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**BIG OLE WASHING MACHINE**  
by Stephen Belber

## **Cast of Characters**

JIM

MIKE

VOICE

# BIG OLE WASHING MACHINE

by Stephen Belber

*(Two guys sit facing out, as though looking into a dressing room mirror in front of them. MIKE is slightly, though only slightly, on the “durable” side of the masculine spectrum and of a slightly, if not obvious, non-Anglo ethnicity; JIM is slightly, though only slightly, and relatively, on the “quainter” end of the masculine spectrum and, generally, pretty Anglo, ethnically speaking.)*

*(A VOICE, heard over an intercom, or perhaps from the other side of a door and accompanied by a knock:)*

**VOICE.** Fifteen minutes, gentlemen!

**MIKE / JIM.** Thank you.

*(Silence.)*

**MIKE.** Anyone out there tonight?

**JIM.** No. *(Beat.)* You?

**MIKE.** Nope.

*(Beat; they silently mutter sentences to themselves.)*

**JIM.** You read that article?

**MIKE.** Which?

**JIM.** This morning.

**MIKE.** On the Kurds?

**JIM.** No, the...ah...it was actually about appetite-suppression pills.

**MIKE.** No way.

**JIM.** Yeah.

**MIKE.** Funny. *(Pause:)* Good?

**JIM.** Stupid. *(Beat; they mutter.)* They're making a pill out of the actual hormone we secrete after we eat a lot. So that we don't. Won't.

**MIKE.** Eat so much?

**JIM.** Yeah. *(Pause.)* It's like more advanced than the stuff that's already out there...which...you know, *never* works.

**MIKE.** *(Pause:)* Cool. *(Beat.)* I've been eating like a goddam cow during this thing.

**JIM.** Me too.

**MIKE.** Really?

**JIM.** I started eating meat again.

**MIKE.** I didn't know you didn't.

**JIM.** Three years.

**MIKE.** You've been devouring the stuff.

**JIM.** I had a fucking Whopper Junior for breakfast today.

**MIKE.** *Really?*

**JIM.** It was like ecstasy—every bite. Totally intense. Rachel almost puked watching me.

**MIKE.** She's a vegy?

**JIM.** Whole nine yards. We both were.

**MIKE.** Wow.

**JIM.** Yeah. *(Beat.)* Why, is something up with the Kurds?

**MIKE.** Yeah.

**JIM.** Yeah?

**MIKE.** Yeah. They're completely pissed.

**JIM.** Really?

**MIKE.** Totally.

**JIM.** *(Beat:)* Mike?

**MIKE.** What?

**JIM.** *(Pause:)* Are *you* a Kurd?

**MIKE.** No. *(Pause.)* Why?

**JIM.** I dunno. I mean...you...

**MIKE.** What— ?

**JIM.** I dunno—

**MIKE.** I have Kurdish tendencies?

**JIM.** No, yeah— No...I just thought that maybe—

**MIKE.** No, man, Kurds are a whole different ball game. Total Sunni badasses. *(Beat.)* I wish I was a Kurd.

**JIM.** *(Pause—wistful:)* Me too.

**MIKE.** *(Beat; they mutter:)* They had this guy back in the sixties, Mustafa al-Barzani, he used to ride into Iraqi villages on a horse and just wreak total fucking chaos. *(Beat... )* Jim, did Rachel like what I was doing in this?

**JIM.** Mike, she thought you were awesome.

**MIKE.** I didn't get that impression.

**JIM.** She totally did, she's just not good at giving compliments. I have to, like, force her to even tell me I was *decent*.

**MIKE.** Sorry. I don't mean to...

**JIM.** Don't sweat it, it's really hard what you have to do out there. *(Beat... )* I *did* read an article about this Christian fundamentalist group that's trying to make it illegal for banks to charge interest.

**MIKE.** Really?

**JIM.** They think interest is like the epitome of greed and the root of modern-day evil...or something. *(Pause.)* It's actually an awesome idea. I mean, I know that Rachel and I would buy a place *pronto* if it had interest free—...

**MIKE.** Loans?

**JIM.** Yeah... *(Beat—brutally earnest:)* But I mean, even more so, reading that made me just want to get the hell out of this country and live somewhere where...I dunno, where people have more...basic, human compassion and imagination and mutual...*involvement* with...each other.

**MIKE.** I hear you, man. *(Beat... )* You think you and Rachel'll get married?

**JIM.** *(Pause:)* I dunno. *(Beat.)* It's a tough call. I care so much, but sometimes I'm not sure what about. *(Beat... They mutter.)* You wanna run it?

**MIKE.** Sure.

*(They clear their throats and "prep up." Beat—and they begin:)*

**JIM.** You think she'd mind?

**MIKE.** No. *(Beat.)* I'm sorry it's not better beer.

**JIM.** Not a biggie. *(Beat.)* She a good roommate?

**MIKE.** She's all right. Sucks at doing dishes.

**JIM.** You guys ever... ?

**MIKE.** No...she's...totally not my type. She's, like, engaged with the world, fully, and I'm just a stay-home slob.

**JIM.** Maybe you should get more involved.

**MIKE.** How?

**JIM.** I dunno—read the paper, take a walk around a new neighborhood, get on a plane and go somewhere. The world's out there, man, ours for the taking.

**MIKE.** I think I've watched too much football.

**JIM.** Fuck football. Everything in moderation.

**MIKE.** You see that Eagles game?

**JIM.** I did, but does it matter?

**MIKE.** Not really.

**JIM.** That's what I'm saying. You gotta soar, Jeff, that's all there is to it, you gotta soar.

*(Beat; MIKE leans over, hesitantly, and kisses JIM on the cheek. JIM doesn't react. A moment later, MIKE kisses JIM on the lips. It lasts for three seconds, and then JIM pulls away; beat.)*

**JIM.** Wow. *(Pause.)* What the fuck.

**MIKE.** Yeah.

*(MIKE leans over and kisses JIM again on the lips; it lasts three seconds and JIM pulls away.)*

**JIM.** What the fuck.

**MIKE.** Sorry.

**JIM.** That's not part of the...

**MIKE.** I know, I'm sorry. I just wanted to see where the moment went.

**JIM.** It's a little weird.

**MIKE.** I know, I'm sorry. *(Beat.)* Honestly, I didn't mean anything by it. Character study. I was just trying to figure out what they would do if there wasn't always that sound cue right there.

**JIM.** Fine.

*(They turn back to their mirrors; beats.)*

**MIKE.** I know what you're thinking.

**JIM.** No you don't.

**MIKE.** Yeah I do, you think I'm like some gay Kurd.

**JIM.** Are you pissed about that?

**MIKE.** About what?

**JIM.** That I thought you were Kurd?

**MIKE.** Why would I be pissed?

**JIM.** I don't know, maybe you don't like Kurds.

**MIKE.** I *told* you I liked them.

**JIM.** You said you *admire* them but who's to say you're not ethnically predisposed to, like, hating them?

**MIKE.** Fine—but if I *was* pissed, then why would I kiss you?

**JIM.** I dunno—because you think you're getting into character!

**MIKE.** So what does that have to do with the Kurds?

**JIM.** Nothing!

**MIKE.** OK then!

**JIM.** Fine! (*Beat; then suddenly turning to him:*) Here's my thing: I'm just here, trying to serve the piece. As for life—we're all just who we are when no one's looking and none of it really matters so long as we serve up the dish when it counts. What *does* matter is that you don't play games during a line-through.

**MIKE.** Who's playing games?

**JIM.** Listen—you know how I am, and if I'm *not* like that then I'm still monogamous with Rachel, so for you to come in here and start extra kissing on our final fucking preview is just weird, dishonest experimentation.

**MIKE.** Now you're implying shit.

**JIM.** No I'm not—

**MIKE.** Of course you are, you're calling it extra kissing when I just told you I'm conducting character investigation.

**JIM.** Fine, then let's kiss. Outside the scene. Seriously, put your money where your mouth is.

**MIKE.** Jim, I'm not like that.

**JIM.** Bullshit.

**MIKE.** I'm sorry, but I'm not—

**JIM.** Me neither—

**MIKE.** Fine—

**JIM.** So then let's just kiss as *us*—two guys having a little kiss—

**MIKE.** Why?

**JIM.** To get it out of our system.

**MIKE.** It's not *in* my system!

**JIM.** Oh right—you were just practicing how to “soar”—

**MIKE.** Isn't that what this whole thing's about?

**JIM.** *You tell me.*

*(Beat; silence.)*

**MIKE.** Fine—

*(MIKE leans over and kisses JIM on the lips; it lasts three seconds, MIKE pulls back, looking at JIM as if to say, "Call it what you will." Beat.)*

**MIKE.** Should we run the other scene?

**JIM.** Fine.

*(Beat; they clear throats and prep up. Beat. And then: JIM leans over and kisses MIKE full on the lips; it lasts five seconds; MIKE pulls away; beat.)*

**JIM.** Sri Lanka's on a path to self-destruction and the world's not even paying attention.

**MIKE.** I try to read about it but it's hard to find good articles.

**JIM.** Jaffna's practically a war zone—Tamil bombings practically every day and the tragic thing is is that it doesn't have to happen. There's full government awareness that an independent Hindu Tamil state is more than geographically feasible, but no one wants to take the first step.

**MIKE.** Don't get so passionate on me, you know where it makes me go.

**JIM.** Where?

**MIKE.** Straight to the gold mine.

**JIM.** I thought you weren't "like that."

**MIKE.** I'm not.

**JIM.** So what *are* you?

**MIKE.** Passionate.

**JIM.** You can say that again, but what about?

**MIKE.** I wish I could say Sri Lanka...but I'm afraid I'm too self-involved.

**JIM.** Passion is passion is passion. Just because your parents are *from* there doesn't mean you have to know their entire history.

**MIKE.** *(Pause:)* Well then I guess I'm passionate about acting.

**JIM.** It's an admirable profession.

**MIKE.** It's semi-sophisticated narcissism.

**JIM.** *(Beat—earnest as hell:)* If I was falling, I'd probably fall for you.

**MIKE.** *Are you?*

**JIM.** I don't know, Jeff. I try never to predict when I'm about to fall. Otherwise I'd land too easily. Generally I like the bumps

**MIKE.** I like the bumps too.

*(JIM leans over and kisses MIKE. MIKE pulls away. A moment later, JIM leans over and kisses MIKE again; it lasts for seven seconds; MIKE pulls away; beat.)*

**MIKE.** What are you doing?

**JIM.** Getting into character.

**MIKE.** The second one was supposed to be short.

**JIM.** I wanted to see where it went.

**VOICE.** *(Offstage:)* Five minutes, gentlemen!

**MIKE / JIM.** Thank you.

*(Beats...)*

**MIKE.** *(Innocent, almost tentative:)* Did I tell you I got laid last night?

**JIM.** *(Beat:)* No.

**MIKE.** I did. *(Pause.)* This girl named Jenna. She saw the show, came up to me afterwards and said she loved my vulnerability.

**JIM.** *(Pause, and then:)* Was she the one you were talking to outside the bathroom?

**MIKE.** Yeah.

**JIM.** She was hot.

**MIKE.** Yeah.

**JIM.** *(Pause:)* Was it fun?

**MIKE.** No. *(Pause:)* Her vagina smelled like an egg. *(Beat—vulnerable:)* Like an egg that's cracked but you don't realize it...for a couple weeks.

**JIM.** *(Pause:)* That sucks.

**MIKE.** It does. *(Beat.)* My guess is that guys wash down there more often.

**JIM.** You think?

**MIKE.** I don't know. You?

**JIM.** No, actually, I don't. I mean...there are days I forget to even soap up down there.

**MIKE.** *(Pause—tentative:)* Down where?

**JIM.** Down there.

**MIKE.** *(Beat; re: his own crotch:)* Down here?

**JIM.** *(Beat; tentative:)* No. *(Re: his own crotch:)* Down here.

**MIKE.** *(Re: JIM's crotch:)* Down here?

**JIM.** *(About a more specific place on his own crotch:)* No. Down here.

*(Beat; the two men regard each other carefully, not sure what will come next; beat.)*

**MIKE.** Should we *do* the ending?

**JIM.** Sure.

*(They clear throats and prep up; beat; MIKE stands carefully; JIM kneels before him.)*

**MIKE.** I'm scared.

**JIM.** Jeff.

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**BLOODY THANKSGIVING**  
by **Brooke Berman**

## Cast of Characters

NINA, a young woman, 20s

HELENE, her grandmother

SYLVIA, her aunt, early 40s

## Acknowledgments

*Bloody Thanksgiving* had its first staged reading at the New Georges Performathon directed by Julie Hamberg in the spring of 1998.

