

**SNAKEBIT**  
by David Marshall Grant

Jonathan, a self-centered actor, 30–40  
A house in LA, the Present  
Dramatic

*Jonathan has just discovered that his wife slept with his best friend, Michael, just before they were married. Michael, who is gay, has just tested positive for HIV, and Jonathan here confronts his friend with his own feelings of fear and loss.*

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**JONATHAN:** I can't believe you never told me you slept with my wife three months before I was married. Don't say anything. I don't want you to say anything. I just think there's been too many secrets at the table, that's all. I don't want any more secrets, okay. I'm out in the hallway, you're in the kitchen. God, I miss you Michael. I want us to be closer. I need you, really. Please. I'm going to a shrink, okay? I'm going to cure myself. I have to. Nobody likes me anymore. She'll come home, I know she will. I mean, we've been married ten years, you make allowances. I'm a shit I admit it. But what nobody seems to give me credit for, is I hate myself. I accomplish a thing just to see how worthless it is. I know that. I eat myself basically. I keep winning, watching it prove nothing but my own failure. She's the only thing I didn't win, Michael. She took me. I don't know why. I have to keep her. We'll make up. We've been doing it for a decade. And if we can't, we'll bury it, like nuclear waste, and we'll move on. We've done it before. That's what people do. Do you remember when your mother died and I hugged you? I was a better person then. I want to help you. I'm sorry, I don't know what to say. You gotta feel snakebit. Michael, you're going to be fine. They know so much more now. I know you're going to be fine.

**SOMEONE WHO'LL WATCH OVER ME**  
by Frank McGuiness

Adam, an American held hostage, 30–40  
A cell, the Present  
Seriocomic

*Adam shares a cell in Lebanon with Michael and Edward who both hail from the British Isles. Here, Adam laments his lack of American underwear.*

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**ADAM:** I want a pair of jockey shorts. I want to wear my country's greatest contribution to mankind. Fresh, white jockey shorts. A man's underwear. That's why Arabs can't wear them. If their shorts don't have hole in them, they can't find their dicks. I want a pair of jockey shorts. I want to kill an Arab. Just one. Throw his body down before his mother and father, his wife and kids, and say, I did it, me, the American. Now you can blame me. You are justified in what you do to me. You have deserved this. I want to see their faces fill with hate. True hate. I want that within my power.