but i'm not really like blonde.

BOB: Could have fooled me.

END

NOTES:

**PIECE # 1**

by Anonymous

CHARLES: Meg, my dearest cousin. I hear you are a very famous photographer, going places, and becoming even more famous. Especially for one specific photo that you have taken, one of your pieces. Maybe I could even talk you into giving this favorite old cousin of yours one of your pieces ... that I could frame . . and display as my famous cousin's. A famous piece from you.

MEG: I think, no - I KNOW THAT I have just the perfect piece of my photography for you — as a matter of fact I brought it with me — no, I Know that I have just the piece for you ! Actually, it is THE piece that made me famous. It would be dynamite framed in your bedroom - so you could see it when you go to bed and when you wake up! You would think of me every time you see it!

CARLES: I am so grateful to you. Oh wow oh wow! This is it? It is amazing! How interesting! How incredibly powerful ! Is it Abstract? Abstract photography??

MEG: Oh NO ... it is absolutely, wickedly realistic.

CHARLES: My sweet talented cousin, It is quite stunning. It has this large mass of red, surrounded by the various pinks in different shades of scarlet ... contrasted with that silver, strikingly, specificic, linear line. Almost if that, silver line thrusts obtrusively into that deep red mass.

MEG: Wow... how incredibly astute and sensitive you are, my dear cousin Charles, as always! You see .. that EXACTLY describes an ... abortion ... an abortion performed with a very clean coat hanger!

CHARLES: WHAT??? I don't understand, Meg, what in the hell are you talking about? Are you telling me that this is a photograph of a backstreet abortion? That is absolutely grotesque!

MEG: Oh yes!!!!!! Charles ... and very very painful! Painful to me - that you made this happen to.

CHARLES: Meg, honey, I Don't understand. Why are you showing this atrocity to me? Is there some sort of reason?

MEG; There is a very specific reason, darling Charles, This - as you called it mass of reds - shades of reds — this is our unborn baby!

CHARLES: What the hell are you talking about, Meg?

MEG: I am talking about the night that you raped me, Charles. Yes, you raped me but you see, because you left the next day for college, you never knew that you made me pregnant. I was scared and frightened so I turned to a girlfriend who knew the street life — to help me — get rid — of the - problem. She insisted on sterilizing the coat hanger until it was shiny clean. I insisted on using my beautiful new camera I had gotten for my thirteenth birthday, to record it. Do you even remember that night, cousin Charles? Dear cousin Charles?

CHARLES: But if you intend to do anything for some senseless mistake that we both made then let me tell you I will not let a blood relative destroy my life.

MEG: Do you want to see your blood relative? Your very bloody blood relative? Just look at this picture you bastard!

THE END

NOTES:

PIECE #2

by Anonymous

(Meg is lightly stoned, or drunk, or both. This is her long waited for victory. She goes from giddy, to brutal, to laughing to crying and many other extremely different emotions throughout the scene)

CHARLES: How long has it been, My dear cousin Meg?

MEG: A long time, Charles, a long long time. It's crazy, isn't it?

CHARLES: And now my long lost friend has become a famous, wealthy artistic photographer. With a gift for me, no less.

MEG: Is Yes. Your gift. It's one of my photographs. It's ... large. (Laughs, and indicates a spot out front above audience heads.) It would be dynamite framed in your bedroom — so you would see it when you go to sleep AND when you wake up! (Another laugh). (Serious) — Do you like it?

CHARLES: (Looking forward too.) How interesting! How incredibly powerful! Is it abstract?

MEG: (Giggly then brutal) Oh no! It is absolutely, wickedly realistic.

CHARLES: It is quite stunning. The center large mass of red, surrounded by various red pools of differing shades ... pinks ... even burnt orange. Contrasted with that silver, strikingly specific, linear line ... which seems to thrust into the red mass. (It is important that the actor really "see" the painting and make the audience "see" it.)

MEG: Eagerly overwhelmed like a child or puppy). How incredibly astute and sensitive you are, Charlie! You see, that EXACTLY describes ... an abortion ... being performed with a very clean coat hanger.

CHARLES: What the hell are you talking about? Are you telling me that this is photograph of a backstreet abortion? That is disgustingly grotesque!

MEG: Yes, Charles. And very, very ... painful.

CHARLES: Meg honey, I don't understand. Why are you showing this to me? Is there some sort of reason?