The play received its world premiere at the Ohio Theatre (Michael Barakiva, Director) in the fall of 1999 with the following cast:

NINA .....	Addie Johnson
AUNT.....	Gabra Zackman
HELENE.....	Christina Rouner

Special thanks to Julie Bleha.

# BLOODY THANKSGIVING

by Brooke Berman

## Scene 1

*(HELENE sits reading the Obituary Pages of a local newspaper and drinking a cup of coffee. NINA interrupts.)*

**NINA.** I'm bleeding. Can I borrow your car?

**HELENE.** What for?

**NINA.** I got my period. I need to get stuff.

**HELENE.** So, what do you need to drive for?

**NINA.** Grandma, I'm out of tampons. I need to go to the store. Can I take your car?

**HELENE.** But you don't know the roads around here.

**NINA.** Can I borrow your car? I'll be right back.

**HELENE.** You can't take my car if you don't know the roads. You don't even drive any more. Do you drive in New York? You know you don't. You're out of practice and you don't know your way around. Besides, what with Thanksgiving, the holiday. The roads will be crazy. Everyone's out buying pies.

**NINA.** Do you have any tampons?

**HELENE.** What would I do with tampons?

**NINA.** I don't know. Don't you have any just...for guests or something?

**HELENE.** I don't have guests.

**NINA.** Well, would you take me, then? I need tampons. I know it's a holiday, but I need them. Can you drive me?

**HELENE.** After my coffee. I'm just a wreck til I've had my coffee. Mocha java first thing pronto. I have got to start my day with my mocha java. Yes, Sir. Mocha Java. It's my favorite blend. Better than Breakfast Blend. Better than Kona. Better than that Italian stuff your

mother used to drink. I hate that Italian stuff. Mocha Java has just the right balance of acid and...what is it? I don't know. What were you saying now? Oh, my God, do you know who died yesterday? Eleanor Godshalk.

**NINA.** I don't know who that is.

**HELENE.** Eleanor Godshalk lived next door to your mother when she first got married. She's the one with the crazy son, you know, the ax-murderer.

**NINA.** Grandma, I'm bleeding. I do not have any sort of protection. I do not have female sanitary products. No tampons, no pads, no nothing. Not in my luggage, not in my make-up case, not with my toiletries, not anywhere. I am about to bleed on your white carpeting and on your white tile floors, and I plan to use your white towels to clean it up. Do you think that you can please help me. Please? Can you just please fucking help me?

**HELENE.** You're just like your mother. Just hold your goddamned horses—

**NINA.** I have my period. There are no horses to hold!

**HELENE.** SO HOLD YOUR GODDAMNED PERIOD AND WAIT FOR ME TO FINISH MY FUCKING COFFEE. The goddamned coffee and the goddamned obituaries are the only pleasurable aspects to my life, and I will not let you ruin that just because you're home for the holidays and have to bleed. I am taking time for me, okay? I read about it and I am doing it. So just stuff some toilet paper in there and wait. GOT IT??

**NINA.** GIVE ME THE FUCKING CAR KEYS. PLEASE!?

**HELENE.** YOU JUST HOLD ON.

**NINA.** ALL I WANT IS JUST ONE TAMPON. WHAT IS SO SELFISH ABOUT THAT? Fine. I'll walk. I don't know where I'm going, but I will walk there anyway.

*(She puts on a jacket and leaves.)*

**HELENE.** WELL YOU WON'T GET VERY FAR WITH BLOOD DRIPPING DOWN YOUR LEGS, WILL YOU?! She should have

waited. (*Pours another cup.*) But she didn't. And that is not my fault. I did the best I can. Girls ask for so much. They need this, they need that. Well, they can all go to Hell for all I care. Everyone can just go to Hell.

## Scene 2

**NINA.** These are tampons. You stick them up inside yourself and they stop up the flow of blood. It's kind of an interesting metaphor, only I'm not sure what for. I was not able to even use these until I was 22 years old. Nobody in my family told me about them, so I assumed they were meant for someone else and I just used those pads, the ones that stick inside your underwear. This is probably grossing you out a little. I don't know. I don't have a very clear monitor in terms of what is polite conversation and what isn't. My fondest memories of my mother involve her naked in the kitchen stuffing a turkey. So let's just say I don't have good social grace boundaries. I had bad parenting— Isn't that just a great excuse for everything?

I don't usually go home for the holidays. Certainly not since my mother died. But this year something felt like it might be different. I felt a sense of...possibility. Like anything was possible and like maybe it could be different with us.

Fuck that shit.

## Scene 3

*(Thanksgiving Dinner. HELENE, NINA, AUNT SYLVIA. NINA is setting the table.)*

**AUNT.** Glad you could make it home for once. Are you famous yet?

**NINA.** Lay off.

**HELENE.** Don't talk to your aunt that way. Sylvie, leave her alone. She has her period.

**NINA.** GRANDMA!

**HELENE.** Well, you do. She does. She was making all sorts of noise about it all morning. She needs this and she needs that.

**AUNT.** MOTHER! I don't want to hear about her period over Thanksgiving dinner.

**HELENE.** What's wrong? You have one too. Or did yours stop already?

**NINA.** Do we have to talk about this? Normal people don't talk about these things over dinner. Why do we talk about these things? Don't you think we have a problem?

**AUNT.** She's so angry. What does she have to be so angry about?

**HELENE.** It's the hormones. I'm so glad I don't do that anymore.

**NINA.** What are you talking about?

**HELENE.** Oh, God, Sylvie, did you hear who died?

**AUNT.** Mrs. Godshalk. I know. I read about it in the obituaries this morning. Have you been out to the cemetery lately?

**HELENE.** I know. It's so different. I can't even find half the people I like to see.

**NINA.** Why do you talk to dead people? Don't you think there is something the least bit wrong with that?

**HELENE.** Why do you live in New York City and never come to see your family? Don't start in on me. I can't take it. You don't have to come see us, you know. Sylvie, tell her not to start.

**NINA.** Could we talk about something meaningful and intelligent? Like our dreams or the economy or something? Does anyone want to hear about school?

**HELENE.** Oh, God, she's starting. I TOLD YOU JUST DON'T START ANYTHING WHILE YOU ARE IN MY HOUSE. YOU JUST...FINISH SETTING THE TABLE SO WE CAN EAT THE FUCKING TURKEY AND GO WATCH TV. WE DO NOT WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOUR DREAMS. FOR GOD'S SAKE, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU!?! CAN'T YOU JUST BE HAPPY?

**SYLVIA.** Now look what you've done.

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**CHRISTMAS BREAKS**  
by Patrick Gabridge

## Cast of Characters

PETER  
MARCIE  
DAVIS

## Acknowledgments

An early version of *Christmas Breaks* opened at the Chicken Lips Comedy Theatre in Denver in 1996, directed by Trace Oakley. The cast was as follows:

MARCIE ..... Luci LaJoie  
PETER ..... Brett Krichiver  
DAVIS ..... Andrew Garrett

The first full professional production of *Christmas Breaks* was produced by CentaStage at the Boston Center for the Arts in December of 2001, with the following cast and staff:

MARCIE .....Helen McElwain  
PETER ..... Nathaniel McIntyre  
DAVIS .....Brian Abascal  
  
Director ..... Curt Miller  
Producer/Artistic Director ..... Joe Antoun  
Set Design ..... Mark Buchanan  
Costume Design ..... Nicole Lyons  
Sound Design ..... Rick Brenner  
Stage Manager .....Maureen Lane

*For Tracy.*

# CHRISTMAS BREAKS

by Patrick Gabridge

*(A cafe. Table and three chairs. MARCIE, an attractive young woman in a festive dress waits, stirs her drink.)*

*(PETER enters, carrying several wrapped presents. He's dressed in a suit and overcoat. They kiss and take their seats.)*

**PETER.** Sorry I'm late. Have you been waiting long?

**MARCIE.** Since five.

**PETER.** I'm really sorry. There's so much to do, with the holidays.

**MARCIE.** I understand.

**PETER.** Really?

**MARCIE.** Sure.

**PETER.** That's great. Really, that's great. *(Beat.)*

**MARCIE.** Why don't we go to my place to open presents?

**PETER.** Your place is so cramped.

**MARCIE.** Cramped? I thought you liked my place.

**PETER.** It's fine. Really. It's just cramped.

**MARCIE.** Okay. How about your apartment? It's huge.

**PETER.** No. This place is so much better. The site of our first rendezvous. How many lazy Saturday mornings have we spent here?

**MARCIE.** You're such a romantic. Let me see those boxes. Do you have something special in there for me?

**PETER.** How do you mean?

**MARCIE.** You know.

**PETER.** All gifts are special. That's the whole point. The whole idea of giving something to someone else, free, no strings attached, it's such a weird concept.

**MARCIE.** I love Christmas.

**PETER.** Yeah. I know.

**MARCIE.** I got something special for you.

**PETER.** What is it?

**MARCIE.** It's a surprise. But you're really going to like it. *We're really going to like it.*

**PETER.** Maybe you should open yours first.

**MARCIE.** You can at least read my card.

*(She hands him an ornately decorated envelope. He opens it and reads.)*

**PETER.** This is great. Poetry.

**MARCIE.** I wrote and illustrated it myself. Bet you didn't know I could draw reindeer.

**PETER.** I had no idea.

**MARCIE.** I mean every word.

**PETER.** I know you do. Really. So... Why don't you start with this?

*(He hands her a small package. She opens it. It contains several books.)*

**MARCIE.** Books. Wonderful! *(Anticipating:)* Maybe some Emily Dickinson? *(Reads the titles:)* "Improving Yourself in Every Way." "How to Lose Weight and Keep it Off." "How To Cope When You Don't Deserve The One You Love."

**PETER.** You know how easy it is to pick up a few pounds over the holidays.

**MARCIE.** Right. Of course. Thank you, Peter.

**PETER.** There's more.

**MARCIE.** Good.

*(He hands her a thin package. She opens it and takes out a certificate.)*

**MARCIE.** “One free plastic surgery at Dr. Randolph Vishnu.”

**PETER.** You can use it for whatever you want. Cheeks, eyes, tummy tuck, breast augmentation.

**MARCIE.** Which do you think I need the most?

**PETER.** Start wherever makes you happy. He’s really a talented man, a miracle worker.

**MARCIE.** Peter.

**PETER.** Wait. There’s more.

**MARCIE.** I don’t think I can stomach any more.

**PETER.** Stay right there.

*(PETER exits. Then he returns, leading another man, DAVIS. DAVIS looks very nervous and confused. He wears a tweed jacket and carries a bouquet of limp carnations. PETER pulls a red bow out of his pocket, and drapes it over Davis’ shoulder.)*

**PETER.** Marcie, this is David.

**DAVIS.** Davis. With an S.

**PETER.** Davis.

**DAVIS.** Hi. It’s, uh, a pleasure to meet you, Marcie.

**PETER.** The flowers.

**DAVIS.** Oh, these are for you.

*(She takes them, reluctantly.)*

**MARCIE.** What the hell is going on?

**DAVIS.** That’s an excellent question.

**PETER.** I found Davis through the personals. So you could hit the ground running. I know there’s the big office party tonight, and...

**MARCIE.** You can’t go?

**PETER.** No. I mean, I don’t want to go. Well, that’s not quite it. I don’t want to go with you.

**MARCIE.** What?

**PETER.** I don't think we should see each other anymore.

**DAVIS.** Maybe I should leave.

**PETER.** Stay. Definitely stay.

**MARCIE.** How can do this to me, now?

**PETER.** I've been hinting for months, but...it just keeps on going. I... This is just the way it has to be. Sorry. You're great, but, to be honest, not great enough. *(To DAVIS:)* At least for me, really, she's wonderful.

**MARCIE.** Peter. Please don't do this.

**PETER.** I know how you feel. Well, I don't, but I can imagine. Look, I have to run. Dinner meeting at Maxine's. Maybe we can still be friends. No. That never works. I won't forget you. Honest. I have to go. Have a good night.

*(PETER exits quickly. There is a long, awkward silence.)*

**DAVIS.** Are you all right?

**MARCIE.** No. I don't think so.

**DAVIS.** Maybe I'll stay. Just a minute. Until you feel a little better.

*(He sits.)*

**MARCIE.** What am I going to do? It's not right. That was not right. Not to do it like that. Whatever happened to closure? I can not accept that. Do you understand? I can not accept that.

**DAVIS.** I'm sure you'll find someone else. Someone better.

**MARCIE.** Oh, like you?

**DAVIS.** Who knows. *(Recites:)* "Elysium is as far to the very nearest room, if in that room a friend await felicity or doom. What fortitude the soul contains, that it can so endure the accent of a coming foot, the opening of a door!"

