

## High Fidelity

By Nick Hornby

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

What came first? The music or the misery? People worry about kids playing with guns or watching violent videos that some sort of culture of violence will take them over. Nobody worries about kids listening to the bands, literally thousands, of songs about heartbreak, rejection, pain, misery, and loss. Did I listen to pop music because I was miserable? Or was I miserable because I listened to pop music? It would be nice to think that since I was 15, times have changed. Relationships have become more sophisticated. Females less cruel. Skins thicker. Instincts more developed. But there seems to be an element of that afternoon in everything that's happened to me since. All my romantic stories -- are a scrambled version of that first one.

## Rumors

By Neil Simon

Character: Lenny  
Gender: Male  
Age (range): 30s-40s  
Style: Comedy

**Background Info:** Lenny is pretending to be someone else, who is not able to talk to the police, who are there for some "questions." Lenny over-dramatizes it to convince the officer.

At exactly six o'clock tonight I came home from work. My wife, Myra, was in her room getting dressed for the party. I got a bottle of champagne from the refrigerator and headed upstairs. Rosetta, the cook, was in the kitchen with Romero, her son. I tapped on her door. She opens it. I hand her a glass of champagne. We drink, we kiss, and we toast. We drink, we kiss, we toast again...By seven o'clock the bottle is finished, my wife is sloshed, and I'm completely toasted. Suddenly, a gentle knock on the door. The door opens and a strange young man looks down on us with a knife in his hands. Myra screams. I jump up and run for the gun in my drawer. I run back in with the pistol, ready to save my wife's life. The strange young man says, "Yoquito se dablo enchilada por quesada en quinto minuto." But I don't speak Spanish, and I never saw Rosetta's son, Romero, before. So I aimed my gun at him, Myra screams and pulls my arm. The gun goes off and shoots me in the ear lobe. Rosetta's son, Romero, runs downstairs to tell Rosetta, El hombre que loco, que bang-bang So, Rosetta, and Romero leave in a huff. My earlobe is bleeding all over Myra's new dress. Suddenly we hear a car pull up. Myra grabs a bathrobe, and runs downstairs to the basement where we keep the dresses she wore last year. She can't find the light, trips down the stairs, and passes out in the dark. I run downstairs looking for Myra, notice the basement door is open and afraid the strange-looking man will come back, so I lock the door, not knowing Myra is still down there. Then I run upstairs to take some aspirin. But the blood on my fingertips gets in my eyes and by mistake I take four Valium instead. I hear the guests downstairs and I want to tell them to look for Myra. But suddenly, I can't talk from the Valium. So I start to write a note explaining what happened, but the note looks like gibberish. And I'm afraid they'll think it was a suicide note and they'll call the police, so I tore up the note, and flushed it down the toilet. And just as they walked into the room, I passed out on the bed.

