DEIRDRE: MMMMM . . .

ANDREW: Deirdre, are you okay?

DEIRDRE: Mmmmmhuh . . .

ANDREW: Deirdre, I'm sorry I took off last night after the show. I hope you went to the party. Did you . . . have a good time?

DEIRDRE: MMMM . . .

ANDREW: Deirdre, what is going on?

(DEIRDRE, who has been slinking her way down the stairs, stroking the bannister, now leaps into ANDREW's arms. She looks deep into his eyes and gives him a volcanic, passionate kiss)

DEIRDRE: Hi.

ANDREW: Hi.

DEIRDRE: Mmmm . . .

ANDREW: Stop that.

DEIRDRE: Stop what?

ANDREW: Stop . . . moaning. Deirdre, did you go to the party?

DEIRDRE: Party?

ANDREW: The party. After the play. We were in Hamlet last night, remember?

BARRYMORE (starting up the stairs): Perhaps I should leave you two alone.

ANDREW: No! Stay.

DEIRDRE: Of course I'll stay. Oh, Andrew. Last night, you were so wonderful.

ANDREW: No, I wasn't. Deirdre, I'm not . . . what you want. You're waiting for someone legendary, for a total hero, for Lancelot or Marc Antony. And you should. I wish I'd been good, I wish I'd been—everything. For you. And I'm sorry.

DEIRDRE (with real wonder): Andrew—I watched you on stage last night and I thought—he has worked so hard. He's put his heart and soul into this, and at least partly for me. And he's . . . so bad. And I thought I'd be demolished, but—something happened. I mean, people were coughing and a plane, it just flew overhead, and there were all those mosquitoes.

(ANDREW: Right in my mouth.)

DEIRDRE: And you just kept on going! And I thought—what makes a hero? It's just someone who tries to do what's right, despite impossible odds. Like you playing Hamlet! You're the bravest, noblest man I've ever met!
I HATE HAMLET

(ANDREW (eagerly): Really?)

DEIRDRE: Yes! But then I thought about how I’d put you off and how I was just a lady-in-waiting and I thought . . . I’m not worthy.

(ANDREW: Deirdre . . .)

DEIRDRE: So you know what I decided to do?

(ANDREW: Something sensible?)

DEIRDRE (really re-living it): Exactly! I decided to drown myself! Like Ophelia, in Central Park Lake! Isn’t that perfect? (She runs to the chaise and stands on it) So I went behind the theatre and I stood on a rock and braided wildflowers into my hair! And I sang Ophelia’s bawdy song . . . (singing) Hey nonny nonny, Hey nonny no . . . no . . . (desolate) But I couldn’t jump in. I lost my nerve!

(ANDREW: I’m glad.)

DEIRDRE: And I was so upset that I came back here and ran up to the roof! (She tears across the stage and runs up the stairs to the landing. BARRYMORE is waiting; he stands right behind her. She says with great yearning) And I stood at the edge and I gazed up at the moon! And I said, “Oh Mister Moon, you’re so big and round and yellow . . .”

(ANDREW: Deirdre . . .

ACT II

DEIRDRE (very frustrated): I know. Please, I thought Deirdre, everyone’s right. Get some help. And that’s when I felt it.

ANDREW: Felt what?

DEIRDRE: This breeze, on the back of my neck. (BARRYMORE blows gently on DEIRDRE’s neck) Except it wasn’t just a breeze, it was more like . . . a hand.

(BARRYMORE lightly strokes DEIRDRE’s neck)

ANDREW: A hand?

DEIRDRE: A caress.

ANDREW: No. No.

(BARRYMORE makes a rather grand cross, moving from the staircase to the chaise on which he stretches full out. He passes directly in front of ANDREW. He is smiling, like a cross between the Mona Lisa and the Cheshire Cat)

DEIRDRE: Yes! And that’s all I can remember, except I woke up this morning in the room up there and there was a rose on my pillow.

BARRYMORE: A red rose.

ANDREW (to DEIRDRE): A red rose?

DEIRDRE: For passion. And my copy of Romeo and Juliet was lying open, right to one of Juliet’s speeches:
LUSTING AFTER PIPINO’S WIFE
by Sam Henry Kass

A big city - 1989 - Lorraine (30)
Lorraine is a troubled woman who has a hard time relating to people—especially men. Here, she engages in a rather fruitless session with her therapist.