**MARCIE.** Emily Dickinson.

**DAVIS.** Your ad said you liked it.

**MARCIE.** Peter's ad. What exactly did it say?

**DAVIS.** Oh. *(Pulls it out of his pocket and reads:)* "Single, white female, twenty-seven, on the rebound, need a shoulder to cry on. Just lost a great hunk of an executive fast-tracker. I'm occasionally clingy, over-romantic, obsessive, unpredictable. Like long walks in the snow, old movies, Emily Dickinson. Tired of the with-it, overly successful type, ready for someone ordinary. Enclose picture."

**MARCIE.** You actually answered this?

**DAVIS.** It seemed very honest. Direct. Seems like there's not much of that these days... What are you doing for Christmas?

**MARCIE.** My plans seem to have changed.

**DAVIS.** I have zero plans. Maybe we could...

**MARCIE.** Maybe. There's something I need to take of first.

**DAVIS.** Okay.

**MARCIE.** Peter, you know I was talking—[about my gift.]

**DAVIS.** Davis. My name is Davis.

**MARCIE.** I'm going to call you Peter.

**DAVIS.** Are you sure that's a good idea?

*(MARCIE takes a small package out of her pocket.)*

**MARCIE.** Peter, I think you should open this.

**DAVIS.** But I'm not—[not Peter.]

**MARCIE.** Open it.

*(He takes the package and opens it. Inside is a ring box.)*

**DAVIS.** I really don't think—[this is a good idea.]

**MARCIE.** Go ahead. Look inside.

*(He opens it and pulls out an engagement ring.)*

**DAVIS.** Oh, my. I see you did have plans for Christmas. Important plans. So this all came as a... It's a very nice ring. But—[we just met.]

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**GOOD NIGHT, VALSETZ**  
by Judy GeBauer

## **Cast of Characters**

McD, 19

FRAN, 15, his sister

PEGGY, late 30s, their mother

STEVE, 40s, Peggy's latest boyfriend, a logger

## **Time**

The 1980s

## **Place**

A lumber town in Oregon

# GOOD NIGHT, VALSETZ

by Judy GeBauer

*(A community rec room. Debris from a recent dance. Partially dark though it is afternoon.)*

*(McD and FRAN wander about in the room. McD is a youth of 19. He has a pronounced birth-mark which spreads across his neck and jaw. FRAN is his 15-year-old sister. Both are in jeans and Pendleton shirts.)*

**FRAN.** But don't you think I changed just a little?

**McD.** Naw. You're the same.

**FRAN.** Come on, McD. I'm practically grown up almost.

**McD.** What are you, four, five years old by now?

**FRAN.** Fifteen. Excuse me.

**McD.** Well, maybe you're kind of different. When's the last time I saw you? Maybe three years?

**FRAN.** Funny time to pick to come home.

**McD.** This ain't my home.

**FRAN.** Is so.

**McD.** The hell.

**FRAN.** Mom'll whack you talkin' like that.

**McD.** So what happened in here? Atomic bomb?

**FRAN.** Farewell dance. See?

*(She finds and holds up a tattered banner which reads: "Farewell, Valsetz.")*

Nobody cleaned up. No point. Monday it won't exist. They're plowing the whole place under. Any maps get made from now forever more, there won't be no place on them that says Valsetz.

**McD.** So where was I born then?

**FRAN.** Or me, too.

**McD.** That mean I was never born?

**FRAN.** Or me?

**McD.** So that means I don't exist?

**FRAN.** Or me, too?

**McD.** So where's everybody going to live?

**FRAN.** Some of the men got new jobs some other place. Most didn't. They level the town on Monday, most families don't know where they're going.

**McD.** I'm never gonna be a logger.

**FRAN.** What're you gonna be, McD?

**McD.** You better not marry a logger.

**FRAN.** They're extinct.

**McD.** What's that mean?

**FRAN.** Means they don't exist.

**McD.** Extinct. Where'd you get that?

**FRAN.** Heard Mom say it to this guy she goes around with. Heard her say he acted like he should be extinct. The guy asked her what it meant. I got a boyfriend, you know that. Guess I won't see him anymore.

**McD.** So where's she gonna live?

**FRAN.** He says he's gonna write to me, but I know what that always means. Guys said that to Mom so many times, and they never did. You gonna stay with us now, McD?

**McD.** Where's Mom and you goin'?

**FRAN.** Who knows? Mom's packed the stuff all in the truck.

**McD.** You got any old junk of mine lyin' around, just toss it.

**FRAN.** So you goin' back to Dad?

**McD.** I don't know. Dad's got this woman livin' there.

**FRAN.** This guy Mom's got, he's goin' with the company to Washington.

**McD.** She movin' with him?

**FRAN.** Well, that's being ironed out, she says. This big party last night, he passed out. She packed the truck by herself, tossed his stuff on the lawn.

**McD.** They gonna bulldoze the houses?

**FRAN.** How for sure did you know they were pulling down the town?

**McD.** I could live in one of them houses.

**FRAN.** Can I come along with you, McD?

**McD.** They wouldn't let you come with me.

**FRAN.** How'll they know?

**McD.** They gonna doze everything, I guess.

**FRAN.** I get in Mom's way.

*(STEVE enters. He is a logger of about 43. He wears work clothes and a seed cap.)*

**McD.** You don't get in nobody's way. Anyways, you're in school.

**FRAN.** I won't ever graduate from Valsetz High. There won't be a Valsetz High.

**STEVE.** Franny?

**FRAN.** Meet Mom's friend that's extinct. Hi Steve. You guys sure left some mess in here.

**STEVE.** Your mother's not talking to me.

**FRAN.** Where've you been? Your stuff's on the lawn.

**STEVE.** Tell her I'm pulling out early. I'm getting on the road now.

**FRAN.** How you gonna do that, your stuff all on the lawn?

**STEVE.** Who's this guy?

**FRAN.** McD.

**STEVE.** No kidding. So this is McD. I sure heard of you.

**McD.** I never heard of you.

**STEVE.** So what, you escape from the home? Ain't you locked up?

**McD.** You screwing my mother?

**STEVE.** How's that? You talkin' to me like that?

**McD.** You doing it with my mother?

**STEVE.** Man, you got a lip, kid. You oughta watch that lip of yours.

**McD.** Or what?

**FRAN.** Don't hurt him, McD.

**STEVE.** This punk look like he could hurt me? Everybody knows about you, McD. Everybody knows you're crazy. But I got a bulletin for you. You don't scare me with them crazy eyes. I was a state trooper one time. I never took lip off nobody. Your mother and me, that's none of your business. Now take my advice, nobody likes a wiseass. Franny, tell your mother she can catch up with me if she wants to.

**FRAN.** OK, Steve. Gonna leave your stuff on the lawn?

**STEVE.** You're a good kid, Fran. Feel like my own sometimes. You keep up those grades, don't waste time on assholes. OK? Don't take shit off nobody.

**FRAN.** You gonna get things straight with Mom?

**STEVE.** I really screwed up last night. She won't talk to me.

**FRAN.** OK, Steve.

**STEVE.** No offense, McD, what I said before. You need a lift anywhere?

**McD.** I'll stick around here for a while.

**STEVE.** I got a map here, working out the route I'm gonna take. See here, this map, it's an artifact. Because there won't ever again be a map that shows Valsetz. Company town. You might want to acquire one of these as a treasure for your grandkids.

**FRAN.** I was thinking about that, too. Buying a map with Valsetz on it.

**STEVE.** My town's comin' down. I don't belong no place. Ain't that a helluva thing?

*(He leaves.)*

**McD.** Extinct don't belong no place, asshole.

**FRAN.** Can't I go with you and not tell anybody?

**McD.** I'm not supposed to be around you ever again. I'd go to prison.

**FRAN.** But you're my only brother that I got in the world.

**McD.** You're my only sister. Except for this woman Dad's got. She's got a daughter.

**FRAN.** You wouldn't ever let her be like a sister, would you.

**McD.** No. I can't stand her. She just paints her nails and all.

**FRAN.** Why'd you try to kill me that time, McD? You ever work out why?

**McD.** No.

*(Enter PEGGY, a woman about 39, but looks and dresses a little younger. She is the mother of McD and FRAN.)*

**PEGGY.** Fran? You in here? Steve's truck pulled out. I saw it pull out. He must've loaded his stuff some way. He say anything to you?

**FRAN.** Yeah. Catch him if you want him.

**PEGGY.** ...McD...

**McD.** Surprise.

**PEGGY.** Well... How did you get all the way here from Wyoming?

**McD.** Hitchhiked.

**PEGGY.** Your father know you're in Valsetz?

**McD.** Yeah, I said something.

**PEGGY.** Well...

**McD.** He told me the town was comin' down and all. Read it in the paper or something.

**PEGGY.** ...I thought you were doing that special program. That emotionally disturbed program. What happened to that?

**McD.** Emotional Development Program. I graduated.

**PEGGY.** Well... If you want your stuff it's packed on the truck. Why'd you come back here?

**McD.** Because I was born here. Because they're tearing it down forever.

**PEGGY.** We have to get going right now. We have to catch up with Steve.

**FRAN.** Go on ahead.

**PEGGY.** Come on, don't get cute. Get your jacket. Let's say goodbye to the house and get on the road.

**FRAN.** I thought maybe I'd hang out with McD. Maybe go see Dad.

**PEGGY.** Don't be ridiculous. Get in the truck. Go on.

**FRAN.** McD?

**McD.** I'm not allowed to be with you.

*(Silence.)*

I'll say goodbye before you split.

*(FRAN walks slowly out.)*

**PEGGY.** What'd they teach you? Most of those programs, you couldn't hack 'em.

**McD.** I hacked this one.

**PEGGY.** Congratulations. I mean that. I can't take you with me.

**McD.** I don't want to go with you.

**PEGGY.** So you going back to Wyoming?

**McD.** Maybe stay up here in the hills for a while. Maybe watch the town come down.

**PEGGY.** Seems silly. How'll you eat?

**McD.** I can trap. I can fish. I can make a tent. I can do those things. You know that.

**PEGGY.** All alone in the hills the rest of your life?

**McD.** Join the Air Force maybe.

**PEGGY.** You're about nineteen now, aren't you?

**McD.** You look good, Mom.

**PEGGY.** Oh...well, time's been fair to me, I guess. Imagine you being nineteen. I bet you get up to a few things besides trapping and fishing these days.

**McD.** So you following this Steve guy to the next logging camp?

**PEGGY.** We have a relationship, McDermott. I'm not following him. I'm joining him. I'll be somewhere in Washington state if you ever want me. Look, McD, the court makes these rules. You know, you did that horrible thing to Franny and they made these rules.

**McD.** Just wondered about you. All this time and all, wondered how you look.

**PEGGY.** You wouldn't do anything like that now, would you.

**McD.** You look really good. Pretty, still. Dad's got this beer gut, you know.

**PEGGY.** What made you do such a terrible thing? What made you so mean inside? What did I do wrong with you? I treated you like any other kid.

**McD.** You asked me them same questions five million times.

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**HERE AND NOW**  
by Barry Hall

## Cast of Characters

A: A man.

B: A woman.

## Production Notes

\* This play is meant to *flow*. Thus, fractured words such as “com/ municating” should never sound self-consciously fractured. The goal should be to reproduce the breaks, interruptions, overlaps, and rhythms of real speech.

\* It is also essential that, except at during A’s long speech late in the play, the two actors remain occupied by something other than each other, only occasionally directly confronting or engaging each other. The important thing is that they have a ready distraction into which to retreat when their situation becomes, as it should, insupportable.

\* A dash (—), at the end of a line, indicates a sudden interruption, whether mental or external, of a phrase or thought.

\* An ellipsis (...) indicates a more gradual trailing-off of a phrase or thought.