MEGAN: There is a very specific reason ... darling ... Charlie. This -as you call it - mass of reds — is our ... fetus.

CHARLES: What the hell are you talking about?

MEG: I'm talking about the night you raped me, Charles, but you see because you left the next day for college, you never knew that you made me pregnant. I was Charlie, scared and frightened so I turned to a girlfriend to help me get rid of the ... problem. She insisted on sterilizing the coat hanger until it was shiny silver. I insisted on using my beautiful new camera that I had been given for my birthday ... to record it. Do you remember that night? Do you even remember that night ... Charles?

CHARLES: If you intend to do anything against me, think again.

(She runs to another part of the stage to get away from him,)

MEG: How about I just expose a story of a simple coat hanger that has haunted me for half my life? All of which inspired me to create this great work of art -my signature work! My ...

CHARLES: (Grabs her.) No! Now you look at me, Meg. You have purged yourself. (indicates photo.) Let it go! Let it go, you little fucking bitch, let it go! Let it go! Let it ...

(They end up in a passionate embrace).

THE END

NOTES:

**MONOLOGUES**

**(These are monologues in addition to the four Scene Textbooks. You can also Google monologues but they must meet the criteria and be approved by the Instructor).**

1. MAFIA MANIFESTO by Anonymous
2. EVIL by Anonymous
3. WAKE UP AND SMELL THE WASABI by Anonymous
4. DRUNKEN KEISTER by Anonymous
5. TWISTED BETRAYAL by Anonymous
6. TO TELL THE TRUTH by Anonymous
7. DOUBLE LIFE by Anonymous
8. NEWS by Anonymous
9. FUNERAL by Anonymous
10. MY LOVE MY LIFE by Anonymous
11. CHARLIE by Anonymous
12. ANNE MONOLOGUE by Anonymous
13. WASABI by Anonymous

**MAFIA MANIFESTO**

by Anonymous

(Natasha is talking to another girl backstage of a strip joint - Natasha is a victim of human trafficking):

NATASHA:

This is it! I can't ... I just can't take anymore. But every time I say that then I see the beautiful blue eyes of my baby boy, Nikolai, back in Russia. They say they will kill him and my mother who takes care of him. Brutally. And I believe they will do it. But going out on that stage again - demeaning myself - and worse is having to have sex with men - at a moment's notice. How much lower can I go? I can take their beatings but my baby can't. I have to - I must keep going but I just don't think that I can walk out on that stage again! Dear God, what am I to do? What can I do? Your silence speaks so much.

I have no choice. The interview in Russia - the lies that they told me - I was so excited to start my new great job in America. And when I arrived here I realized the awful truth. But what could I do? I had no way to get home - or even to exist without them. It's a job, I get paid and they take every penny. Oh God, I can't walk out on that stage anymore! Nikolai - this is for you - here I go again.

**EVIL**

by Anonymous

PERCY:

She's in the house now. I know her daily routine like the back of my hand. Day after day of watching her. Obsessing over her. Entering the window she always forgets to lock. Going through her underwear drawer. Smelling her panties. No. Caressing her painties. Just like I am going to caress her throat with my hands. While I draw my eating words on her torso with my knife I love and stroke. She hasn't seen what I've done to her precious children. She doesn't want to disturb them in their sleep so I hear her now quietly tiptoeing past their blood soaked bedrooms. I'm in her closet. So that when she opens the door to put away her clothes she will see my smiling face whispering "Surprise!" Oh it's delicious. It will fulfill my every desire and need. She is in her room now. I see her in my mind. Taking off her clothes. Now she must be naked. Coming toward her closet to get her nightgown which I have hanging from my knife. I can hear her steps just right outside the door. The doorknob turns. She opens the door. My time has arrived. "SURPRISE"!

**WAKE UP AND SMELL THE WASABI**

By Anonymous  
(Genders can be changed)

LILLY:

Look, buddy, I'm just not interested in you. You just called me your "Oriental Dream". "Oriental" is what you call a rug - you don't call a person Oriental! Asian is what we are. Asian. Let me spell it for you. A-S-I-A-N. Asian!

And my father is not Mr. Mitsubishi and he doesn't make cars!

And my brother is not the new pitcher for the L.A. Dodgers - we don't ALL play baseball.

And I know this comes as a great surprise to you but all Chinese, Koreans and Japanese are not the same.

