

Freedom is a jolly good thing!' But I'm willing to bet my ass you never did it at all. Everyone says how noble you were to give it up -- just imagine what he went through to do it! . . . Well, yeah, I can imagine. It was like nothing! No wonder she left you, your wife. No wonder she just got out, poor stupid Enid. She found out what a phoney she was hitched to. What a phoney! Christ, at least he's alive up there! Not dead -- as good as dead! -- Dead thing! Dead old thing! Dead! Boring -- dead! -- ridiculous -- Dead! phoney -- Dead! -- old -- dead! dead! dead! DEAD!

THE GINGHAM DOG by Lanford Wilson

Gloria -- 27, Black

FEMALE -- SERIOUS

On the day of their divorce, Gloria lashes out at her white ex-husband.

I used to pray, I really did, that first year at the hutch when I loved you, that we'd have children. I said this--when it began, when we had to move up--only at first, really--this could be saved with a child. Like Robert said; a combination half you, half me. And I pictured him--sometimes a boy, sometimes a girl--he was light as you sometimes, and dark as me or darker, with all kinds of funny hair problems that I had to contend with. And he was the reason, he was what it all meant--and he was always very, very bright. Sometimes dark as chocolate or light as coffee, or a beautiful caramel, and as beaming as any of the laughing Spanish kids you see running all over the street. I patterned him after the Spanish kids you see running all over the street. And sometimes he was cinnamon and when he was, he smelled of cinnamon when I hugged him and he was always equal parts you and me, and that's why I loved--him and-- (Losing control.) wanted him. Because he was the love of the hutch embodied. And now the--thought--the thought of that child curdles me and I, oh, I, oh Lord, I only thank the benevolent God for being wiser than me, (Violently.) because if a son existed now, I swear I'd bash his brains against the goddamned radiator! You used--to be--and all the while--I was saying make this white flesh melt into this black--and something new! Come from this--and saying YES to you, oh God, it curdles me! And thank God! In his gracious wisdom! And I and I don't care a damn if you loathe me, and if you loathe my people, and I don't give one tinker's damn if you loathe every-one and yourself to boot, and if you've lost your faith, and your heart, and hope and love . . .

(Wildly.) . . . and your humor, and your goddamned balls. I just don't care a goddamn about you. I'll never think of you after this except to thank God in his wisdom for saving me from killing my child! I want a child now, yes, more than ever. And by God, I'll have one--with a man--a Black man like me--and my son will be so black he's blue! Black as the night. By god he'll be black as the night!

FANTASIES AT THE FRICK by Leonard Melfi

The Guardess -- 30

FEMALE -- SERIOUS

A guard at the Frick Museum tells her male counterpart how she spent the previous evening.

(Her eyes are watery now.) I bought a whole shopping-bag full of all kinds of cosmetics last night, after I left you, after I left here, and before I went back to my apartment in order to feed my seven cats. I went to five different places: a couple of drug stores, for instance, and they were very nice and pleasant and helpful. Funny, but they were also so honestly encouraging. I spent a lot of money because I thought I had to, and because I thought that it would be worth it, in the end. I thought that by buying all of that makeup, well, it would somehow really be the start of a brand-new fresh beginning. I didn't just buy makeup, either. It wasn't strictly a cosmetic affair. I bought things that I never had bought before, for myself. I bought bars of lovely soap and a bottle of lovely toilet water and a jar of lovely skin cream and a tube of perfumed body toning and lovely packets of lovely bath-oils--seven different rainbow colors in all!--and then there was this immense bottle of very expensive and very lovely bubble-bath powder. It was all the brightest pink shade you ever did see! (She is trying to control herself now.) Well, I stood in my bathroom, before my bathroom mirror, with my radio playing Mozart next to me, and I began to apply the brand-new makeup that I had just bought: the lipstick, the eye-shadows, the soft liners, oh, the whole complete works! I was just simply experimenting, that's all, trying my best to do what I thought was finally the right thing in my life to do! (She wipes her tears.) But I lost control or something--I lost faith in myself, perhaps--or maybe I thought I was being a silly school-girl-like fool, I don't know! Oh, I was so out of control, sir! I looked like a mess in the mirror: a clown out of some pathetic episode in some Fellini movie! I took the whole immense bottle of bright pink bubble-bath powder and I poured every speck of it into the bathtub and underneath the bathtub faucet which was at full-pressure. Then I went back to my reflection in the bathroom mirror and I began to cry! I took the brightest of the red lipsticks and I wrote all over my bathroom mirror! I wrote: "I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!" And then I fell to the cool tile of my bathroom floor and I sobbed and sobbed and I let the huge gigantic billows of spreading bright red bubbles and soft engulfing foam just simply cover me up everywhere, all over my body until you couldn't see me anymore! (She is sobbing now.)

PORCH by Jeffrey Sweet

Amy -- 30

FEMALE -- SERIOUS

Amy reveals her bitterness over her brother's death.

My father's daughter. That sounds so possessive. Jeremy, though, he was his father's son. He was pleased when people would say there was a