

PICASSO AT THE LAPIN AGILE

By Steve Martin

Sagot is Pablo Picasso's art dealer

SAGOT: I know that there are two subjects in paintings that no one will buy. One is Jesus, and the other is sheep. Love him as much as they want, no one really wants a painting of Jesus in the living room. You're having a few people over, having a few drinks, and there's Jesus over the sofa. Somehow it doesn't work. And not in the bedroom either, obviously. I mean you want Jesus watching over you but not while you're in the missionary position. You could put him in the kitchen, maybe but then that's sort of insulting to Jesus. Jesus, ham sandwich, Jesus, ham sandwich; I wouldn't like it and neither would He. Can't sell a male nude either, unless they're messengers. Why a messenger would want to be nude I don't know. You'd think they'd at least need a little pouch or something. In fact, if a nude man showed up at my door and I asked, "Who is it?" and he said, "messenger," I would damn well look and see if he has a pouch and if he doesn't I'm not answering the door. Sheep are the same, don't ask me why, can't sell 'em.

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Albert Einstein is a brilliant young physicist

EINSTEIN: Here's the way I look at it. We're not so much going to change the century, as bend it. Let's say Picasso here is a genius. The century is just lying along in space and it whizzes by Picasso here and it picks up speed and it flings itself off in a new direction. Like a comet veering left at the sun. The century is just zigzagging along, bending and curving, influenced by the powerful gravity of people like Picasso. But the century itself, because we're in it, appears to be heading straight. No, Gaston, I'm not trying to get your goat. I'm just trying to explain something. You'll be happy to know that not only is the horizon something that appears to be straight but is actually curved, but so is space in general. Hold it! Not only is space curved but light has mass and it bends when it passes by large masses like the sun at its finite speed of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second! *(He gasps.)* Uh oh! Oh my God, I can't believe I just blurted out the ending of my book. What I just said is my business and I hope it won't leave this room.

THE DOG by David Mamet

Talk about a dog! Talk about a precious animal! A little fluffball. A furry little nothing. But ballsy as a paratrooper. He's tough...Go after dogs twice his size. Three, four times his size. Go right up to 'em. Sniff 'em. Smell 'em up and down...He growls, bares his teeth. He scares 'em. He's little but damn it if he's not a scrapper. And they know it. Damn right they, do too. Sensitive? He's more sensitive than most *people*. Makes most people look sick, he's so sensitivie. In tune like a human. He picks up on things, too. I come home, he meets me at the door. Grinning, breathing fast, he's glad to see me. I go to hang up my coat, and what do I find? The little pisser has shit on the floor! He's crossed me. My best friend has crossed me. So I go over to him and I say sit. And he sits down and cocks his head, wondering what's up. I make a fist, and lean over and whack the shit outta him. He goes clear across the room and just lays there on his side. So then I say get up and he gets up. And I say *sit* and he sits down again and I walk over to him. So he's purebred, he's no dummy. And he figures maybe I'm going to knock him around again, and he's a little scared. But he hangs right in there. I say *stay*. And it's like he's glued to the floor. He's sit there for a year if I didn't tell him different. So I go over and get a chair and bring it back and put it right in front of him. I sit down, lean back, and cross my legs. I look at him. He looks at me. After about a minute or so, I lean forward

and say, very reasonable and soft, I say, "Don't shit on the floor. Now, get outta here." And I never have to say a word on the subject again.

DOG SEES GOD: Confessions of a teenage Blockhead by Bert V. Royal

C.B.: My dog died. I don't know if you remember, but I had a beagle. He was a good dog. My best friend. I'd had him as far back as I could remember, but one day last month, I went out to feed him and he didn't come bounding out of his red doghouse like usual. I called his name. but no response. I knelt down and called out his name. Still nothing. I looked in the doghouse. There was blood everywhere. Cowering in the corner was my dog. His eyes were wild and there was an excessive amount of saliva coming out of his mouth. He was unrecognizable. Both frightened and frightening at the same time. The blood belonged to a little yellow bird that had always been around. My dog and the bird used to play together. In a strange way, it was almost like they were best friends....Anyway, the bird had been mangled. Ripped apart. By my dog...My parents called a center and they came and took him away. Later that day they put him to sleep...When my dog died, that was when the rain cloud came back and everything fell apart.