And my family has not bought up all the property in downtown Los Angeles.

And Yoko Ono is not my great aunt.

And NO I am not going to pick out your Sushi for you!

You've got some strange ideas, you know. As a matter of fact, YOU ARE STRANGE! So stop following me around, ok? Or I will scream. You want me to show you how I can scream? (She screams). That's not a "butterfly" scream - that's a "your making me crazy" scream - so scram.

What? My accent turns you on? Ok I give up!

Ok. You want me to tell you my name. Well here it is. My name is Ako-Han-Yokohama-Chan-Komibayashi-Toyota!

In my language that means - "she who dances naked on the mountain top"!

Oh my god - that turns you on!

I finally give up! Now beat it, buddy!

(She turns her back to the audience for a beat then turns back to the audience and says "Thank You" as herself).

THE END

**TWISTED BETRAYAL**

by Anonymous

(GENDERS CAN BE CHANGED)

LARRY:

No, Danielle. No! We won't play games. I saw you with your tongue down your lover's throat. No. Don't deny it.

Ok. I have to take it. The kids have to take it. The world has to take it. But, Danielle, did it have to be Eleanor? My sweet, dear cousin Eleanor? Couldn't you have chosen someone else? Someone not so close to us. All those late afternoon "lunches" that lasted a little longer than normal. I still love you. Do you understand that? I still love you. What is wrong with me? No. What is wrong with you. No what is wrong with this crazy world. Danielle, I have to face our kids. I have to face Sarah and Jimmy. What do I say to them? What do I say to myself? Where did I fail? I hurt, Danielle. I hurt. Let me just ask you one simple question. How could you?!

**TO TELL THE TRUTH**

by Anonymous

**(Genders can be changed)**

LARRY:

Oh come on, Jake. Tell the truth for once. You were. You are. And you always have been. Your as gay as they come. Every friend I've ever had, you tried to seduce. You purposely went out and tried to find a girlfriend so you could pass. You even had a kid with her. Poor Jill. Poor Justin. But Daddy can't hide it, can he? Hell, Jake, I wouldn't even be surprised if you molested your kid. Hey. Hey. Ok. That's hitting too low. But I am so pissed. No. So angered. No. So outraged. At your self righteousness to your "friends" and at your friends! Why? Why did you do that to them? To all of them? Were you so scared of being ostracized? Didn't you realize, pal - that we were here for you? We were always here for you. But you just didn't let us in. You never let anyone in. That's you, Jake. That's you, friend.

**DOUBLE LIFE**

by Anonymous

(Genders can be changed)

ED:

Why do you do it, Jane? Why do you appear to be happy with me? When all you can think of is someone else. Do you have any idea how much it hurts me? I know you are constantly with someone else. I just choose not to think about it. We have come up with a great facade. Everyone wishes they were us. Because we are so perfect. So happy. Yes, Jane, we are so happy. But ultimately isn't that ridiculous? It makes me want to laugh. If only the world knew the truth. But they don't, do they? That's why I have to do this to you.

**NEWS**

by Anonymous  
(Genders can be changed)

BILL:

Well, that's a pisser. Isn't it, doc? I have six weeks to live? The first thing. The very first thing that comes to my mind is - why is it so hard to die? It's been coming. I just didn't completely know. I just couldn't put my finger exactly on it. I don't feel well. Yes. Yeah. That's what I want on my grave marker - quote "I kept telling you I was sick". Or maybe I want the words to say " I am a man of no convictions - at least I don't think I am". Or maybe I should say - oh shove it. I'm dying. I'm singing my swan song. I'm moving to happy happy land. I just have one question, doc. How do I tell this to my six year old only child? Huh? Huh? Yeah.

**Funeral**

by Anonymous  
(Can be either gender)

LESLIE:

You ain't gonna let me see him are you? You ain't gonna let me go to my little boy's funeral are you? Do you know what it's like - what it's really like? To be accused of torturing my son to death? Then make me sit in a jail cell - to not even go say good bye to my little boy. It ain't right. It ain't fair. I didn't do it. I didn't do it. But even if I did then still caint I feel bad about it? So bad about it? I had a bad boyfriend. A bad guy. A really bad guy. He thought my little boy was gay. This guy was a biker. He weren't nice to him. Or to me. But what could I do? I make mistakes. I make mistakes. But please let me see my little boy one last time. Say one last final good bye to my little love. Are you sayin' no to that? Who are you? What are you? Are you alive? Do you have a beat in' heart? Because my little boy don't have that. I beg you. I beg you.