LORRAINE: I’m just so...I’m just so...So what? Could you help me, here? I’m just so what? Obviously I’m having a little difficulty filling in the blanks—completing the thought process. So you’re the doctor. What the fuck am I trying to say? I mean, you are a doctor, aren’t you? Do you have a degree? Do you have an answer? Okay, look...I think all the answers are out there for me. The problem is...The problem has been, that I've failed to recognize them. I’m sure they’ve all but slapped me in the mouth—And I just don’t see it. Do you know what I’m saying? It’s one thing not to have any idea what I’m looking for—It’s another to realize I’m looking for something, to possibly know what it is, to feel it’s there...Right there...And yet...And yet, what? (SHE sits up) What are you, a fuckin’ mute? What’s the point of all this—I do see how many stupid things you can get me to say? You know I...I’m not making any sense, I know I’m not making any sense, we’ll both seemingly never find out, if you have any sense at all...One more thing—I’ve been meaning to say this for several weeks now...There’s a severe odor emanating from your side of the room. It’s probably affecting my thought process. Some individuals are highly sensitized to smell. This sort of problem has not received enough publicity in the medical journals...A doctor who stinks—Someone who has a deathlike stench about him can bring on some form of mental incapacity in a patient...Sometimes without the patient’s knowledge. This is absolutely true. On one hand, please don’t take it personally. And on the other hand, you must do something to rectify the problem. No, no...Cracking the window will not solve the problem here. I’m talking about my fuckin’ sanity. Do you understand! You must take a shower! You must clean yourself carefully! You are dealing with a human being here. I am not cattle...(Pause) Yes...Okay...(SHE stands up) See you next week.
(But he is gone. GEORGIE turns and looks at LYDIA, who is very steely indeed.)

GEORGIE. Look. It’s been great meeting you, but you know, I am having one ripper of a day, you know, so—LYDIA. Don’t talk to me about bad days.

GEORGIE. Listen—LYDIA. No. No. You listen. (SHE puts down her purse decisively, crosses to the door and shuts it.)

GEORGIE. HEY—LYDIA. I don’t know you. You and I have never met. And you are wreaking havoc on my life.

(LYDIA crosses back to her purse, reaches in and pulls out Georgie’s jacket, blouse, slip, skirt, pantyhose and shoes from the previous day. SHE folds these items and stacks them neatly as she speaks. GEORGIE watches, amazed.)

LYDIA. At first, I admired Andrew’s interest in your welfare. He cares about people; he truly cares and I think that’s wonderful. But these past few months, I must admit, I have become less interested in his interest. Not only do I listen to him talk about you incessantly, any time I come over to have dinner or spend the night here, I am bombarded by you. When you come home at night, we hear your little heels clicking on the ceiling. When you leave in the morning, we hear your little heels. When you go to bed we hear you brush your teeth, and talk on the phone, and listen to the radio and on certain evenings I could swear that we can even hear you undress. I am not enjoying this. For the past two months, I have been under the distinct impression that any time I spend the night here, I am actually sleeping with two people—Andrew, and yourself. In fact, when you came home with Edward tonight my first thought was, my God, the bed is already crowded enough; now we have to fit Edward in too? Now. I don’t know what went on between you and Andrew.

GEORGIE. Nothing. Nothing at all.

LYDIA. Excuse me, but that clearly is not the case. And I want you out of my life! Is that understood?

GEORGIE. Where am I supposed to go?

LYDIA. I don’t care! I’ll find you a better apartment! It will be my pleasure!

(THEY glare at each other for a moment.)

GEORGIE. Listen, I am really sorry but I am just not up to this right now, okay? I mean, if I get mad one more time tonight I might just die from it. So, can we chill out for a minute? You want a cup of tea or something?

LYDIA. Do you have anything stronger? Scotch? Is that scotch?

GEORGIE. Yes. It is.

LYDIA. I’ll have scotch.

GEORGIE. Fine. (SHE exits to the kitchen and reenters a second later with a glass. SHE pours Lydia a shot of scotch.) Here. You knock that back, you’ll feel much better.

LYDIA. Thank you. (SHE drinks and studies Georgie.) That’s an interesting outfit you have on.

GEORGIE. Excuse me?