ORDINARY PEOPLE by Alvin Sargent

CALVIN JARRETT:

You are beautiful. And you are unpredictable.
But you're so cautious. You're determined
Beth, but you know something? You're not
strong. And I don't know if you're really giving.
Tell me something. Do you love me? Do you
really love me? ... We would have been all
right if there hadn't been any mess. But you
can't handle mess. You need everything neat
and easy. I don't know. Maybe you can't love
anybody. It was so much Buck. When Buck
died, it was as if you buried all your love with
him, and I don't understand that, I just don't
know, I don't, maybe it wasn't even Buck;
maybe it was just you. Maybe, finally, it was
the best of you that you buried. But whatever it
was, I don't know who you are. I don't know
what we've been playing at. So I was crying.
Because I don't know if I love you anymore.
And I don't know what I'm going to do without
that.

DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

by William Inge

SAMMY: I always worry that maybe people
aren't going to like me when I go to a party.
Isn't that crazy? Do you ever get kind of a sick
feeling in the pit of your stomach when you
dread things? Gee, I wouldn't want to miss a
party for anything. But every time I go to one, I
have to reason with myself to keep from feeling
that the whole world's against me. See, I've
spent almost my whole life in military
academies. My mother doesn't have a place
for me, where she lives. She ... she just
doesn't know what else to do with me. But you
mustn't misunderstand about my mother. She's
really a very lovely person. I guess every boy
thinks his mother is very beautiful, but my
mother really is. She tells me in every letter
she writes how sorry she is that we can't be
together more, but she has to think of her work.
One time we were together, though. She met
me in San Francisco once, and we were
together for two whole days. Just like we were
sweethearts. It was the most wonderful time I
ever had. And then I had to go back to the old
military academy. Every time I walk into the
barracks, I get kind of a depressed feeling. It's
got hard stone walls. Pictures of generals
hanging all over ... oh, they're very fine
gentlemen, but they all look so kind of hard-
boiled and stern ... you know what I mean.
*[Cora and Lottie stand together, listening to
Sammy's speech with motherly expressions.
Flirt is bored, Punky is half asleep, and gives
now a sudden, audible yawn that startles
everyone]* Well, gee! I guess I've bored you
enough, telling you about myself.

THE CHOSEN adapted from the novel by
Aaron Posner

DANNY: Sorry if I woke you. The nurse told me it was all right for me to wait here. How is your eye? Is it going to be alright? No, I'm not here to gloat and it was not my intention to blind you either. I'm here to apologize. I'm sorry for what happened. You want me to be miserable? I'm that too. I did not come here to fight with you. If you just want to fight, I'll go home. I came here to talk to you. If someone asks you for forgiveness you are supposed to grant it. I told you I am very sorry for what happened. And I'm asking you to forgive me. I want to talk to you about the baseball game. I can't stop thinking about it. If I ever don't understand something, I think about it until I understand it. But I still don't understand this. I don't understand why I wanted to kill you. It's really bothering me. I wanted to step over the plate and ... and just open your head up with the baseball bat. You really had me going there...You're a pretty rough player. I don't usually hit the ball straight back at the pitcher. You were supposed to duck....Sorry, that's not what I meant to say...Thanks for listening to me... I know it's not easy...I really don't hate you at all....I just....lost control...I hope you can forgive me...I'll come and visit you again tomorrow...if it's okay with you....

THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov

TUZENBACK: Irina, dear, I'll be back in a few minutes. I've loved you for five years, and I still can't get used to the fact; you seem more and more beautiful to me. You have such wonderful hair! Such eyes! Tomorrow I'll take you away from here, we'll work, we'll be rich, my dreams will all come true. You'll be happy. There's just one thing wrong: you don't love me. Say something...say something to me...It's funny how the stupidest things in life can seem so important, all of a sudden and for no reason. Oh, let's not talk about it! I feel happy. It's almost as if I were seeing these trees for the first time in my life; they all seem to be looking at me and waiting for something. What beautiful trees! And how beautiful the life around them ought to be...I must go; I'll be late. This tree is dead, but it still moves in the wind with the others. I feel like that: if I die, I mean, I'll still be part of life somehow...Goodbye my darling. Those papers you gave me are on my desk, under the calendar.

THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

KONSTANTIN: I've been a bad boy. I killed a seagull this morning. In your honor....I intend to shoot myself one of these days, just like this...You've changed. I don't recognize you anymore either. You look at me with that cold look; you're always on edge when I'm around...I'm so unhappy, you don't even know! When you're cold to me like this, I can't believe it; it scares me; it's like I woke up one morning and the very lake had disappeared right into the ground! You think my ideas are stupid, you think I'm mediocre, you think I'm a failure, just like they all do. Oh, I understand that, I understand you. I feel like somebody pounded a nail into my head! I don't know what I'm supposed to do with my life...You've found your way in life, you know where you're heading, but I just go on drifting through a chaos of images and dreams, I don't know what my work is good for, or who needs it.

LINSANITY by Jovan A.

KADEN: I don't need therapy! I don't need to be here. I'm not insane, I'm Linsane. As in I've got "a condition" called Linsanity! And anyone in their right mind who has ever seen point guard Jeremy Lin do his thing on the basketball court would have it too! That's what my mom and sister don't get. That's why they wanted me to come talk to you. But I don't need to be here. I'm only here because my mom caught me talking about Jeremy Lin at my father's wake. I never would have said anything, but out of the blue my cousin Arnie is like, "Jeremy Lin's a passing fad." If my dad had heard that, he'd have jumped out of that coffin and whooped Arnie. I actually looked over at dad, lying there in our living room, wearin' his Sunday best. I half expected to see him get up. Of course he didn't, so I had to tell Arnie myself how Lin's got this low dribble that throws the defense, how his pick and rolls and combinations driving to the net are sick. Arnie tells me, the only reason he's getting any attention is because he's like one of the first few Asians in basketball. Oh boy, I thought. Dad would've kicked Arnie out of the house by now. But I didn't, I just got into a slightly heated debate with him where I dared him to a game of air basketball in the mud room. He didn't take me up on it. I think Dad would've appreciated my efforts.

THE LARAMIE PROJECT by Moises Kaufman

AARON MCKINNEY: To tell you the truth, Greg, I do have remorse, but like I said, for all the wrong reasons. For my dad. For ending up in here. For getting Russ stuck in here... If I could go back and not be the one who killed Matthew Shephard, I would... But I am better off here in prison. I met guys in here with a real sense of honor. Out there, people'll stab you in the back for a nickel. Besides, I am a criminal. I should be around criminals. I always was drawn that way. Shit, I remember crawling through people's doggie doors when I was eight years old to steal their shit. I don't know why, but I was always like this. Nature trumps nurture... We definitely picked up Matthew to rob him. I was dealing at the time, and I had just got this beautiful gun. Almost brand new Smith and Wesson three fifty-seven Magnum with a ten-inch barrel... Why him? Well, he was overly friendly. And he was obviously gay. And he was dressed nice. Looked like he had money. So, when he asked us for a ride, I said definitely, man. It was gonna be easy.

ALL MY SONS by Arthur Miller

CHRIS: Ann, do you remember, overseas, I was in command of a company? Well, I lost just about all of them... One time it'd been raining several days and this kid came to me, and gave me his last pair of dry socks. Put them in my pocket. That's only a little thing... but... That's the kind of guys I had. They didn't die... They killed themselves for each other. I mean that exactly--a little more selfish and they'd've been here today. And I got an idea ... watching them go down. Everything was being destroyed, see, but it seemed to me that one new thing was made. A kind of... responsibility. Man for man. You understand me? (Pause) And then I came home and it was incredible. I... there was no meaning in it here. The whole thing to them was a kind of a ... bus accident. I went to work with Dad... I felt... what you said... ashamed somehow because nobody was changed at all. It seemed to make suckers out of a lot of guys. I felt wrong to be alive, to open the bank-book, to drive the new car, to see the new refrigerator. I mean you can take those things out of a war, but when you drive that car you've got to know that it came out of the love a man can have for a man, you've got to be a little better because of that. Otherwise what you have is really loot, and there's blood on it. I didn't want to take any of it. And I guess that included you... What right did I have to happiness... even if I loved you more than life itself and still do?

Mind Reader

MONOLOGUE

Comedic, Contemporary

Author Thalia O.