**MY LOVE MY LIFE**

by Anonymous

MELANIE:

Yes, Bobby, that photograph that you saw at the beginning of the collection is my best one. Dear cousin, you will always say the sweetest things to me. You always have. Yes I'm a famous photographer. But it's all because of you. You made it happen. Remember that night that you met with me - the night before you left for graduate school? Many years ago. I was just sixteen at that time. Just sixteen and so in awe of you. Yes in awe of you. That was until you raped me. Oh, you don't remember that, Bobby? That's what you did. And when I had to find a place that would abort that baby - well it wasn't pretty. So I did what I knew best how to do. I took a photo of that - of those remains. Yes. That's the beautiful surrealistic abstract photograph that has won me so many awards. Your baby. Your imprint left on me forever. Aren't you proud of my success?

**CHARLIE**

by Anonymous

(Can change genders)

CHARLIE:

Hi Mikey! Hi Mikey! Hi Mikey! I soooo happy to see you! Are we going out somewhere? Mikey, I had a goood day! I fed the birds! I chased the squirrels - oh but I not hurt them! Then I eat the sandwich you made me - that was real real real good! Then I dug in the dirt! I had sooooo much fun, Mikey! (Pause). Mikey, there is a thing I got to tell you. It is real important. Remember how you told me about that home you gonna take me to? Because you go away for work? I see'd that home and I not want to go there! I stay here! With the birdies and the squirrel and my dig shovel. Mikey, if you go away and leave me at that home? Then I have a sad sad sad heart. You no leave me, Mikey! You no leave me! You me we stay together. Here. Our home. Here.

Here, Mikey! Here! Not there for me! Here! Because ... because ... because I love you, Mikey. You my big brother and I love you. This much! (He shows him big round space with his arms). I ... love ... you!

THE END

NOTES:

**FOR ANNE**

by Anonymous

ELIZABETH:

I'm not dead, Daddy! So I start with three strikes against me! I'm not canonized or sanctified or glorified. I'm just here. Doing all the things that you don't want me to do. All the things that your beloved Michelle would never have done. Or so you say. And you believe about dearest Michelle. You believe that. But you don't you don't know, daddy. You don't know what your angel Michelle might have been capable of.

I'm tired. I can't go on trying to live up to a ghost. A very Holy Ghost.

Do you know how many times that I've wished I was sitting on her side of the car. And she was sitting on mine. ????? Then I would be the beloved angel. Or maybe not. Right daddy?

I could never win with you. Could I?

I'm just plain old ALIVE Elizabeth - and what the hell is special about that?

Special is the shrine in your heart. In our house. In your room. Devoted to Michelle. Goddess Michelle. Sometimes I just want to run in your room and smash the picture frames and claw the photos and tear the momentos with my teeth.

I'm tired of living in a mausoleum. A cathedral of devotion.

I LOVE YOU, god damn it!!!!

Hear me, daddy! Please hear me. Please. Do it now. You didn't before.

You were so busy grieving that there wasn't enough room to let me mourn. To mourn for my own loss. For my sister who was one half of me in the womb.

Now. If you let me walk out that door tonight then Father you will have lost both your daughters. And since I was all you had left then you will be alone.

Alone with your angel. Goodbye. Papa. Goodbye.

