

Monster in a Box By Spalding Gray

Character: Spalding
Gender: Male
Age (range): 20s-30s
Style: Drama

Often, when you do a long run of a play, in this case *Our Town*, you have what I like to call a unifying accident, in which something so strange happens in the play, that it suddenly unites the audience in the realization that we are all here together at this one moment in time. It's not television. It's not the movies. And it probably will never be repeated ever again. It happened as I was speaking of the dead and I say, "And they stay here while the earth part of them burns away, burns out....They're waitin' for something they feel is comin'. Something important and great...." As I say this, I turn and gesture to them, waiting, and, just as I turn and gesture, the little eleven-year-old boy playing Wally Webb projectile vomits! Like a hydrant it comes, hitting some of the dead on their shoulders! The other dead levitate out of their chairs, in total shock, around him and drop back down. Franny Conroy, deep in her meditative trance, is slowly wondering, "Why is it raining on stage?" The little boy flees from his chair, vomit pouring from his mouth. Splatter. Splatter. Splatter, I'm standing there. My knees are shaking. The chair is empty. The audience is thunderstruck! There is not a sound coming from them, except for one little ten-year-old boy in the eighth row. He knows what he saw and he is LAUGHING! At this point, I don't know whether to be loyal to Thornton Wilder and go on with the next line as written, or attempt what might be one of the most creative improves in the history of American theatre. At last I decide to be loyal to Wilder and simply go on with the next line, and I turn to the empty chair and say: "Aren't they waitin' for the eternal part of them to come out clear?"

Scooter Makes it to the Top of the World By Peter Parnell

Character: Scooter
Gender: Male
Age (range): 20s
Style: Drama

Jesus Christ. What have I gotten myself into... Oh, Jeezo, jeezo, jeez... (he comes forward tentatively, looking around. He talks out beyond the audience.) Leslie?...Leslie Pinkus?...Are you still out there? I know you can hear me, because I can hear you. I can understand if you don't want to come out again. I mean I probably wouldn't either, but I just want you to hear what I have to say. Just listen to the sound of voice, Miss Pinkus. Okay? Because the thing is, ya see, I know you won't believe this or anything, but the truth is I never woulda tried to do what I did with you if it hadn't been for a stupid crazy bet I made six weeks ago with my idiot friend Dennis Wright who told me he once tried to feel your boobs underwater and you let him. That's what he told me, that's the God's honest truth, and I know I was an even bigger idiot for believing him, but the thing is he made it sound really good and there was no way out of it but for me to tell him I could do the same thing and maybe even go farther, you understand what I mean? Anyway I'm sorry I tried to put my tongue down your throat. I'm even sorrier it missed and got stuck in your braces. It wasn't too pleasant for me either. I hope we can still be friends and maybe write letters to each other after we go home tomorrow. Okay? You can stop crying and come out of the bushes now, Leslie. Or if you want, I'll go away. Do you want me to go away? I just don't want you to have to walk back through the woods alone, that's all. See, I've got a compass, so I'm sure we won't get lost. I know not to walk in circles, Leslie. So why don't you come out now. Or if you want, pretend like I'm not even here. Okay? Just pretend like I'm not even here. LESLIEE! All right, Pinkus, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll just go away! And I hope you get lost in the woods and get eaten by a grizzly bear so nobody else ever gets to put their tongue down your throat ever again because nobody would ever want to, anyway! Nobody ever ever! Nobody nobody nobody...