Okay I know this might sound crazy but just hear me out. You see the thing is... OK don't freak out but, I can read your mind! Ahh I know crazy right. Like seriously I don't know how this happened, it just did I guess. Oh my god... ughh I know what you're thinking. Man, I knew this would happen, you think I'm going insane aren't you? OK you do know that I just told you I can read your mind so basically, I know what you're thinking, as in I know you're thinking I'm a total lunatic but I'm not, trust me. I can totally prove it to you, but then that means I'll have to read what you're thinking out loud and I wouldn't want to expose you like that, but then again, you're asking for it. Like seriously, don't try me because I will do it. (Pause) All right don't say I didn't warn you. Basically, I know you have a crush on me. Ha! You didn't expect that did you... Yeah, I didn't either. It explains a lot actually. Like seriously, no wonder you're always so clingy, no offense. Anyways I'm truly flattered but I mean, it ain't going to happen.

The Not So Perfect Child

MONOLOGUE

Dramatic, Contemporary

You hate me, don't you? I am never good enough for you. No matter what I do it's not as good as my sister. I always have to hear how she would have done it better. Or how she already did it better. Why does she want to ruin my life? She just wants to blot me out like I was some sort of mistake... I'm just a copy... A copy of a copy... Not as good as the original... Not as good as you. You are so perfect... Everyone around me is so perfect... And there was nothing left over for me... I am the leftover failures... I am the fatty waste you toss to the dogs. Everyone hates me! Why does everyone think I am so horrible... Probably because I am. A horrible creature doomed to walk this earth and suffer... For you. I'm hurting... Hurting so bad inside. Cut off from everyone ... Punished for some past life wrongs... What did I do in a past life to deserve this... Or am I paying for the sins of my father... And mother... Am I your sin? Or do I remind you of some sin you want to forget? Or I am a disappointment that keeps disappointing. I even disappoint myself. I will never be my sister. I don't want to be her. I hate everything about her! But I don't want to be me either. Sometimes I want to fade away... Become a shadow... Fading away... Forgotten... Maybe if you forget about me I won't make you so sad anymore.

Vote For Me

MONOLOGUE

Comedic, Contemporary

Author Sami Taylor

Class of 2020, I have something I need to say to you. Vote for me. Not for President, I don't even think I'm old enough for that. For the Student Council, I mean. I wanna be your class president cause like prom sucked last year. And I think you all know I throw a killer party. A vote for me is a vote for a better prom. Also, the guidance counselor, Ms. Beiste, said that if I want to get into college, I'm gonna need extracurriculars like Student Council, so here I am. Apparently, my GPA is record-breaking which is a good thing, but apparently not enough to get into the college of my choice. Without the curriculars, you know. But yeah, so vote for me. I'm supposed to tell you why I would be a good fit for the job but let's be honest. You're gonna vote for me anyway. Why? Cause I'm popular, and I'm running unopposed. But just to fill the time, I guess I'll go ahead and tell you another reason why I'm eligible. I babysat a lot last summer and I feel like I was a really good leader. I got the kids to go to bed, only a couple hours after their bedtime, and I supervised when they cooked my dinner. So. Yeah and also, it's true that I ran for Student Council last year but there was a miscommunication. Apparently you can't just run to be Student Council, you have to run for a certain position. So, I guess you could say I'm ambitious. Oh, well. Time's up. So remember, vote for me for President. Of Student Council not the government...obviously.

Supernatural Computer

MONOLOGUE

Comedic, Contemporary

Author Ian Shin

I know! Alexa is always listening. But you want to hear something even more strange? My computer has been speaking to me. No, I'm serious. (pause) Yes. That computer right there. It happens at random times, like at night when I'm in bed and looking at my phone. At first, it was just saying things like "turn off your music," or "turn off your light." But then it started to get more complex; it started asking me to do favors for it. Like it told me to buy this new computer game and have it shipped to the house. Of course, I didn't do it because it's a computer. What's it going to do to me? Well, the next day, my room was a complete mess and something smelled like it died in here. And on the screen, it said, "You should have done what I asked." That was the last time I messed with my "supernatural" computer. The next day when the computer asked me to order it food, I didn't question it and ordered that food right away. I ordered it from my house, but it never arrived. The doorbell never rang, and my app told me that it arrived. I don't know where it went. Maybe the app and the computer are working together. Wait. Did you hear that? Shhhh. (pause) You heard that, right? See, I'm not crazy. It just asked me to write a three-page paper about the civil war. (realizes something) Wait a minute. My little brother is supposed to write an essay about the civil war. Oh, he is so dead! (yelling) Jackson!