

THE DESTINY OF ME

by Larry Kramer

Ned Weeks, an AIDS activist who has volunteered to participate in an experimental treatment program, 40s
Autumn, 1992, just outside Washington, DC
Dramatic

After many frustrating years of battling social ignorance, political treachery, and disease, Ned allows himself to become a human guinea pig for the very establishment he despises. Here, he vents his anger and despair.

NED: *(Changing from his street clothes.)* What do you do when you're dying from a disease you need not be dying from? What do you do when the only system set up to save you is a pile of shit run by idiots and quacks? What do you do when your own people won't unite and fight together to save their own lives? What do you do when you've tried every tactic you can think of to fight back and none of them has worked and you are now not only completely destitute of new ideas but suddenly more frightened than you've been before that your days are finally and at last more numbered and finite and that obit in *The New York Times* is shortly to be yours? Why, you talk yourself into believing the quack is a genius *(Massages his sore ass.)* and his latest vat of voodoo is a major scientific breakthrough. And you check yourself in. So, here I am.

A DISTANCE FROM CALCUTTA

by P. J. Barry

Buddy, a man with a learning handicap, 25
A home in Jericho, Rhode Island, 1923
Dramatic

Buddy is a simple man who has taken a room in the home of his employer's mother. He soon falls in love with Maggie, his boss's outspoken sister. Here, he tells her of his painful childhood.

BUDDY: My father made everybody call me Buddy. He wanted nobody calling me Edward Junior because I wasn't like him, oh, no. But I was good in geography . . . you know . . . even when I was ten. I'd already been held back, but one day I came home from school and I recited all the states to my mother. She was proud of me, said so, made me say them in front of my father when he got home . . . sitting there in his chair with the newspaper . . . and when I finished my mother clapped and Buster barked and my father said: "Fine, but what about arithmetic. What's ten times ten?" I said twenty and he got all red in the face and got up and whacked me with the newspaper this time over and over until he made me cry in front of him and that's when I bit him on his hand and I *held on* with my teeth and Buster bit his other hand. Did my father yell! Did my mother scream! She got me loose and they got Buster outside, and I never saw Buster again, they had him drowned. They came back into the house and they found me, I was hiding in the cellar holding onto the banister, and my mother screamed: "Look what you've done to your father, you're not only stupid, you're crazy, too!" and my father took off his belt and even with his hands all bloody he beat me and beat me and I got bloody and my mother got scared and called her sister, my Aunt Tish, the nurse, and my Aunt Tish came and said if she had a gun she'd shoot both of them. She took me to her house and gave me a bath and put salve on my wounds and bandaged me . . . and a week later she took me home and said if they ever laid a hand

on me again she'd go to the police. They didn't touch me: They sent me²³ to the Sisters of Mercy in Pawtucket.