## Acknowledgements

*Here and Now* was first presented at Zocalo Theater in Houston on February 3, 1995. Samm Hill directed the following cast:

A ..... Michael Stratton  
B ..... Amy Bruce

# HERE AND NOW

## by Barry Hall

*(A small apartment living room or, alternatively, bedroom. Outside door to one side in back stage wall.)*

*(Lights up. A and B enter through offstage door, already arguing—first line just preceding entrance.)*

A. Could we at least try?

B. We've tried.

A. I've tried.

B. So have I—again and—

A. Again? Please?

B. All right.

A. At least make an—

B. All right. It just seems—

A. But it really isn't—

B. Yes, it is.

A. Then it doesn't just seem—

B. *(Furious frustration:)* Oh!

A. What?

B. Do you ever—have you ever just listened—

A. Of course I—

B. To yourself?

A. "To my"—

B. Self. To yourself. This isn't working.

A. "This isn't working"—

B. This isn't trying.

A. This is trying—this is working—

**B.** How can you say—

**A.** It is—

**B.** I don't understand—

**A.** "Don't understand"—

**B.** How you can say—

**A.** There are reasons—

**B.** "Reasons."

**A.** Why things happen—

**B.** This didn't just happen—

**A.** Exactly. There were reasons—

**B.** For this?

**A.** Yes. For everything. We may not always understand—

**B.** I *don't* understand.

**A.** But that's all right, it's to be expected sometimes—

**B.** All the time.

**A.** What?

**B.** It happens all the time.

**A.** Now, that's going a little too—

**B.** More and more, it happens all the time. For no reason—

**A.** But there is—

**B.** That I can see, it happens. More and more—

**A.** I don't think—

**B.** Yes. Yes, it's true. It wasn't always—

**A.** But it was—

**B.** The same?

**A.** Yes.

**B.** How can you say that? How can you stand there and say that—

**A.** Nothing has changed. Sometimes it's more—

**B.** Lately it's more—

**A.** Apparent, or apparently different, but—

**B.** But—

**A.** Fundamentally nothing—

**B.** Oh!

**A.** What? What? Will you please—

**B.** Nothing.

**A.** Oh, come—

**B.** It's useless. There's no point in—

**A.** But there is.

**B.** Oh? What?

**A.** What what?

**B.** What is the point?

**A.** The point is to try—

**B.** To “try”—

**A.** To—to maintain—

**B.** No, the point. Of all this. Of all—

**A.** I was trying—

**B.** “To maintain—”

**A.** Yes, to carry on a—

**B.** Why?

**A.** “Why”?

**B.** Yes. I mean, is this the point? What we're doing now? Is this—all there is? Aren't we at least trying to arrive at—

**A.** At a clearer—

**B.** Yes, but beyond that—

**A.** “Beyond”—

**B.** Yes, after that. Why? What do we do after—

**A.** After—

**B.** Yes, after. After reaching the point. Is there another point? Point A, Point B, Point—

**A.** I don’t under—

**B.** Forget it.

**A.** “Forget”—

**B.** Forget it. We might as well give up.

**A.** You said you wanted—

**B.** I said I wanted—

**A.** “To try.”

**B.** To try.

**A.** To talk.

**B.** This isn’t talking.

**A.** Isn’t talking?

**B.** No.

**A.** Then what are we—

**B.** It’s babbling.

**A.** No—

**B.** It’s nonsense.

**A.** No—

**B.** It’s a waste—

**A.** No!

**B.** Of time—

**A.** No! You only say that—

**B.** “Only *say* that”!

**A.** Because *you* don’t want—

**B.** “*I* don’t want”!

**A.** Don’t want—

**B.** I want—

**A.** No, you—

**B.** Yes?

**A.** What?

**B.** I what?

*(Brief pause.)*

What do you—

**A.** Want?

**B.** Want.

**A.** I only wanted...

**B.** Yes?

**A.** I only wanted to try—

**B.** Oh!

**A.** To come to—

**B.** Forget it.

**A.** What?

**B.** Just forget it. It’s hopeless

**A.** Why? Why is it—

**B.** Because we can’t.

**A.** We can—

**B.** No, we can't.

**A.** How can you say—

**B.** If we could, we would. We would be now.

**A.** Now—

**B.** Here and now.

**A.** We are here—

**B.** No, we aren't.

**A.** We *are* here—

**B.** No.

**A.** We are—

**B.** We are not. We can not. And we will never—

**A.** No—

**B.** Never be able—

**A.** No!

**B.** Yes!

**A.** *No!*

**B.** It's imposs—

**A.** NO!

**B.** ible.

*(Pause.)*

I don't understand. How did it get this way?

**A.** This way?

**B.** Yes, this way.

**A.** What way? What don't you under—

**B.** How it came to this. How it got to this point.

**A.** What point?

**B.** This point.

**A.** What—

**B.** Just look around you. This. All of it. Here and now. It wasn't always—

**A.** It just seems—

**B.** It wasn't—

**A.** That way to you—

**B.** Always—

**A.** Because you've—

**B.** Like this—I've—

**A.** Yes, you've—

**B.** I've what?

**A.** Changed.

**B.** I've changed?

**A.** Yes, and you don't even—

**B.** I have—

**A.** No, you—

**B.** I have not. I—

**A.** You have. You—

**B.** Have not. You—

**A.** Only think—

**B.** "Only *think*"!

**A.** Yes, only think—

**B.** You know—

**A.** I "*know*"—

**B.** That's not true!

A. You don't think so?

B. No.

A. Then how do you explain—

B. Explain what?

A. That you think—

B. I *know*.

A. That we've come—

B. We *have* come—

A. To this.

B. We have!

A. Both of us.

B. Yes. Well...

A. See!

B. What?

A. You can't deny—

B. I do deny—

A. You see—

B. I don't see—

A. Things—

B. Anything!

A. Differently than before.

B. They are diff—

A. Look diff—

B. erent—

A. erent to you—

B. Yes. But just—

A. Because it's you—

B. Because you can't—

A. That's different.

B. See what's right—

A. "What's *right*"!

B. In front of you.

*(Pause.)*

You never change. You're incapable—

A. Aha! Then you admit—

B. I "*admit*"—

A. Yes, you admit it couldn't have been me, and if it wasn't me that changed then—

B. Then—

A. It was you.

*(Brief pause.)*

B. Just listen to yourself.

A. Listen to myself.

B. Do you ever—

A. Do I ever—

B. Just listen to yourself?

A. Do you?

B. Listen to myself? Yes, I—

A. No—

B. Yes, I—

A. No, listen to *me*.

B. I do listen—

A. To me?

B. Yes.

A. If you listened to me—

B. I do—

A. You do?

B. I do.

A. Then what is the problem?

B. No, why—

A. Why—

B. Is the problem.

A. Why is the problem what?

B. No, why is the problem “why”?

A. “Why”?

B. *That* is the question.

A. What?

B. No, “why”?

A. “Why” what?

B. No, “why why”?

*(Pause.)*

A. If you really want—

B. No—please—

A. Please what? Or is please “why?”

B. Just—please, let’s just—stop.

A. Stop.

B. Stop.

A. Why?

**B.** You're not saying—

**A.** "I'm not saying"—

**B.** We're not saying—

**A.** I *am* saying—

**B.** Anything—

**A.** I am.

**B.** That means anything. We just keep going—

**A.** That's the whole—

**B.** In circles. Around and around and—

**A.** At least...

**B.** What?

**A.** At least we're com—

**B.** But we're not. We're not com—

**A.** We are com—

**B.** municating, we're—

**A.** What? Then—

**B.** We're—

**A.** Then what are we doing? Just what the fuck are we—

**B.** We're talking—

**A.** Yes!

**B.** In circles. Around and around and—

**A.** At least—

**B.** What?

**A.** At least we're com—

**B.** But we're not. We're not com—

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**A.** We are com—

**B.** municating, we're—

**A.** What? Then—

**B.** We're—

**A.** Then what are we doing? Just what the fuck are we...

*(Pause.)*

**B.** We never...

**A.** Never...?

**B.** We just never touch—

**A.** "Never touch"!

**B.** Never touch—

**A.** "Never touch"!

**B.** On anything. Anything that means anything. That matters.

**A.** What do you want?

**B.** I want...

A. What?

B. I want you to give—

A. Yes...

B. Me something.

A. “Give you something.”

B. Something I can touch. Something I can see. I want you to tell me something that matters. To you.

*(Pause.)*

Well?

*(Pause.)*

A. You know I went to Catholic school—first grade through sixth. The church and school were built of the same gray, glittery stone—huge blocks of it. There was a bell tower—it was probably just a couple of stories high, but then it seemed... Anyway it was when I was in second grade. Pigeons used to perch on the church tower, on the church, on all the school buildings—everywhere. We used to throw rocks at them sometimes—I don’t think we ever actually hit one. We were too small, and they were too far above us... Anyway, one day, the headmaster—he was also the church priest—was giving us a lecture about something—probably throwing rocks at the birds—when this huge, wet glob of pigeon shit landed right on his bald head. Splat! Of course, we all laughed. Of course, that just made Father—what was his name?—Anyway, it just made him that much angrier. I remember his face turning beet-red between streaks of white pigeon shit. From that day on, his name was Father Shithead—only when he was out of earshot, of course. But that’s not the end of the story. A few days later, some workmen came and put sharp iron spikes along all the edges of the church roof, and the school, the bell tower, everywhere. They were so close together that a bird couldn’t land, much less perch, or nest. The first day the pigeons kept circling, around and around, trying to land and flapping away, over and over, in total confusion. The next day, there were a few less, and the next day even less, till they had all given up. I guess they all turned Protestant. Father—Abrams, that was his real name—told everyone it was because of some health code rule, but

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**MARGO AT SEA**  
by J. Holtham

## **Cast of Characters**

MARGO, mid-twenties

LEWIS, mid-twenties

## **Setting**

Margo and Lewis' studio apartment in New York City.

## **Time**

Night. Spring. The present.

## **Dialogue Note**

When a line of dialogue is interrupted by a slash ( / ), that indicates where the next line of dialogue begins, overlapping the first.

## **Acknowledgements**

*Margo at Sea* was originally produced (as part of *Isle of Joy*) on July 18, 2001 by DAP Ensemble at the Vital Theatre, 424 W. 42<sup>nd</sup> St., New York, New York. It was directed by Codie K. Fitch. The cast was as follows:

MARGO ..... Stefanie Bubnis

LEWIS ..... Brian Houtz

# MARGO AT SEA

by J. Holtham

*(MARGO and LEWIS' studio apartment in New York City. It is small, but nice. There is a small desk and a table, a futon, a couple of dressers and a closet, and a small kitchen area. The table is covered with photographs and contact sheets. Most of the pictures are of the Chrysler Building. There is some photography equipment in one corner.)*

*Night. Spring. The present.*

MARGO opens the door, but doesn't come in. She wears a thin, pretty evening gown. She is in her mid-twenties, beautiful, graceful. She comes in, closing the door behind her, and turns on the light. LEWIS is lying on the futon, asleep. He is wearing a wrinkled dress shirt and slacks. MARGO looks at him. She kicks the futon, hard. LEWIS wakes. MARGO stares at him.)

**LEWIS.** Jesus! Jesus.

*(He looks back at her.)*

/ What?

**MARGO.** *(Cutting him off:)* You know— *(She stops herself.)* No. Not this time.

*(She folds her arms and looks at LEWIS.)*

**LEWIS.** Okay. How was the / rest of it?

**MARGO.** Beautiful. It was beautiful.

*(A beat. She stands, looking at LEWIS. LEWIS sits on the futon.)*

**LEWIS.** Listen. I was waiting up for you.

*(She doesn't say anything.)*

What do you want from me?

**MARGO.** Can you dance?

**LEWIS.** What?

**MARGO.** Dance. Can you?

**LEWIS.** Dance?

**MARGO.** Just a fox-trot. Jerry the Mouse could do it.

**LEWIS.** Jerry the Mouse?

**MARGO.** You've seen it. Jerry and Fred Astaire. Or Gene Kelly. One of those old-time dancing guys. You can do it. You're cuter than Jerry. / Sort of.

**LEWIS.** What are you talking about?

**MARGO.** Okay, a waltz. You can do a waltz. Everyone can / waltz.

**LEWIS.** You're still drunk.

**MARGO.** But I can waltz. See?

*(She does a little waltz.)*

What can you do?

**LEWIS.** *(Getting up:)* I'll make you some coffee.

**MARGO.** I don't want coffee. I want you to dance.

**LEWIS.** I can't / dance.

**MARGO.** Wrong. You won't / dance.

**LEWIS.** I can't dance.

**MARGO.** You used to.

**LEWIS.** When?

**MARGO.** We used to dance all / the time.

**LEWIS.** Are you high?

**MARGO.** We did. We danced. I remember / dancing.

**LEWIS.** You know I hate it when / you smoke.

**MARGO.** At the diner. That diner we always went to. Just down the road from school. It was mid-terms or something. Just before spring break. We ordered cheese fries. Always goddamned cheese fries. We danced in a diner to some stupid song on the jukebox.

Remember? Those little ones they had at all the tables. Some stupid song, some stupid, sappy song from like 1986 or something. I / remember that.