**WASABI**

by Anonymous

KIM: Sushi. As I sat down, I anticipated the sting of wasabi shooting through my nose. Then I heard, "Excuse me, but I was wondering if you would order for me. Because I've never eaten Sushi before. I've heard so much about it. And it all sounds so good. But the thought of eating raw fish ... and when I came in everything looked so foreign and confusing... and ...". It didn't seem like too much of a request. Just a favor for some advice. And normally I would be happy enough to do it. But she had this look. "Oh you can speak English very well. I love how polite you people are. You are just the nicest oriental!" Who is this woman and where is she from? What decade is she living in? And this woman with this frosty blue eye shadow and giant helmet hair-do continues chatting away at me. "So honey, where in Japan are you from?" As I replied I started speaking with a Japanese accent - or as least as much as I knew how - and even though I have never been to Japan, I told her "Originally I come from Tokyo, but my parents knew of a good subservient Japanese woman who live in America. So they send me here to meet my new wife!" "What a fabulous story", she says, " And what's your name, sweetie?" So I tell her that my name is Hirofumi Asuko Yakatori Teriyaki Yoshinoya Mitsubishi Yoko Ono Fuji Sumo. "Oh my, what does that mean?" I say It's a family name meaning one who dances naked on mountain top. "Fabulous!!! Hon, you are just the sweetest thing but you people have got to stop buying up America. I mean one or two buildings are fine but auto plants, banks, Radio City Music Hall, Columbia Pictures, the Seattle Mariners! My God, a baseball team for Christ's sake. Now why on earth would Japanese people want to watch a baseball game?" I sat there dazed, amazed and in a haze. I was in awe of her ignorance! Now I know the typical Asian thing to do would be to be polite and accommodating. I left.

THE END

NOTES:

**MONOLOGUE: NO! DON'T TOUCH ME!**

by Anonymous

Reina:

I was sitting in that stinking truck hoping no one would touch me again. It was crowded so tightly. I couldn't breathe. We hadn't been out of that truck since the Mexico/Guatemala border. We had to be quiet. When babies started crying, mothers covered their mouths until they almost suffocated them. I was beyond crying.

I was beyond screaming. I was beyond ... anything ... and everything. All this to get to America! Yes! What I have wanted and I have worked for for so long. But nobody told me about this truck hell I would have to go through for so long. (She yells at a man). Don't you touch me! Don't you ever assault me again. I have a knife and a bottle of battery acid. (She looks around knowing that she should whisper). (Saying in a low voice) If you touch me there again then I will shove my knife under your ribs until we will all be sliding in your blood in this truck. Then I will drink this bottle of battery acid and die an agonizing death. But it will be better than all these hands all over me. Stripping me of my dignity. My life. And you. You are the worst. You are the worst disgusting man in this truck. Just because I'm not as strong as you doesn't mean that you have the right to rape me. So no. Don't you dare touch me again. Do you understand? No? Then here comes my knife. There!

## MONOLOGUE: HALLWAY SEX

by Anonymous

Jim:

Alice,

We have only been married for six years, Alice, for god's sake. Six years and already we aren't having sex.

I don't want to be an old married couple.

I mean a REALLY OLD MARRIED COUPLE. (He goes into a skeleton figure).

Ok. I know. There was Theya.. But that was a brief fling I had.

Oh she didn't look like a fling to you?

Well maybe if you had wiped off the lenses of your binoculars you might have seen that she was definitely the fling type.

But come on, Alice.

I apologized to you over and over and over and over again. You accepted.

Then you and I were having sex all over the place.

On the coffee table.

On the washing machine.

On the stove - now that was hot - ha ha - ok you don't think that's funny. And then what about your Thor.

Thor The Stud.

Your one night stand. No. Let me correct that. Your eight night stand. Oh yes. I forgot.

(Sarcastically). Thor - who the hell is named Thor that doesn't sell butter.

Anyway, Thor was a payback for Theya. ThorTheya. TheyaThor. They definitely have to get together. Anyway, after your eight night stand with your Norse god was over. I forgave you.

We had sex. Ok we had moved from the coffee table to the bedroom. We had downgraded from total house sex to bed sex.

But we have an ok bed. It's normal.

So bed Sex was ok.

Maybe not as good as washing machine sex.

But it was ok. Bed Sex.

Alice, don't say a word.

All we have now is HALLWAY SEX!

We pass each other in the hall and say "Fuck you" "Fuck you". I GIVE UP!

## MONOLOGUE: WHAT DID YOU SAY?

by Anonymous

Sharon:

I love being a nurse but sometimes it can be a difficult field to be in.

During the Coronavirus crisis, I had a lovely patient on my ward named Steven.

Steven had a mild case of the Coronavirus and ended up in the hospital for a few days for more testing.

One night I went to Steven's room to adjust the face mask that he was wearing and to bathe his back and shoulders.

Steven asked me a bizarre question out of the blue.

"Are my testicles black?"

Shocked, I said to him, "Sir, there is no way I can tell you that!" We went back and forth arguing - Steven muffled by his mask and me muffled by my shock.

I became a little stubborn thing who was adamant that what Steven was asking for was completely not one of my duties.

Finally, Steven won.