LYDIA. I guess men really do like that sort of thing, don’t they? You’d like to think some of them, at least one,
(He starts out. She runs ahead of him and grasps her suitcase to fling it out. He throws her to the floor)

JENNIE [You know what you want better than me, George. I don't know what you expect to find out there, except a larger audience for your two shows a day of suffering. I know I'm not as smart as you. Maybe I can't analyze and theorize and speculate on why we behave as we do and react as we do and suffer guilt and love and hate. You read all those books, not me]. But there's one thing I do know.

I know how I feel. I know I can stand here watching you try to destroy everything I've ever wanted in my life, wanting to smash your face with my fists because you won't even make the slightest effort to opt for happiness—and still know that I love you.

That's always so clear to me. It's the one place I get all my strength from. You mean so much to me—that I am willing to take all your abuse and insults and insensitivity—because that's what you need to do to prove I'm not going to leave you. I can't promise I'm not going to die, George, that's asking too much. But if you want to test me, go ahead and test me. You want to leave, leave! But I'm not the one who's going to walk away. I don't know if I can take it forever, but I can take it for tonight and I can take it next week. Next month I may be a little shaky. But I'll tell you something, George. No matter what you say about me, I feel so good about myself—better than I felt when I ran from Cleveland and was frightened to death of New York. Better than I felt when Gus was coming home at two o'clock in the morning just to change his clothes. Better than I felt when I thought there was no one in the world out there for me, and better than I felt the night before we got married and I thought that I wasn't good enough for you. Well, I am! I'm wonderful! I'm nuts about me! And if you're stupid enough to throw someone sensational like me aside, then you
LYDIA. Didn’t you know that?

GEORGIE. Man, what do those two do, trade off girlfriends once a year or something?

LYDIA. It’s certainly starting to look that way.

GEORGIE. Wait a minute, that’s not what I—

LYDIA. (Overlap.) Really, there’s no need to explain.

In fact, I would prefer not to know the details.

GEORGIE. I’m just trying to tell you—

LYDIA. And I’m trying to tell you: What I’ve had with both of them is substantially more real than whatever this is, and I don’t want to know about it. All right? I just want it to stop. All right?

GEORGIE. Right.

LYDIA. As long as we understand each other.

GEORGIE. Oh, I understand you all right. This part, I think I got down solid.

LYDIA. Good.

GEORGIE. (Finally angry.) But what I don’t have, you know—what I want to know is—if you’re so fucking real, Lydia, then what the hell are you doing here? I mean, if you’re so much better than me, then why even bother? You could just wait it out and I’ll drift away like a piece of paper, like nothing, right? ‘Cause that’s what I am. Nothing. Right? So why the fuck are you up here, taking me apart?

— GEORGIE. Oh, yeah? Well, I think you do. All of you. What a amazing fucking snow job you all are doing on the world. And I bought it! We all buy it. My family—they’re like, all of a sudden I’m Mary Tyler Moore or something. I mean, they live in hell, right, and they spend their whole lives just wishing they were somewhere else, wishing they were rich, or sober, or clean; living on a street with trees, being on some fucking TV show. And I did it. I moved to Boston, I work in a law office, I’m the big success story. And they have no idea what that means. It means I get to hang out with a bunch of lunatics. It means I get to read books, that make no sense. (SHE pushes the law book off the table.) It means that instead of getting harassed by jerks at the local bar, now I get harassed by guys in suits. Guys with glasses. Guys who talk nice. Guys in suits. Well, you know what I have to say to all of you? Shame on you. Shame on you for thinking you’re better than the rest of us. And shame on you for being mean to me. Shame on you, Lydia.

LYDIA. (Pause.) I’m sorry.

GEORGIE. I think you’d better go.

LYDIA. Yes. Of course. (Pause.) I am sorry. I just—

Andrew postponed our wedding tonight, and I’m a little—my life is in a bit of a shambles, tonight, and I know that’s no excuse, but I’m just not myself. Please. Forgive me. (SHE goes to the door.)

GEORGIE. Oh, God. Wait a minute.
EATING CHICKEN FEET
Kitty Chen

Teenage Chinese – American Betty Sung’s parents hadn’t spoken in over five years when she walked in front of a car in a desperate attempt to bring them together. As they gather around her hospital bed, the family is finally forced to reveal their problems.