**LEWIS.** I don't remember that. I'm going to make some coffee / for you.

**MARGO.** I DON'T WANT COFFEE. I WANT TO / DANCE.

**LEWIS.** FINE.

*(He takes her and does one, very quick box-step.)*

There.

**MARGO.** Told you you could.

**LEWIS.** Yeah, you were right. Sit down.

*(LEWIS goes to make coffee. From off, there is the sound of a car horn.)*

**MARGO.** No. I gotta find it.

*(She starts looking in the closet.)*

**LEWIS.** What are you looking for?

**MARGO.** My sweater. My blue sweater.

**LEWIS.** What blue sweater?

**MARGO.** My blue sweater. With the...what do call them? Things?

**LEWIS.** Flowers?

**MARGO.** No. The things...like buttons, but...not...fancy... Damn it!

**LEWIS.** And you work for a fashion magazine?

**MARGO.** Fuck you.

**LEWIS.** Charmed, I'm sure.

**MARGO.** I mean it.

*(A pause. MARGO looks. LEWIS sits in bed and watches.)*

**LEWIS.** I guess you're going back out.

*(MARGO says nothing.)*

Gonna hit one of those verb bars downtown?

*(MARGO says nothing.)*

You know. Twirl. Spin. Jump. They should try Gag.

*(MARGO says nothing.)*

Frogs.

**MARGO.** What are you talking about?

**LEWIS.** Those things. Like buttons. They're called frogs. Aren't they?

**MARGO.** Yes! Frogs! Why do you know that?

**LEWIS.** I don't know. I just remembered it.

**MARGO.** Well. Thanks.

*(She continues to look. She goes into the closet.)*

**LEWIS.** Margo, I just want to talk.

**MARGO.** I don't want to talk. I decided. I don't want to hear it. I gotta find my sweater.

**LEWIS.** You're going to a club. Why do you need a / sweater?

**MARGO.** What did you do / with it?

**LEWIS.** What would I do with your / sweater?

**MARGO.** I have no idea.

**LEWIS.** Do you want this coffee or not?

*(She goes poking around into his photography things.)*

It's not over there.

**MARGO.** How do you know? You don't know where it is.

**LEWIS.** You're going to break something.

*(She jostles a tripod. It clatters to the floor. LEWIS is over to her in an instant and tries to move her. She waves him off and moves away.)*

**LEWIS.** Why would I have it over here?

**MARGO.** I don't know. For a picture / or something.

**LEWIS.** Why would I take a picture / of your sweater?

**MARGO.** Of course not. Why should you do anything that has anything to do with me?

**LEWIS.** You know that's not true.

**MARGO.** You could have fooled me.

**LEWIS.** Margo. Margo. You're making a mess. I'm not going to clean it up.

**MARGO.** My mother always said, if you don't have anything to do, you might as well clean.

**LEWIS.** Your mother also told you to drop out of college and get married as soon as possible.

**MARGO.** I didn't say she was always right. She also said I should break up with you.

**LEWIS.** Was she right about that?

*(MARGO looks.)*

And I have lots to do. By the way.

**MARGO.** Sure you do.

**LEWIS.** Carl said I could pick up a couple of extra shifts at the restaurant if I wanted them.

**MARGO.** Will you?

**LEWIS.** I don't know. Maybe. I'm not a waiter.

**MARGO.** Oh, no, you're not.

**LEWIS.** I didn't mean it like / that.

**MARGO.** Giving people their food doesn't make you a waiter, does it?

**LEWIS.** I just don't want to lose focus.

**MARGO.** Well. No one wants that.

**LEWIS.** Margo. Listen, I—

**MARGO.** SHH. I don't want to / hear it.

**LEWIS.** You're going to. I just... I couldn't hack it. It was...nice and all, but one more minute and I was going to bleed out of my eyes. I don't know how you stand it all week. I mean, those people. I saw...I saw how you act. I know, you're just...schmoozing, but come on. I couldn't take another second with those people. I mean, really, though. Who cares about them? Right? I certainly don't. What does it matter what someone's wearing, or who designed it or who sells it. Who are they all kidding, right? Anyway, I didn't need to be there, so I split. I'd been / there forever.

**MARGO.** Half an hour. Half an hour.

**LEWIS.** Well. I know it was...a big... I just couldn't do it. Sorry. I made you something, though. Where? You messed everything— Here it is.

*(He pulls a 9x12 envelope off the table and hands it to her.)*

**MARGO.** For me?

**LEWIS.** *(Reaching for the envelope:)* Yeah. Let me show / you.

**MARGO.** Let me open / it.

**LEWIS.** Okay. After I left, I went over to the darkroom. I took it a couple of days ago, but tonight seemed like the time to—

*(MARGO smiles and opens the envelope. She pulls out a photograph and looks at it. Her smile fades.)*

The clouds were breaking over it in this way, like waves on the bow of a ship or something. I just had to—

**MARGO.** The Chrysler Building.

**LEWIS.** But see the clouds? It's really about the clouds. And that—

*(He takes the photo and points at it.)*

I didn't even see him, when I took it. That guy there in the window. Just this single, little face in all / these windows. It's—

**MARGO.** *(Taking the photo back and going to the other photos:)* Let me just put it over here with all the other Chrysler Buildings. Do you think it should go on this side? Or on this side? Don't want to spread them out unevenly.

**LEWIS.** I made it for you.

**MARGO.** Then who did you make all of these for? Are all of these for me?

*(From outside, there is the sound of a car horn, again. MARGO drops the picture and starts looking for her sweater again. LEWIS picks up the photo.)*

**LEWIS.** Guess I can't do anything right for you tonight.

**MARGO.** You got that right.

**LEWIS.** It was just a stupid party.

**MARGO.** It's called / a gala.

**LEWIS.** It's just another one of your parties.

**MARGO.** And you've gone to parties before. And you've behaved / like an grown-up

**LEWIS.** It was just for work. You had to throw it. / I had to be there.

**MARGO.** I wanted to throw it. I wanted to do it. And I did it. No one thought I could. No one helped me. Six weeks of phone calls, six weeks of begging, and pleading, and bribery. And it was perfect. Thank you. The room was the right size. Thank you. The caterer remembered everyone's allergies. Thank you. Everyone showed up and acted like adults. Thank you. And little me, the little office girl, showed up looking like Audrey Hepburn. Thank you, thank you, thank you. And all I wanted was Gregory fucking Peck on my arm. For one night. Not Ansel goddamn Adams. You know you don't have to stare at the Chrysler Building for people to get that you're deep.

**LEWIS.** I'm not the one who cares what they / think.

**MARGO.** I work for them. They pay me. They pay for your film, your tripods, your darkroom time, for this spacious studio in the photo district. Is it asking too much for you to be / nice to them?

**LEWIS.** I don't have to suck up to a bunch of fakes.

**MARGO.** I'm gonna hang a sign around your neck that says "Genius At Work! Do Not Disturb!" That way we'll all know you're above all of this and you don't have to hang around at "stupid" parties with your "stupid" girlfriend.

**LEWIS.** I didn't call you stupid.

**MARGO.** Did it occur to you that it meant something to me? Did it?

**LEWIS.** What was I supposed to do? I don't know anything about fashion. I don't know anything about magazines. I've never been to Milan or the Hamptons. Who was I supposed to talk to?

**MARGO.** There were photographers / there.

**LEWIS.** Fashion photographers. And their model friends.

**MARGO.** I tried to introduce you / to people.

**LEWIS.** They know nothing about real photography. Zip. It's all slick, / fake crap.

**MARGO.** And what do you know? You're taking the same picture over / and over again.

**LEWIS.** I'm trying to capture / an essence.

**MARGO.** It's even been done / before.

**LEWIS.** I'm not going to let you tee off on / my work.

**MARGO.** On your glorious ideas?

**LEWIS.** Watch it.

**MARGO.** Or what? What? You'll get mad at me? No, no, no. You'll just sulk. And fall asleep.

**LEWIS.** Now you're being stupid.

**MARGO.** Stupid? You're creaming over some janitor that no one else will ever notice / and I'm stupid?

**LEWIS.** You don't know what you're / talking about.

**MARGO.** Actually, I've picked up a couple of things, Lewis. From those morons who shoot magazine covers and spreads and / things like that.

**LEWIS.** You may know everything about catering and dresses and throwing stupid fucking parties to impress your stupid fucking boss, but you don't know anything about this, okay? And I'm so, so sorry I embarrassed you in front of your stupid little friends.

*(A pause.)*

Look at yourself. Take a second and look at yourself.

**MARGO.** And what would I see, Lewis?

**LEWIS.** You've... You remember dancing. Let me tell you what I remember. You, trudging through the snow to come to the darkroom on campus. Sophomore year. It'd snowed like crazy in April, and I got stuck in the Arts Building. I was creeped out. You were just that girl in my Lit class, but I just called you. I don't know why. And we talked for two hours. The next thing I know, you're there. Covered in snow. With candles, a couple of stale Pop-Tarts out of the vending machine and a couple of cans of soda. We sat on the floor of the darkroom and...and I showed you my pictures. All night. We just sat and... That was you.

**MARGO.** This is me.

**LEWIS.** It doesn't have to be. You don't have to stay at that job.

**MARGO.** I like my job.

**LEWIS.** It's ruining / you.

**MARGO.** Ruining? Because I'm not a stupid college girl who dragged herself through a foot of snow to worship / at your feet?

**LEWIS.** That's not what I said. God! Why do I have to be the asshole?

**MARGO.** Take a wild guess.

**LEWIS.** Well, I'm not. And I never asked you to do any of it.

**MARGO.** Oh, no, you didn't / ask.

**LEWIS.** No, I didn't. And I tried to stop you. You didn't have to come to the darkroom that night. You didn't have to come back to my dorm with me. We didn't have to live here.

**MARGO.** But you would have sulked if we lived anywhere else. You wouldn't have said a word, but you would have sulked.

**LEWIS.** Listen to yourself. And I'm the asshole? You think that I don't know how to live without you? You think you're that important?

**MARGO.** I know I'm not.

**LEWIS.** You aren't. I'd be just fine without you.

**MARGO.** I know.

**LEWIS.** *(After a pause:)* I didn't mean that. I— Can't we just— I—

*(The car horn sounds again.)*

Jesus Christ!

**MARGO.** *(Looking around:)* I gotta get that sweater.

**LEWIS.** Why?

**MARGO.** I don't wanna catch cold.

**LEWIS.** In a club? Where are you going?

*(The car horn sounds again.)*

**MARGO.** *(Towards the car horn:)* Give it a rest already! Just give me...a minute.

**LEWIS.** Where are you going? Margo?

*(She turns and has the sweater. She starts to leave. He stands in her way.)*

Where are you going?

**MARGO.** I'm going on a boat.

**LEWIS.** A / boat?

**MARGO.** A goddamn yacht. Out on the East / River.

**LEWIS.** Is...the whole party moving out to this yacht?

**MARGO.** No. Just me. And...

**LEWIS.** And?

**MARGO.** It's not import—

**LEWIS.** Bottle blond. Bottle tan. Bottle fucking life. Too cool for a tux. Just a black turtleneck and a jacket. Smelled of cigars. That what you want?

**MARGO.** I want to go for a boat ride.

**LEWIS.** I saw you.

**MARGO.** What?

**LEWIS.** I saw you. Hanging all over him. Following him around. Like his maid or something. I saw you.

**MARGO.** Lewis—

**LEWIS.** I couldn't take it. I had to leave. I was going to be sick. I couldn't watch you being treated like a...mascot or something. That's what it was like. I was watching.

**MARGO.** Did you see him tell me how beautiful I looked? How nice the party was? How proud he was of me? / Did you see any of that?

**LEWIS.** Come on, Margo. Don't be an idiot. You believe him? Guys will say anything.

**MARGO.** Except you. You won't say / anything.

**LEWIS.** You'll just do what you want.

**MARGO.** Right. And I want to go on a boat.

**LEWIS.** What if you fall in?

**MARGO.** Then I float / away.

**LEWIS.** No. You drown. A long, cold, slow death.

**MARGO.** I'm cold now.

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**MOVING SHORTLY**  
by Sheri Wilner

## **Cast of Characters**

MAN, age 35–50, an Indian Sikh, wears a turban and has a long beard

WOMAN, age 32–42, American, blonde

ANNOUNCER (*voice only*), New York City subway employee

## **Time**

Somewhere between September 15–18, 2001.

## **Place**

A subway car.

## **Setting**

The F Train, ostensibly traveling from Queens to Manhattan, but currently stopped in a tunnel between two stations.

## **Production Notes**

When MAN and WOMAN speak, we hear their inner thoughts. Therefore, it is suggested that their dialogue be pre-recorded and played during performance as a voice-over. The only lines actually spoken in performance would be the last four of the play.

