

GOODBYE CHARLES by Gabriel Davis

JILL

I ate them. That's right. I ate the divorce papers, Charles. I ate them with ketchup. And they were good...gooooood. You probably want me to get serious about our divorce. The thing is you always called our marriage a joke. So let's use logic here: If A we never had a serious marriage then B we can't have a serious divorce. No. We can't. The whole thing's a farce, Charles – a farce that tastes good with ketchup.

I mean, wasn't it last week, your dad asked you the reason you walked down that aisle with me, and you said "for the exercise." Ha, ha. That's funny. You're a funny guy, Charles. I'm laughing, not a crying. Ha, ha. I'm laughing because you're about to give up on a woman who is infinitely lovable.

For instance: Paul. He has loved me since the eighth grade. Sure, he's a little creepy, but he reeeeeeally loves me. He's made one hundred twenty seven passes at me, proposed forty seven times, and sent me over two hundred original love sonnets. He sees something in me, Charles. And he writes it down, in metered verse! And that's not something you just find everyday. Someone who really loves everything about who you are as a person. Paul may be insane, but I value his feelings for me.

I would never ask him to sign his name to a piece of paper promising to just turn off his feelings for me forever. But that's what you're asking me to do, for you. To sign away my right to...to that sweet voice Charles, those baby brown eyes, the way your hands feel through my hair before bed...

Those aren't things I want to lose. In fact, I won't lose them. I won't lose you. I'll woo you. I've written you a sonnet. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day. Thou art more lovely and more temperate, rough winds do shake the darling buds of may and..." I'm not crying. I'm laughing. It's all a big joke. It's very funny, Charles. I keep waiting for you to say "April Fools." Then I'll rush into your arms and... But you're not going to, are you? No. Of course not. It's not April.

I, I didn't really write that sonnet, you know. Paul did. I think it's good.

You see, the truth...the truth is, Charles, I ate the divorce papers, I ate them, because I can't stomach the thought of losing you.

**WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF by Edward Albee -
MARTHA**

You know what's happened, George? You want to know what's really happened? (Snaps his fingers) It's snapped, finally. Not me...it. The whole arrangement. You can go along...forever, and everything's...manageable. You make all sorts of excuses to yourself...you know...this is life...the hell with it...maybe tomorrow he'll be dead...maybe tomorrow you'll be dead...all sorts of excuses. But then, one day, one night, something happens...and SNAP! It breaks. And you just don't give a damn any more. I've tried with you, baby...really tried...I'm loud, and vulgar, and I wear the pants in this house because somebody's got to, but I am not a monster. I am not...SNAP! It went snap. Look, I'm not going to try to get through to you any more...I'm not going to try. There was a second back there, maybe, there was a second, just a second, when I could have gotten through to you, when maybe we could have cut through all this crap. But that's past, and now I'm going to try...You can't come together with nothing, and you're nothing! SNAP! It went snap tonight at Daddy's party. I sat there at Daddy's party, and I watched you...I watched you sitting there, and I watched the younger men around you, the men who were going to go somewhere. And I sat there and I watched you, and you weren't there! And it snapped! It finally snapped! And I'm going to howl it out, and I'm not going to give damn what I do, and I'm going to make the biggest explosion you ever heard.

JERUSALEM (ACT 2, SCENE 6) by Michael Gurr -**NINA**

And what is this idea? That everyone gets the disease they deserve? Yes, I am interested in it. And I'm particularly interested in the fact that you never hear if from the parents of a child born with its brain hanging out of its head. Karma? What does around comes around? There's something very nasty hiding in the idea of karma. It's another way of not thinking. People get what they deserve? Sounds like the Liberal Party with a joint in its mouth. (Beat) I bad deeds are accounted for? Really? In my experience there are great numbers of very bad people leading very happy lives. It's a pretty false comfort, wouldn't you say, tho think they'll all get a spank in Hell. To think they'll all come back as a piece of dogshit. (Beat) Surely the point is what we do now? Who we become, how we behave? To leave all the judgement up to God or the karmic compost – that's terrible impotence isn't it? Adults, grown men and women, with a dummy in the mouth. And look closely at this, Malcolm, look at the people who glue themselves to these ideas. For the happy and healthy these ideas are a way of feeling smug. Fifty cents in the poor box and the knowledge that the poor will always be with us. And those who actually suffer? What are they saying? I am suffering because God wants me to? I think those American slave songs, so uplifting, and I want to be sick. In my training they take you around the wards. There was a woman, both breasts long gone into the hospital incinerator. She tried to hold my gaze while the sutures were taken out. Until the hospital chaplain came sliding across the lino. And her pale fierce eyes slid him right back through the curtain. (Beat) You see I don't believe that justice is something you light a candle for. It's just the way you behave. (Beat) But that's me. Will you tell Vivien I called in? Malcolm, I've enjoyed our little talk. (She extends her hand).