And with great trepidation, I lifted up the sheet that was covering his body. I then bent over to take a good long look at his privates. At first I was too stunned to even speak. I finally stood up and worked up my courage to look him straight in the eye.

With great determination I loudly said "No!"

To which he said, "No what?" So I firmly said, "No, your testicles are not black!"

He took his face mask off and said, "Well, that long look that you gave me certainly uplifted my spirits while raising my curious amusement. But listen to me very, very carefully. I didn't ask you if my testicles were black. I asked you - if - my - test - results - were - back."

With that I put my hand over my mouth, and said "Oh my!" And I made a beeline for the door.

I yelled down the hall, "Bertha, are the test results back for the patient in Number Seven?" He put his face mask back on, continued to wonder if his test results had come back, and promptly fell asleep.

**SCENE: WHAT DID YOU SAY**  
by Anonymous

Sharon: Hello.

Steven: (with a hospital mask on and sitting on a chair with a sheet over him) Hello.

Sharon: I'm the late night nurse.

Steven: Ok.

Sharon: My name is Nurse Sharon.

Steven: (somewhat muffled behind his mask). My name is Steven.

Sharon: I'm here to give you some washing and rub your shoulders.

Steven: (muffled). That's nice. Perhaps you could help me. I have a very important question to ask.

Sharon: I'll try, sir.

Steven: Ok. Are my testicles black?

Sharon: (shocked). Sir, I'm here to wash your chest and back. (Silence). And that is all!

Steven: I know. I know. But are my testicles black?

Sharon: Please, Sir! Please!

Steven: Look, you could help me, Sharon. Nurse I really want to know if my testicles are black!

Sharon: Sir, you are raising your blood pressure!

Steven: I know. Just help me please and tell me if my testicles are black!

Sharon: If you don't calm down then I think you will make yourself sicker!

Steven: Just tell me if my testicles are black!

Sharon: This is beyond what is required of me.

Steven: Just tell me!

Sharon: (Gently lifts up the sheet covering his body). (She fumbles a bit with her hand). (She looks with wide eyes). (She covers him back up and tries to compose herself). Sir, let me please set your mind at ease.

Steven: Well, are my testicles black?

Sharon: Sir. Steven. Your testicles are not black. (She smiles at him widely).

Steven: (Smiles back at her and pulls his mask down off his face). That's all very, very nice. But are you listening very carefully now?

Sharon: Yes. Steven.

Steven: Good! I will ask you one more time very carefully = "ARE - MY - TEST - RESULTS - BACK?"

Sharon: Steven. Sir. Sir. Oh my god. I don't know but I will go check at the front desk. Oh my god. Steven. Sir.

Steven: Thank you, Night Nurse Sharon. Thank you very much.

Sharon: Yes, sir. (She starts to leave).

Steven: Sharon, whatever the test results are, it has been lovely spending time with you. You are truly special with your full body care.

Sharon: Oh my god. (And she runs out the door). (Yelling). Bertha, do we have the test results back for the patient in number seven?

Steven: (Just leans back with a smile on his face).

**MONOLOGUE: WHAT DID YOU SAY?**

by Anonymous

Steven:

I had a mild case of the Coronavirus and ended up in the hospital for a few days for more testing.

One night this sweet little old night nurse came into my room to adjust the face mask that I was wearing and to bathe my back and shoulders.

I wanted to know about my test results and so I asked her if my test results were back. Shocked, she said to me, "Sir, there is no way I can tell you that!" We went back and forth arguing - me muffled by my mask and her muffled by her old age. She was a little stubborn thing who was adamant that what I was asking for was completely not one of her duties.

Finally, I won.

And with great trepidation, she lifted up the sheet that was covering my body. She then bent over to take a good long look at my privates. At first I was too stunned to even speak. She finally stood up and worked up her courage to look me straight in the eye.

With great determination she loudly said "No!"

I found my voice to say "No what?" She said, "No, your testicles are not black!"

I took my face mask off and said, "Well, that long look that you gave me certainly uplifted my spirits while raising my curious amusement. But listen to me very, very carefully. I didn't ask you if my testicles were black. I asked you - if - my - test - results - were - back."

With that she put her hand over her mouth, said "Oh my!" And she made a beeline for the door.

I put my face mask back on, continued to wonder if my test results had come back, and promptly fell asleep.