BETTY: One day, five years ago, the end of the world came. I sat on the grass and watched the moving men load the truck. All the furniture was on the lawn, the dining room set, the cherrywood dresser, sofas, mattresses. All her bags and trunks, and boxes and boxes and boxes. Furniture always looks so sad outside of a house. Have you noticed that? Awkward. Sort of naked ... mentally ill. Legs in the air at crazy angles, white bellies showing. It’s funny how you see all the dents and gouges and chipped paint you never saw before. Everything looked so shabby. For a moment I was almost happy to see it go. Then suddenly I had this fear, I knew, that they were going to pull up my house and put it in the truck. It hit me like a twig thwacks back in your face. Everything would be gone. There’d be nothing left but an empty lot full of weeds. (Jumps up) “Put it back! Put it back! You can’t take my house!” But they don’t hear me. I hit them and punch them in the face, but they don’t notice. “Mom! Dad! Make them stop! Make them bring my house back!” But they’re just standing there ... looking at the air and not seeing anything. “Do something! Do something before it’s too late!” They keep looking at the air. I’m screaming but no one hears me, nobody does anything. What am I going to do? STOP IT! STOP IT! (Suddenly covers her eyes with her hands.) If I close my eyes ... and wish real hard ... everything will be all right. Any minute now she’s going to say, ‘Open your eyes. No one’s leaving, no one’s taking the house. I’ve just been fooling you. This is a joke, a test. Just want to see if you’re a good girl.” When I open them, my house will be back in the ground. The furniture will zip back in like a movie playing backwards. The piano will be in its place under the staircase. The dining room table will be all set for dinner.... Everything will be the way it’s supposed to be ... And I will have a happy family.
The Party

Before we know what's hit us, a hurricane of energy comes bounding into the space. It is Topsy. Washington. Her hair and dress are a series of stylistic contradictions which are "hip, black and unencumbered."

Music: spiritual and funky, underscore.

Topsy (Dancing about): Yo-ho! Party! Party! Turn up the music! Turn up the music!

Have you ever been to a party where there was one fool in the middle of the room, dancing harder and yelling louder than everybody in the entire place. Well funny that fool was me!

Yes child! My name is Topsy Washington and I love to party. As a matter of fact, when God created the world, on the seventh day, he didn't rest. No child, he partied! Yo-ho! Party! Yeah! Yeah!

But now let me tell you 'bout this function I went to the other night, way uptown. And baby when I say way uptown, I mean way-way-way-way-way-way up! Up to where, you ask? Up to that heaven's where! Love that whole sky and infinity.

Inside was the largest gathering of black/Negro/colored Americans you'd ever want to see. Over in one corner you got Nat Turner spinnin' champagne out of Eartha Kitt's slipper. And over in another corner, Bert Williams and Malcolm X was discussing existentialism as it relates to the shuffle-ball-change. Girl, Aunt Jemima and Angela Davis was in the kitchen sharing a plate of greens and just goin off about South Africa.

And then Pats sat down and started to work them eighty-eights. And then Stevie joined in. And then Miles and Duke and Ella and Jimi and Charlie and Sly and Lightnin' and Count and Louie!

And then everybody joined in. I tell you all the children was just all up in there, dancing to the rhythm of one beat. Dancing to the rhythm of their own definition. Celebrating in their cultural madness.

And then the floor started to shake. And the walls started to move. And before anybody knew what was happening, the entire room lifted up off the ground. The whole place just took off and went flying through space—defying logic and limitations. Just a spinning and a spinning and a spinning until it disappeared inside of my head.

Topsy stops dancing and regains her balance and begins to listen to the music in her head. Slowly we begin to hear it too.

Topsy: That's right girl, there's a party goin on inside of here. That's why when I walk down the street my hips just sashay all over the place. 'Cause I'm dancing to the music of the madness in me.

And whereas I used to jump into a rage anytime anybody tried to deny who I was, now all I got to do is give attitude, quicker than light, and then go on about the business of being me. 'Cause I'm dancing to the music of the madness in me.

As Topsy continues to speak, lights reveal Miss Raj, Lala, Miss Pat and the Man from "Symbiosis" frozen like soft sculptures.

Topsy: And here all this time I been thinking we gave up our drums. But naw, we still got 'em. I know I got mine. They're here, in my speech, my walk, my hair, my God, my style, my smile and my eyes. And everything I get over in this world, is inside here, connecting me to everybody and everything that's ever been.

So hunny don't waste your time trying to label or define me. The sculptures slowly begin to come to life. They mirror/echo Topsy's words.

Topsy and Cast: ... 'cause I'm not what I was ten years ago or ten minutes ago.

I'm all of that and then some.