THINGS I KNOW TO BE TRUE by Andrew Bovell**MARK**

On the weekends when Dad wanted help in the garden I would climb the gum tree and hide. From up there, I could see the world. At least I could see our world. Pip singing to a song on the radio and checking her split ends at the patio table. Ben kicking the football from one end of the yard to the other. Always running. Dad pushing a wheelbarrow of dirt around with Rosie following him with her plastic shovel ready to help. And Mum hanging out the washing before sneaking a cheeky fag behind the shed, thinking that no one knows she's there. They didn't know I was up in the tree watching and seeing everything. Not really a part of the picture and not really even knowing why. There were two occasions on which Mum would smoke. The first was if she'd had more than two glasses of wine. She wasn't a big drinker so this was rare. It usually happened on New Year's Eve. She would light up after two glasses of sparkling wine and only ever smoke the one. She was also known to dance with Dad's undies on her head, after he had taken them off for God knows what reason, so New Year's Eve was always an ordeal for us kids. The other occasion was when she thought that one of us had a problem that she couldn't solve, which was also rare. Mum having a solution for most problems in life. And on these occasions she could go through a pack, one after the another until a solution was found. I suspect that of all of us, she smoked the most cigarettes on account of me

FERRET ENVY by Tara Meddaugh**Jyoti**

I know you think I murdered your ferret, but—hey, stop crying. You're gonna make me cry too. And you (starts crying)—know—happens—when—we—both—start—oh! I'm doing it too now...Okay. Okay. What would Zena do? Julia, your ferret ran away. He did. I know you don't want to believe me, but I know this, because...well, I saw him. And I was wearing my glasses, so I had 20/20. Or 20/30. I need a new prescription. But I could still see it was Foozu, and he was wearing the yellow rain slicker, not the winter coat you tie dyed for him, so I think he was headed for Seattle. And, I don't think we should go after him, Julia. That Payless box wasn't big enough; you always forgot to feed him, and when you did, it was usually just pebbles and sticks—and I really don't think ferrets can live on that. Seattle has a lot more to offer Foozu. Food, drinks, warm shelter, intellectual stimulation, perpetual contentment. He deserves that, don't you think? I, I know coming in and seeing me with the knife over Foozu's box makes it look

rather strange. But. . . Well. . . You miss him, don't you? (pause) I could be your ferret. Don't dismiss it right away. I'd be a good pet. I like to curl up in small places and I don't mind rocks and sticks. You could knit me a winter coat, and you don't even have to tie dye it if you don't want to. That's okay with me. Is that okay with you? I'm gonna just rinse this knife off and throw this little bag away, and then I'll curl up in my box. I found a new one—a size 11! I'll wait for you there and you can throw me a ball, okay? Unless, you don't want me to be your ferret. You don't need to back away from me. . . Don't you want me here anymore? If I'm not here, who's going to sing to you? I know the entire soundtrack to *Sleepless In*—don't be scared—I'll—but I don't know where I'm supposed to go, Julia. (pause) I could follow Foozu. I could—I could go to Seattle. . . . I'll follow Foozu. But Julia, when I go, you'll have to clean off the knife again—I won't be able to do it. . . . I don't have a yellow slicker.

THE PILLOWMAN by Martin McDonagh –

ARIEL

Well, y'know, I'll tell you what there is about me. There is an overwhelming, and there is an all-pervading, hatred . . . a hatred . . . of people like you. Of people who lay even the littlest finger . . . on children. I wake up with it. It wakes me up. It rides on the bus with me to work. It whispers to me, "They will not get away with it." I come in early. I make sure all the bindings are clean and the electrodes are in the right order so we won't . . . waste . . . time. I admit, sometimes I use excessive force. And sometimes I use excessive force on an entirely innocent individual. But I'll tell you this. If an entirely innocent individual leaves this room for the outside world, they're not gonna contemplate even raising their voice to a little kid again, just in case I hear'em and drag'em in here for another load of excessive force. Now, is this kind of behavior in an officer of the law in some way questionable morally? Of course it is! But you know what? I don't care! 'Cos, when I'm an old man, you know what? Little kids are gonna follow me around and they're gonna know my name and what I stood for, and they're gonna give me some of their sweets in thanks, and I'm gonna take those sweets and thank them and tell them to get home safe, and I'm gonna be happy. Not because of the sweets, I don't really like sweets, but because I'd know . . . I'd know in my heart, that if I hadn't been there, not all of them would have been there. Because I'm a good policeman. Not necessarily good in the sense of being able to solve lots of stuff, because I'm not, but good in the sense of I stand for something. I stand for something. I stand on the right side. The child's side. The opposite side to you. And so, naturally when I hear that a child has been killed in a fashion . . . in a fashion such as this . . . You know what? I would torture you to death just for writing a story like that, let alone acting it out! 'Cos two wrongs do not make a right. Two wrongs do not make a right. So kneel down over here, please, so I can connect you to this battery.

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD by Tom Stoppard -

PLAYER

Don't you see?! We're actors - we're the opposite of people! Think, in your head, now, think of the most...private ...secret ...intimate thing you have ever done secure in the knowledge of its privacy. (Pause) Are you thinking of it? Well, I saw you do it! We're actors...We pledge our identities, secure in the conventions of our trade; that someone would be watching. And then, gradually, no one was. We were caught high and dry. It was not until the murderer's long soliloquy that we were able to look around; frozen as we were in profile, our eyes searched you out, first confidently, then hesitantly, then desperately as each patch of turf, each log, every exposed corner in every direction proved uninhabited, and all the while the murderous king addressed the horizon with his dreary interminable guilt...Our heads began to move, wary as lizards, the corpse of unsullied Rosalinda peeped through his fingers, and the King faltered. Even then, habit and a stubborn trust that our audience spied upon us from behind the nearest bush, forced our bodies to blunder on long after they had emptied of meaning, until like runaway carts they dragged us to a halt. No one came forward. No one shouted at us. The silence was unbreakable, it imposed itself upon us; it was obscene. We took off our crowns and swords and cloth of gold and moved silent on the road to Elsinore.