# MOVING SHORTLY

by Sheri Wilner

*(Two passengers look warily at each other: One is a Sikh MAN with a long beard, wearing a turban. The other is an American WOMAN with blonde hair. They both have bags; his is a black plastic shopping bag, hers is some kind of tote.)*

**ANNOUNCER.** Ladies and gentlemen, we are experiencing some mechanical difficulties. Please be patient. We will be moving shortly.

**WOMAN.** Why didn't I take the E? A few extra blocks and I would have been safe. But no, I get lazy and now I'm stuck on the F train with the Taliban.

**MAN.** Rice. Lentils. Tomatoes. Yogurt. There is something I am forgetting...

**WOMAN.** They stopped the train because he's on it. We're being hijacked.

**MAN.** Rice. Lentils. Tomatoes. Yogurt... There were five things.

**WOMAN.** He looks so mean. And mad.

**MAN.** Yogurt, tomatoes, lentils, rice...

**WOMAN.** Why isn't anyone coming? The police can't get on the train.

*(Beat.)*

We're under water. Oh my God. *We're under water.*

**MAN.** I really should start writing these things down.

**WOMAN.** They can't get to me. Not under water. They won't even try. I'll be sacrificed. "*It's only a woman on there with him. We'll have to lose her.*"

**MAN.** What is wrong with me? Losing my memory at this age?

**WOMAN.** He seems worried. His plan's gone awry. He'll get desperate and start shooting.

**MAN.** Veggie burgers! Of course! I have a coupon.

**ANNOUNCER.** Ladies and gentlemen, we are trying to determine the cause of the problem. Please be patient. We will be moving shortly.

**WOMAN.** Why did I take the subway? It's too soon. A plane flies overhead and I jump out of my skin, yet I walk into a sealed subterranean tube like it was nothing. Serves me right. Stupid.

**MAN.** That woman is looking at me very strangely.

**WOMAN.** Does anyone know I'm on this train? Do they? I should move to another car. What if he tries to stop me? Don't provoke him, just stay calm.

**MAN.** She's terrified of me. I should do something to show her I am a nice guy. Should I say something to her? Maybe I'll just smile. That is what I will do. I will smile and nod.

*(He smiles and nods.)*

**WOMAN.** Why did he just do that? Leer at me like that? Don't let him rape me. Please, that's all I ask.

**MAN.** I think that went well.

**WOMAN.** Maybe I should find someone. A conductor? What's in my bag? There's nothing in here I could use. Keys. I could stab him with my keys. Oh God.

**MAN.** OK, now I am getting angry. She is accusing me of something horrible. I did nothing to make her think this.

**WOMAN.** If I only knew what to do. Why don't I know what to do?

**MAN.** I am getting too excited. That's not good. She'll sense it and get more nervous. I will play my alphabet game.

**WOMAN.** Help. Someone help.

**MAN.** These are the things I most like about America: A—apple-sauce. Especially with cinnamon graham crackers. Delicious. B—blonde hair. That woman who thinks I'm a terrorist has beautiful blonde hair.

*(Beat.)*

I am an evil man. That should not be on my list.

*(He prays.)*

**WOMAN.** Oh God, he's praying. That can't be good. He's preparing. He's telling his 41 virgins to get ready. Oh God. Please, please, don't let this happen.

**MAN.** C—cab drivers. A shameless moment of self-endorsement, but there it is.

**ANNOUNCER.** Ladies and gentlemen we apologize for the inconvenience. An engineer is on his way to assess the situation. Please be patient. We will be moving shortly.

**WOMAN.** He stopped. Thank God.

*(Beat.)*

Thank God?! For what? For putting me on a train with a madman?  
*(To God:)* You could have let me know I'd die young, you bastard.

*(Beat.)*

No. Shit. I need him on my side. I'm sorry. Please, God. I'm sorry. Don't abandon me. I'm sorry.

**MAN.** D—Donuts. I love donuts. Though I will never go into that store again. That is our neighborhood. They should know who we are by now. Pardeep has been in there once a week for three years. He sat in the very same chairs they used on him as weapons. I still don't understand why they thought on September 14<sup>th</sup> a terrorist would need to buy two boxes of Dunkin' Munchkins. Our turbans excite them the way a red flag excites a bull. They will see them and charge at us like wild animals. What will we do?

**WOMAN.** He wouldn't do anything on this train. There aren't enough people. He wants to kill thousands of us. He wants to blow up the Empire State Building or the Statue of Liberty, not the F train. What would be the point? It's not even rush hour. I'm safe. He's fine. I'm safe.

**MAN.** We're in grave danger. Just look at her eyes. What if this train were full of people seeing me with those eyes? They would

tear me to pieces. Like they tried with Pardeep. Why don't they know who we are? We've been here for many years. I've been here for twenty. They need to know the name of every bird in Central Park but they can't tell a Muslim from a Sikh?

**WOMAN.** Why does he have to wear that thing on his head? And that beard? He must be bad. The good ones wouldn't keep dressing that way. They know it would scare everyone to death. He must be bad. No decent human being would want to scare people like this. Like he's scaring me.

**MAN.** If I took off my turban she would not be afraid. But she has no idea what that would mean. It would be like cutting off my own head.

**WOMAN.** I'm not prejudiced. If a group of Quakers blew up the World Trade Center it's them I'd be afraid of, not him.

**MAN.** Why aren't we moving? Calm down. She'll see my fear and think I am a suspicious character. Go back to your letters. Which one was I—? E—The Empire State Building. My favorite in the city. I'm glad they did not bomb that building. What a shame that would be—to not see the different colors on top every night. F—the F train. How would I get to work without it? Thank you F train for taking me where I need to go.

**WOMAN.** If I only had a radio... Is the world being destroyed above me? Is everyone dead?

**MAN.** G. What do I usually say for G? That cereal. What is the name—? I know G is always that cereal. What is its name? G. G. It comes in a white box. A short white box. It has a very unusual name. Maybe I will ask her. If I start a conversation with her, she will see that I am a nice man. I could even explain to her that I am Sikh and not a terrorist. I can tell her I come from India and what I believe. What all Sikhs believe. That we are all one. That might be a good thing to do, because then the next time she sees a Sikh, she will not look at him as she is looking at me right now. I don't want any of my people to be looked upon this way.

**WOMAN.** He won't stop looking at me. What's he going to do? Should I run? Find more people? Help me someone. Help.

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**PATRIOT ACT**  
**by D. Tucker Smith**

## **Cast of Characters**

JUDITH, age 19.

TZVIKA, age 24.

## **Time**

Summer 1975. Night.

## **Place**

A watermelon patch at an Israeli kibbutz.

## **Acknowledgments**

*Patriot Act* was first presented at the NYC 15-Minute Play Festival in the spring of 2005. Tzvika was played by Piter Marek; Judith was played by Melissa Miller. Marc Weitz directed.

# PATRIOT ACT

by D. Tucker Smith

*(A watermelon patch at an Israeli kibbutz, Summer 1975. Night. Two headlights from a jeep illumine JUDITH, age 19 and TZVIKA, age 24. JUDITH wears short shorts and a tee shirt that reads "You don't need to be coy, Roy." TZVIKA is tall, strong, and moves with confidence. He kneels beside an irrigation pipe.)*

**TZVIKA.** Hand me the pliers.

*(JUDITH searches the tool box and hands him a pliers.)*

**TZVIKA.** No, the other...pointy.

*(JUDITH searches again and hands him the pliers. JUDITH watches as TZVIKA works on the sprinkler head. He twists hard to unscrew it but it will not give.)*

**TZVIKA.** Koos-och-tak! *[Damn!]*

**JUDITH.** Righty tighty, lefty loosy.

*(TZVIKA stares up at her.)*

**JUDITH.** I just know that, for some reason.

**TZVIKA.** Yes, I know, and your mother is a poet.

**JUDITH.** Who told you that?

**TZVIKA.** In there, there's a can of oil. And turn off the lights, I don't need them.

*(JUDITH finds a small can of oil. She hands it to TZVIKA, turns out the headlamps, mills around, then sits and stares at the sky.)*

**JUDITH.** When I was camping in Eilat these guys from Arizona said they have skies like this. I never even knew there were Jews in Arizona, let alone stars like this.

**TZVIKA.** What is it you said before...your little poem?

**JUDITH.** Righty tighty, lefty loosy.

**TZVIKA.** Yes, that's right. *(As he twists the sprinkler head:)* Well, you know, here we read right to left.

**JUDITH.** It wasn't an insult. I was being...funny. You know that word? Funny?

**TZVIKA.** Funny. Like a joke. Like...Woody Allen.

**JUDITH.** *(Ironic:)* Yeah...just like Woody Allen.

*(TZVIKA screws the sprinkler back on the pipe.)*

**TZVIKA.** There.

*(TZVIKA rips a small round watermelon from a vine, and standing near JUDITH, lets it fall the ground, smashing it. He tears some flesh from the watermelon and puts it into JUDITH's mouth. She laughs as the juice runs down her chin.)*

**JUDITH.** Is this where you take all the girls?

**TZVIKA.** Just the Americans.

**JUDITH.** Boaz leaves Thursday. We want to throw a little party. Maybe to go off the kibbutz, to town for steak lavan.

**TZVIKA.** He loves you.

**JUDITH.** It's just a crush.

**TZVIKA.** You don't love him?

**JUDITH.** I like him very much.

**TZVIKA.** He is your age.

**JUDITH.** Yes, but he's...younger.

**TZVIKA.** You mean he's a virgin.

**JUDITH.** I don't know if he's a virgin or not, and really it's none of your business.

**TZVIKA.** Have you kissed him?

*(JUDITH looks at him with measured disbelief.)*

**TZVIKA.** Did you?

**JUDITH.** I wouldn't tell you if I did. *(Beat.)* When you take the rest of us out, you never invite him. Why don't you like him?

**TZVIKA.** You ask silly questions. Like him, don't like him.

**JUDITH.** We would need you to drive.

**TZVIKA.** For Boaz.

**JUDITH.** Yes.

**TZVIKA.** Maybe.

*(JUDITH stands and starts to walk away.)*

**TZVIKA.** Yes, yes. Okay. Come back, silly American girl.

*(JUDITH turns to him.)*

**JUDITH.** Tzvika, stop calling me American girl.

**TZVIKA.** Okay, silly girl.

*(JUDITH picks up a watermelon and holds it under her chin like a discus thrower. She spins and launches it into the air. She watches as it drops far from where she stands.)*

*(Alternatively, JUDITH picks up the watermelon and "bowls" it toward a target, which can be another watermelon, or TZVIKA. When the watermelon makes contact with its target, JUDITH exclaims, "Strike!")*

*(JUDITH picks up another watermelon.)*

**TZVIKA.** No no.

**JUDITH.** These watermelons are so cute. In America they're huge, like torpedoes.

**TZVIKA.** Ujjjj.

**JUDITH.** No no. Huge. With an H. Like Yehudit.

*(JUDITH looks at him seductively. She slowly places the watermelon under her arm and starts to run away from him. TZVIKA lunges and grabs her ankles. She falls to the ground and he jumps on top of her. She kisses him. She rolls over so she is on top of him, placing him*

*on his back. She kisses him passionately; he pushes her away so she is sitting on top of him.)*

**JUDITH.** Isn't this why you pulled me out of the movie? Or did you just need help with righty tighty, lefty loosy?

**TZVIKA.** How many times can you watch "Madame X"?

**JUDITH.** I never tire of it. You know, I left Boaz sitting there.

*(TZVIKA pushes her off him and gets up.)*

**TZVIKA.** Come, I'll take you back to him.

**JUDITH.** I don't want to go back.

*(TZVIKA places his tools in the tool box and fastens it. He takes the tool box to the jeep. JUDITH gets anxious.)*

**JUDITH.** They say someday you'll run the kibbutz. That's why they give you the jeep. They say you're a leader.

*(TZVIKA returns.)*

**TZVIKA.** Don't believe everything you hear. Let's go.

**JUDITH.** You stood in the doorway of the dining hall just waiting for me to look your way. You nod, bring me out here, and now you want to bring me back. Madame X is probably in Tijuana by now.

**TZVIKA.** I did not wait for you to look my way.

**JUDITH.** You've been flirting with me for weeks.

**TZVIKA.** *(Shaking his head.)* No.

**JUDITH.** Oh c'mon. Sitting at my table in the dining room every night, coming into the kitchen at midnight when you know the volunteers are cooking frites.