And whereas I can't live inside yesterday's pain, I can't live without it.

All of a sudden, madness erupts on the stage. The sculptures begin to speak all at once. Images of black/Negro/colored Americans begin to flash, images of them dancing past the madness, caught up in the madness, being lynched, rioting. Mixed in with these images are all the characters from the exhibits. Through all of this Topsy sings. The vocal and visual cacophony builds and builds.

Man: I have no history. I have no past. I can't. It's too much. It's too much. I must be able to smile on cue and watch the news with an impersonal eye. I have no stake in the madness. Being black is too emotionally taxing, therefore I will be black only on weekends and holidays.

Lala: (Simultaneously): I must tell you about this dream I had last night. Simply magnificent.

In this dream I'm running naked in Sammy Davis Junior's hair. Yes. I'm caught in this larger than life, deep, dark tangled forest of savage, nappy-happy hair. Yes the kinky-kinky are choking me, are wrapped around my naked arms, my naked thighs, breast and face and I can't breathe and there was nothing in that closer.

Miss Raj: (Simultaneously): Snap for every time you walk past someone lying in the street smellin' like frozen pies and shit and you don't see it. Snap for every crazed bastard who kills himself so as to get the jump on being killed. And snap for every sick mutafucka who bore with carrying about his fear, takes to shooting up other people.

Miss Pat: (Simultaneously): Stop playing those drums. I said stop playing those damn drums. You can't stop history. You can't stop time. Those drums will be confiscated once we reach Savannah, so give them up now. Repeat after me: "I don't hear any drums and I will not rebel." I will not rebel. I will not rebel.

Topsy: (Simultaneously, shouting): There's madness in me...

And that madness sets me free...

There's madness in me...

And that madness sets me free...

There's madness in me...

And that madness sets me free...

There's madness in me...

And that madness sets me free...

Just as things are about to explode, Topsy's voice towers above everyone and everything as she shouts...

Cast: Madness! Topsy And my colored contradictions. The sculptures freeze with smiles on their faces as we hear the voice of Miss Pat. Voice of Miss Pat: Before exiting, check the overhead as any baggage you don't claim, we trash.

Blackout.

END OF PLAY
BERNIECE: You ain't taking that piano out of my house.

(She crosses to the piano.)

Look at this piano. Look at it. Mama Ola polished this piano with her tears for seventeen years. For seventeen years she rubbed on it till her hands bled. Then she rubbed the blood in . . . mixed it up with the rest of the blood on it. Every day that God breathed life into her body she rubbed and cleaned and polished and prayed over it. "Play something for me, Berniece. Play something for me, Berniece." Every day. "I cleaned it up for you, play something for me, Berniece." You always talking about your daddy but you ain't never stopped to look at what his foolishness cost your mama. Seventeen years' worth of cold nights and an empty bed. For what? For a piano? For a piece of wood? To get even with somebody? I look at you and you're all the same. You, Papa Boy Charles, Wining Boy, Doaker, Crawley . . . you're all alike. All this thieving and killing and thieving and killing. And what it ever lead to? More killing and more thieving. I ain't never seen it come to nothing. People getting burned up. People getting shot. People falling down their wells. It don't never stop.

DOAKER: Come on now, Berniece, ain't no need in getting upset.

BOY WILLIE: I done a little bit of stealing here and there, but I ain't never killed nobody. I can't be speaking for nobody else. You all got to speak for yourself, but I ain't never killed nobody.

BERNIECE: You killed Crawley just as sure as if you pulled the trigger.

BOY WILLIE: See, that's ignorant. That's downright foolish for you to say something like that. You ain't doing nothing but showing your ignorance. If the nigger was here I'd whup his ass for getting me and Lymon shot at.
First produced in New York in 1920, it is set in the parlour of the Crosby home, in a seaport village in New England, and covers a period between 1890 and 1920. EMMA CROSBY, aged 20, has always believed that her childhood sweetheart was ‘diff’rent’ from all the other men in the village. When she learns that he spent the night alone on board his ship with a naked South Sea Island girl, and is not so ‘diff’rent’ after all, she tells him that she cannot possibly marry him.
Trina Washington
Drama 10
Lura Dolas
11-19-96

Female monologue

FENCES
By August Wilson

Rose:
I’ve been standing with you. I been right here with you, Troy.
I got a life to. I gave eighteen years of my life to stand in the
same spot with you. Don’t you think I wanted other things?
Don’t you think I had hopes and dreams? What about my life?
What about me?