**TZVIKA.** No.

**JUDITH.** Stopping by the nursery to check on your nephew?

**TZVIKA.** Don't make much of it.

*(TZVIKA goes to irrigation pipe and starts to check the connections.)*

**JUDITH.** So where did you learn English?

**TZVIKA.** Everyone here learns English.

**JUDITH.** Not like yours.

**TZVIKA.** I learned it from my American girlfriends. The best classroom is the bed. What can you teach me?

**JUDITH.** There you go.

*(TZVIKA glances at her chest.)*

**TZVIKA.** You don't need to be coy, Roy. What is that?

**JUDITH.** Paul Simon. It's from his new album. He's a genius.

**TZVIKA.** A singer is not a genius.

**JUDITH.** He's not just a singer. He's a poet.

**TZVIKA.** Like your mother.

**JUDITH.** What is your problem with my mother?

**TZVIKA.** I don't know your mother. It's just something about you. Your mother is a poet and Paul Simon is a poet and you like poets.

**JUDITH.** I like poetry. Yes.

**TZVIKA.** You don't like your mother?

*(JUDITH plunges her hand into the open watermelon and "spritzes" TZVIKA with the juice. She licks the juice from his face...)*

**TZVIKA.** Will you be a poet too?

**JUDITH.** I lack the talent.

**TZVIKA.** But you have other talents, eh?

**JUDITH.** Just in case you're not sure, let me tell you that you are flirting with me now.

**TZVIKA.** Maybe.

*(TZVIKA lies back and pulls JUDITH to the ground next to him. They look at the stars.)*

**TZVIKA.** Boaz follows you around like a puppy. Your little puppy.

*(TZVIKA whimpers like a puppy.)*

**JUDITH.** Tzvika, stop it. Don't make fun of him. *(Beat.)* He's so excited about going to the University, but...I think he's afraid of Tel Aviv. If he ever saw New York he'd faint.

*(TZVIKA sits up.)*

**TZVIKA.** Boaz is more afraid of the army. If he goes to University, he can deny it.

*(JUDITH sits up.)*

**JUDITH.** Delay it.

**TZVIKA.** *(Gently frustrated:)* Yes, right. Delay it.

**JUDITH.** But everyone goes into the army, right?

**TZVIKA.** Boaz is very smart, so the kibbutz sends him to a special program at the university. So he can study things like Martin Buber.

**JUDITH.** I take it you don't like Martin Buber.

**TZVIKA.** Philosophy...zeh kelev sheh rodef achray ha'zanav shelo. It is a dog chasing its tail.

**JUDITH.** Like poetry?

*(TZVIKA rises and heads for the jeep.)*

**TZVIKA.** Are you staying here tonight?

**JUDITH.** Yes.

**TZVIKA.** Don't be silly.

**JUDITH.** Stop calling me that. *(Beat.)* What is this game you're playing with me? I've been here all summer and you make moves on me two weeks before I leave.

*(TZVIKA walks to the irrigation pipe and checks the connections.)*

**TZVIKA.** Make moves. I don't understand.

**JUDITH.** Bullshit...you understand that? I'm leaving soon, and when I do I'd like you to know more about me than "silly American girl."

**TZVIKA.** I know all about you.

**JUDITH.** You don't know anything. I'm in a pile with every other American you've met.

*(TZVIKA goes to his tool box and returns with a roll of tape.)*

**TZVIKA.** You talk too fast for me.

**JUDITH.** You're so full of shit. A man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest. Paul Simon.

**TZVIKA.** There's not much to know, eh?

**JUDITH.** Why did you bring me here in the first place? To insult me?

**TZVIKA.** To have sex with you.

**JUDITH.** Bullshit. You've had your chance. What's with you, Tzvika? You walk around the kibbutz and everybody says Tzvika this and Tzvika that. Tzvika, the war hero. Is that how you earn a kibbutznik's respect. Fight a war?

*(TZVIKA tapes the connections on the irrigation pipe.)*

**TZVIKA.** You will have to ask them.

**JUDITH.** I have. Boaz wants to be like you. He says you're smart, well-read. He says you did important things in the army. In the Yom Kippur War. And you don't give him the time of day.

**TZVIKA.** Boaz shouldn't waste his time thinking about me. I don't think about him.

**JUDITH.** But he does think about you.

*(TZVIKA sets down the tape and rises to face JUDITH.)*

**TZVIKA.** Yhudit, you don't know what it is to be Israeli. You come here for the summer to play in the fields.

**JUDITH.** I am trying to understand.

**TZVIKA.** You can't! In your streets you march against your military. Here, we are the military. Every last one of us. Boaz is soft, you see? He's smart. But he's his own kind of soldier. And when

the bombs start exploding and terror fills the streets, no doubt Boaz will be thinking of a peaceful solution to the violence. And he will have that pleasure because I will have a gun strapped to my shoulder.

**JUDITH.** You hate him because he's weak?

**TZVIKA.** He is not weak. Don't say that. He is brilliant. And that is his strength. But he will live his life in frustration. No one will hear him over the gunfire.

*(TZVIKA returns to taping the connections.)*

**JUDITH.** Weren't you frightened, in the war?

**TZVIKA.** No.

**JUDITH.** I've seen your scars. I'd like to think I wouldn't be afraid, but I would, I know it.

**TZVIKA.** Not if you grew up here.

**JUDITH.** You're willing to die for Israel, aren't you?

**TZVIKA.** Every Israeli is willing to die for Israel. Even Boaz.

**JUDITH.** No. No. You said yourself, he's a peacenik. And what about the Palestinians? They are willing to die too. If everyone is willing to die, who can win? The person willing to sit at the bargaining table. The one who refuses to die.

*(TZVIKA rises.)*

**TZVIKA.** And your mother, the poet. Should they have let her die?

**JUDITH.** It's different.

**TZVIKA.** Why?

**JUDITH.** Because I want to believe that Jews are different. That we are capable of greater things.

**TZVIKA.** Now there, you have the beginning of something. Even the most religious Jews, those who wait for the Messiah, they say, you know while we're waiting, we're getting hungry. We would like some food to eat. But the land, it's a desert. How can I make food from this desert? And here you are, sitting in a watermelon

field. Or he says, while I am waiting, you know, in this desert it is very hot. I cannot sleep at night. I would like a fan to keep me cool. So he builds a factory that makes fans. And while I'm waiting, I would like my children to learn, so I will build a good school that will teach them what they need to know from the world beyond. *(Beat.)* And this is why they hate us. The Palestinians want a homeland. Buber wanted a binational state. I tell you, it will never be enough. They will never be happy living beside a free society. Your North America floats in oceans. You can hate your military because you're not surrounded by people who want to kill you. Who resent your liberty.

*(JUDITH puts her hands around TZVIKA's face.)*

**JUDITH.** Quiet.

*(JUDITH kisses TZVIKA and places his arms around her. She kisses him. He pushes her to the ground, handling her too roughly, tearing at her clothes. He pulls off her shirt. She slithers beneath him and eventually frees herself. She grabs her shirt and wrestles with it, trying to put it on.)*

**JUDITH.** Why did you start this thing with me?

**TZVIKA.** Isn't this what you wanted? Playing in the fields?

**JUDITH.** If you'd open the little box you put me in, Tzvika, you'd be surprised at what you'd find. You talk about liberty but you don't know what to make of it yourself.

**TZVIKA.** Israeli politics is not something you *(Searching for the word:)* ...waddle through.

**JUDITH.** Don't insult me, Tzvika. I can hold my own.

**TZVIKA.** Yes, with your big American mind.

**JUDITH.** Is it just the Arabs you hate, or is it the Americans too?

**TZVIKA.** I hate your artificiality. I hate that you all come here for a summer to "get the Israeli experience" financed by your rich American parents who feel so good about being Zionists while they hold pool parties in...Long Island. And then you go back to your big country, where you don't even know there are stars in Arizona.

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THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

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**THE REBIRTH OF BEAUTIFUL**  
by John Walch

## **Cast of Characters**

*A young, married couple:*

JOSEPH, a man

MARY, a woman

## **Setting**

Joseph and Mary's eating area. On stage is a small wooden dining table draped with a large tablecloth that completely conceals the legs. Two chairs have been pulled away from the table and appear divorced and isolated from the main playing area.

## **Acknowledgments**

*The Rebirth of Beautiful* was first presented in a showcase production by Austin Script Works—a playwrights' service organization—as a part of their annual festival of short plays. The production was directed by Cathy Hartenstein and featured Michael Arthur and Jessica Hedrick. For information on Austin Script Works visit: [www.scriptworks.org](http://www.scriptworks.org).

# THE REBIRTH OF BEAUTIFUL

## by John Walch

*(Lights rise on the couple. They stand at either end of a table and try to pull the table apart.)*

**JOSEPH.** Pull.

**MARY.** I'm trying.

**JOSEPH.** Not enough.

**MARY.** If I knew who was coming to dinner I'd try—

**JOSEPH.** Josh. Jim. Jake. Joseph, like me. Camilla. Azalea. I like the name Azalea.

**MARY.** Stop.

**JOSEPH.** I can't.

**MARY.** You promised.

**JOSEPH.** Azalea.

**MARY.** Who's coming to dinner? Did you cook? I don't smell anything. Are we serving frozen-dinners to our guests?

**JOSEPH.** A flower. Azalea. An azalea grows in clusters, you know. Like a family.

**MARY.** I'm not going to do this anymore.

**JOSEPH.** Come on. Try. Pull.

**MARY.** It's stuck.

**JOSEPH.** Cause we don't open it. Never tried to add the leaf.

**MARY.** Do you even know where the leaf is?

**JOSEPH.** The track is...Rusty?...What do you think of the name Rusty?

**MARY.** I hate it.

**JOSEPH.** Me too. See, we agree on Rusty. Rusty sounds like a child left out in the rain. It speaks of neglect.

**MARY.** Why do you do this?

**JOSEPH.** Azalea, though... if we have a girl.

**MARY.** I'm not having children.

**JOSEPH.** Pull. It's coming.

**MARY.** Joseph, I said: I'm not having children.

**JOSEPH.** You're not trying.

**MARY.** I don't need to try. I need to try NOT to have children.

**JOSEPH.** Who said anything about children? I'm talking about the table.

**MARY.** Then who's coming to dinner?

**JOSEPH.** Who said anyone was coming to dinner?

**MARY.** Then why are we putting in the leaf?

**JOSEPH.** Pull. It's—

*(The table separates, leaving a hole in the center.)*

**JOSEPH.** There. See. It changes the room doesn't it? A table the size it should be. Why don't you get the leaf.

**MARY.** Where is it?

**JOSEPH.** The nursery.

**MARY.** The what?

**JOSEPH.** The study.

**MARY.** You sure?

**JOSEPH.** We've never put it in, so how can I know for sure?

**MARY.** Look, why don't you go get it?

**JOSEPH.** No, come on, you go. It's in the closet.

**MARY.** Fine.

---

*(MARY exits. JOSEPH adjusts the tablecloth, positioning it just so, and then furtively crawls under table and out of view. In a moment, a homemade PUPPET JOSEPH pops-up from the hole in the table.)*

**PUPPET JOSEPH.** I love my wife, but I hate her right now. I cannot say this to her though. Stubborn. She doesn't even try. Children. She says it will ruin her life. A child will ruin her life? We stopped having sex. What's the point? Ever since we've been married, we cram around this table like elephants around a checkerboard. But the table has a leaf. It was my table when I was growing up. My father built it himself, and he built it to grow. A family grows together. Mary refuses to see this though. She refuses to grow.

*(MARY reenters with a Bible. PUPPET JOSEPH ducks under table.)*

**MARY.** Joseph all I found was this Bible. That was all that was in the closet. This Bible—Joseph?

*(JOSEPH crawls out from under table.)*

**MARY.** What were you doing under there?

**JOSEPH.** Lubing the track.

**MARY.** You were playing with those puppets again.

**JOSEPH.** I was lubing the track.

**MARY.** Where's your lube?

**JOSEPH.** My lube is none of your concern.

**MARY.** You know how I feel about those puppets.

**JOSEPH.** You never even give them a try.

*(Pause.)*

**MARY.** This is all I found, there was no leaf. It was the only thing in the closet—this Bible.

**JOSEPH.** The Bible from our wedding.

**MARY.** *(Pulls a pressed flower out of the Bible:)* And look. Look what I found in it... An azalea.

**JOSEPH.** Also from our wedding.

**MARY.** Pressed right at the end of Matthew. Right between the burial and the resurrection.

*(MARY smells azalea.)*

**MARY.** No smell. Smell's been pressed right out of it.

**JOSEPH.** I suppose it has.

*(JOSEPH smells azalea and then starts to put it in MARY's hair.)*

**JOSEPH.** You wore it in your hair.

**MARY.** You remember.

**JOSEPH.** How could I forget? You were beau— ...

**MARY.** I was what?

**JOSEPH.** I can't say.

**MARY.** Why not?

**JOSEPH.** Rules.

**MARY.** What rules?

**JOSEPH.** My therapist says I can't use adjectives when describing you.

**MARY.** That's—

**JOSEPH.** It's what he says. "Adjectives make us irrational."

**MARY.** Isn't "irrational" an adjective?

**JOSEPH.** Ummm...Yeah, but I'm not describing you.

**MARY.** So it's just me? I can't be beautiful?

**JOSEPH.** Don't take it personally.

**MARY.** How else should I take it?

**JOSEPH.** Clinically?

**MARY.** Clinically insane, maybe. ...You should quit seeing him.

**JOSEPH.** And then what?

**MARY.** I don't know, stop whining, get a job?

(MARY puts azalea back in Bible.)