Don’t you think it ever crossed my mind to want to know other
men? That I wanted to lay up somewhere and forget about my
responsibilities. That I wanted someone to make me laugh so
that I could feel good. You ain’t the only one with needs and
wants. But I held on to you, Troy. I took my feelings, my needs,
my wants, ...... my dreams, and I buried them inside of you. I
planted a seed and I watched and prayed over it. I planted
myself inside of you and waited to bloom. And I didn’t take no
eighteen years to find out that the soil was hard and rocky and
was never going to bloom. But I held on to you, Troy. ‘Cause you
was my husband. I owed you everything I had. Every part of
me I could find to give.

....................And upstairs in that room, with darkness falling in on
me....... I gave everything I had to try and erase the doubt that
you wasn’t the finest man in the world. And everywhere you
went I wanted to be there with you. ‘Cause you was my
husband. ‘Cause that was the only way I was gonna survive
being your wife. You always talking ‘bout what you have to
give, and what you don’t have to give.........But you take too,
Troy. You take....................and don’t even know nobody’s given.
MOTHER, Tell you what, when I first knew who I was going to marry—

End of offstage voice.

MOTHER: He’s a decent man, isn’t he?

MOTHER, Tell you what, when I first knew who I was going to marry—

MOTHER: He’s a decent man, isn’t he?

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MOTHER, Tell you what, when I first knew who I was going to marry—

MOTHER: He’s a decent man, isn’t he?

MOTHER, Tell you what, when I first knew who I was going to marry—

MOTHER: He’s a decent man, isn’t he?
How dare you? You are not fit to be in this school madam. You ought to be in prison! In the deepest dankest darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth. I shall crush you. I shall pound you. I shall dissect you madam. I shall strap you down to a table and perform experiments on you. I shall feed you to the termites, and then I shall squash the termites into tiny fragments. And then I shall crush those tiny fragments into dust. And then I shall take the dust and feed it to the bloodworms. Then the bloodworms I shall feed to birds and the birds I shall release into the air and shoot them down with my 12 balled shotgun and so on, and so on, an infinitum madam, and infinitum. Your father is a crook and so are you. Last night I was driving home in the monstrosity he sold me and the engine fell out. Well what do you say to that madam? You say nothing, and there is nothing you can say because you are genetically predisposed to evil and you must be destroyed before you are allowed to go on and grow a centimetre taller than you currently are. Vomit! Puke! Snout Stain are you listening?
Play *Pulse*  
Author *Stacey Lane*  
Role *Clara*

(Lights come on CLARA, a vision  
of angelic loveliness, standing  
center stage.)

CLARA  
The day my best friend died, it rained. It was as if the Heavens themselves were –

(In the audience, a cell phone  
 begins to ring. CLARA is noticeably  
 startled by the phone, but presses  
 on, speaking louder over the ringing.)

– crying, mourning the loss of one so young and so innocent. But I shed no-

(The phone continues to ring.)

Oh, my God! You’ve got to be kidding me! Well, is somebody going to answer that? I can’t believe the nerve of- Hello! We’re waiting! We’re all watching. Answer your damn cell phone! If there is anything in the world that pisses me off more as an actor, as an audience member-hell as a human being, it is cell phones in the theatre.

(The cell phone is still ringing.)

Are you gonna get that? In case you didn’t notice, you’re interrupting my performance. Here I am bearing my heart and soul and- Do you people not listen to the twenty announcements they make about turning off your cell phones? Do you not have the common sense to know that I’m trying to perform here and that ringing is going to distract me and everybody around you? Do you not- Answer your phone!

(Crossing into the house on a  
 rampage searching for the phone.  
The ringing is coming from a  
 purse planted under a seat in the  
 house.)

Where is it? What? You’re too embarrassed to answer your phone now? Want me to answer it for you? I bet it’s important! It better be considering that you just interrupted- You know we all hate you. Every single person in this theatre hates you right now! God! Make it stop ringing!)
Monologue from Noel Coward’s *Private Lives*:

AMANDA: Do you know, I really think I love travelling more than anything else in the world! It always gives me such a tremendous feeling of adventure. First of all, the excitement of packing, and getting your passport visa’d and everything, then the thrill of actually starting, and trundling along on trains and ships, and then the most thrilling thing of all, arriving at strange places, and seeing strange people, and eating strange foods—