Why was the only thing in the closet the Bible?

**JOSEPH.** I cleaned it out.

**MARY.** When?

**JOSEPH.** Yesterday.

**MARY.** You sent me to get the leaf, when you knew the only thing in the closet was this Bible, no leaf.

**JOSEPH.** The leaf was in the closet. That's when I found it. Yesterday. That's what made me think we should put it in the table. I'd forgotten we even had a leaf until I found it yesterday. I'd forgotten we could grow like that.

**MARY.** But the leaf's not in the closet now.

**JOSEPH.** Yes it is.

**MARY.** All that was in the closet was this Bible sitting on the shelf.

**JOSEPH.** The shelf is the leaf.

**MARY.** What?

**JOSEPH.** The shelf is the leaf. I figured when we weren't using it as a leaf, we should at least use it as a shelf. So I installed the leaf as a shelf and put the Bible on the shelf...leaf.

**MARY.** That makes no sense.

**JOSEPH.** It can be removed.

**MARY.** But that means when we have a leaf, we won't have a shelf.

**JOSEPH.** But when we have a leaf, we won't need a shelf.

**MARY.** If I'm going to have a leaf, I want a shelf.

**JOSEPH.** But you won't need a shelf, because the shelf will become our leaf.

**MARY.** I want both. Shelf and leaf.

**JOSEPH.** You say that now, but once you see the leaf, you'll forget all about the shelf. You'll see.

*(JOSEPH exits. MARY crawls under table. PUPPET MARY appears.)*

**PUPPET MARY.** He's always dropping hints. The pressure is killing me. He says he wants a baby, but what he wants is a distraction. A distraction from his life. I work, I have a life. I want a life and a child. He wants a child to become his life. He got "laid-off" a year ago. Fired is what really happened. The ax. Canned. And now he refuses to get a job. He says: "there are no jobs." He's a cook, for god's-sake. People don't eat anymore? The meals he used to cook. God, the smells that used to fill this house. But now he won't even cook. He just makes frozen-dinners. That's it. A gourmet chef, heating up frozen-dinners. But he has all the time in the world to clean out closets, dream up names for a dreamed of baby, wipe adjectives from his brain, and turn a leaf into a shelf. Oh, he has time for puppets too. Another of his therapist's recommendations. This was the doctor's advice: "Make puppets. Puppets that are honest. Puppets that speak the truth." Here's your truth, Joseph: you want a baby *from* me, not *with* me. And sometimes I think ...

*(JOSEPH enters with leaf.)*

**PUPPET MARY.** ...I want a divorce, not a baby.

**JOSEPH.** Mary? You—

**PUPPET MARY.** Joseph? Joseph?...

**JOSEPH.** I got the leaf. See?

**PUPPET MARY.** Joseph— Oh my God— I'm sorry. I...

*(MARY stands up between the table. She takes off the puppet.)*

**MARY.** I love you.

**JOSEPH.** That's not what your puppet says.

**MARY.** *(Comes from out of the table.)* The puppet isn't me, Joseph.

**JOSEPH.** It is you.

**MARY.** No Joseph, it's not. It's a puppet; not me, not us. The only time we can be honest is when we're puppets? I hate that Joseph and it makes me not want to have a family.

**JOSEPH.** All along I've been talking about growing and you've been talking about pulling apart.

**MARY.** I don't want to pull apart, Joseph, but I don't want to grow like this. I don't want to go on eating frozen-dinners. I don't want to be described only in nouns and verbs. I want an adjective, I want the smell of food cooking. I want to talk to you, not your puppet. Then we can talk about a child. But I don't want to bring a child into this.

**JOSEPH.** Children like puppets.

*(JOSEPH'S PUPPET pops up from under the table. JOSEPH remains standing outside of the table holding the leaf.)*

**JOSEPH'S PUPPET.** I can't. I can't give you happiness when I'm so sad for myself.

**MARY.** *(To JOSEPH.)* Jesus Christ! What the hell is that?!

**JOSEPH.** I— I— That's me.

**MARY.** What do you mean it's you? You're here, Joseph. That's there.

**JOSEPH.** I'm estranged from myself. That is me. This is all I am.

**JOSEPH'S PUPPET.** I've lost everything that mattered to me.

**MARY.** *(To JOSEPH.)* Joseph that's not you. That's your pity. Your self-pity. You're so much more than that.

**JOSEPH.** No, I'm not.

*(JOSEPH starts towards table.)*

**MARY.** Don't go under there, Joseph.

**JOSEPH'S PUPPET.** I lost my job, you, myself. My happiness.

**MARY.** *(To JOSEPH.)* You haven't lost me. Not yet. But you have to talk to me. You can't go under the table. If you lose yourself to your pity, you'll never be yourself again.

**JOSEPH.** I have to. It's all I have.

*(JOSEPH disappears under table.)*

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**TWO GUYS MOVING  
HEAVY STUFF**

**by David Riedy**

## **Cast of Characters**

BOB

BILL

# TWO GUYS MOVING HEAVY STUFF

by David Riedy

*(The empty living room of an uninhabited apartment. There are two doorways: one leads to the kitchen, the other the front door.)*

*(BOB and BILL through the front door, carrying a couch.)*

*(BOB drops his end.)*

**BILL.** Jesus Christ, Bob!

**BOB.** Sorry.

**BILL.** When you're carrying a heavy object with somebody you make a pact with that person—

**BOB.** Sorry.

**BILL.** —not to drop said object while you're carrying it—

**BOB.** Sorry.

**BILL.** —until such time as you both agree to put said object down!

**BOB.** Sorry, Bill.

*(BOB picks up his end of the couch. They stand for a moment, looking at each other.)*

**BILL.** This is fine.

*(They put said object down.)*

**BOB.** I need a beer.

**BILL.** What?

**BOB.** Got any beer?

**BILL.** We only carried one thing in.

**BOB.** I was thirsty before.

**BILL.** That's not my responsibility.

**BOB.** What do you mean?

**BILL.** I ask you to help me, you should show up with the tank filled and the engine tuned.

**BOB.** I took the train.

**BILL.** It's a metaphor.

**BOB.** Uh-huh.

**BILL.** You're the fucking car, Bob.

**BOB.** Sure.

**BILL.** All I'm saying is that I told you I'll give you beer and chips and pizza and what-the-fuck-ever when we're done, but you show up wanting me to take care of you, to cater to your every need, and you drop the only thing we've carried in—this isn't helping me.

**BOB.** I'm sorry, Bill.

**BILL.** 'sokay.

**BOB.** I'm just thirsty.

**BILL.** I'm fucked up today is all.

**BOB.** Sure. I can wait.

**BILL.** There's some in the fridge.

**BOB.** 'salright.

**BILL.** It's okay. Have a beer.

**BOB.** Nope. Don't need it.

**BILL.** Have a fucking beer.

**BOB.** Tank's still half-full.

**BILL.** Get me one, then.

**BOB.** Sure.

*(BOB exits to kitchen.)*

Whoah, big kitchen!

**BILL.** Yeah, I think I'm gonna put the bed in there.

*(BOB enters from kitchen with two cans of beer, gives one to BILL.)*

**BOB.** Since you were having one, I figured—

**BILL.** Whatever.

**BOB.** Nice kitchen.

**BILL.** Thanks.

**BOB.** This is a nice place. Better even than the place that you and Linda—

**BILL.** HeyheyheyheyHEY! I told you! Her name is never to be spoken in this apartment. I don't want to hear that name ever again—ever!

**BOB.** Sorry.

*(Beat.)*

**BILL.** Now you got that name hanging around in the air.

**BOB.** Sorry.

**BILL.** I can smell it.

**BOB.** I'm really sorry, Bill.

**BILL.** You got to exorcist it out of here.

**BOB.** I won't say it again—

**BILL.** You gotta dance.

**BOB.** I gotta what?

**BILL.** Dance. In a circle. Waving your arms around to clear the air. And you gotta sing out all the names of all the girls you ever been with. To the tune of *My Sharona*.

**BOB.** C'mon Bill...!

**BILL.** I'm serious man. *(Takes BOB's beer.)* You dance, right now or I'll have to move in with you and Crystal for a month while the air clears in here.

**BOB.** Alright, I'll dance!

**BILL.** And take your shirt off.

**BOB.** Aw, c'mon...

**BILL.** Off.

*(BOB takes shirt off, stands, looking at BILL.)*

Well?

**BOB.** I forget how it goes.

**BILL.** Fuck me.

**BOB.** It was a long time ago!

**BILL.** *(Singing:)* Nuh-nuh neh-neh nuh neh nuh neh nuh-nuh neh-neh Nuh-nuh neh-neh nuh neh—

*(BOB joins in, leading up to:)*

**BOB.** My-ya Cry-stal!

**BILL.** *(Continues singing:)* Nuh-nuh neh-neh nuh— Hey. What're you stopping for?

**BOB.** Crystal's the only girl I've ever been with.

**BILL.** Bullshit.

**BOB.** 's true.

**BILL.** You been together how long?

**BOB.** Since we were 18.

**BILL.** And before that?

**BOB.** She was the first girl who'd ever go out with me.

**BILL.** And all that time—you never fooled around?

**BOB.** Nope. Never. I dunno, I never wanted to.

**BILL.** How long you've lived together?

**BOB.** Eight years.

**BILL.** God damn. We didn't even make it eight weeks this time.

**BOB.** That's tough.

**BILL.** How would you know?

**BOB.** This is the fourth time I've moved your couch in two years.

**BILL.** That many?

**BOB.** Eight, if you count the times I moved it back to her place.

**BILL.** That bitch. No, I don't mean that. I don't mean it. I don't.

**BOB.** You love her, huh?

**BILL.** Love? Wha—?

*(He makes vague circular motions with his arms, as if he is trying to grab something just out of reach...and he can't get it.)*

Hell, I don't know.

**BOB.** Good for you.

**BILL.** For what?

**BOB.** For not saying you love her when you don't mean it.

**BILL.** I just don't know.

**BOB.** Good for you again.

**BILL.** What now?

**BOB.** For admitting you don't know.

**BILL.** Well, how the hell am I supposed to know, huh?

**BOB.** I don't know.

**BILL.** Do you love Crystal?

**BOB.** Oh yeah.

**BILL.** How do you know?

**BOB.** I just know.

**BILL.** Just like that: you know.

**BOB.** Yeah.

**BILL.** When did you first know?

**BOB.** When she told me.

**BILL.** She told you when you loved her?

**BOB.** No—when she told me she loved me. I thought: “God—I should say something back to her...” And there it was in my mouth. And I said it. And all of a sudden I meant it.

**BILL.** I am so fucking happy for you, man.

**BOB.** Thanks.

**BILL.** My life may suck, but at least yours is right.

**BOB.** You don’t need her, Billy.

**BILL.** Yeah, I do.

**BOB.** No, you don’t.

**BILL.** No, really. This is another “good for me,” Bobby. I need this woman. And she don’t love me.

**BOB.** But you don’t love her, either.

**BILL.** The fuck I don’t!

**BOB.** You just said—

**BILL.** I worship her. I would die for this woman. If you cut off both my arms, both my legs, my nose, my ears, and sewed my mouth shut so that I could only see her—just watch her move—I would be happy.

**BOB.** Have you told her this?

**BILL.** Every day. She doesn’t want that.

**BOB.** It’s alright—

**BILL.** It’s not alright, she threw me out!

**BOB.** It’s a blessing in disguise, Billy.

**BILL.** Fuck that! I have all this love, all this passion for this woman and she doesn’t want me! What the fuck am I supposed to do, huh? What the fuck am I supposed to do with all this... this... THIS!?!?

**BOB.** I don’t know.

## **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

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