

place for him to be.

This man was unprepared for the days to come. This man looked in the mirror and failed to see what was looking back at him. Which was a thing incapable of adapting to a new environment. The colder world.

(Beat.)

I like his office. Door needs fixing, though.

THE END OF I by Diana Amsterdam

JEROME, in his late thirties, is in bed with his wife. He's going through a mid-life crisis.

TIME: The present.

JEROME: What is death? [ALICE: We'll figure it out in the morning.] You always say that. You always say we'll figure it out in the morning, but how will we figure it out? Do you know how to figure it out? I've been trying for three weeks to figure it out, and I can't figure anything out. I can't figure a damn thing out. Did it ever occur to you that death could be nothing? Nothing, Alice. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Death could be nothing. Nothing, Alice. Death could be absolutely nothing. Can you figure out nothing? Can you? Can you figure out nothing? Can you find nothing? Can you experience nothing? Can you *be* nothing? Try to *be* nothing. Go ahead, Alice. I dare you. Try it. *(ALICE is asleep.)* Try it. Try to be nothing. Try it. Just try it, Alice. Just try it. Just try it for one minute. For one second. Try it. Just try to *be* nothing. Not just nothing, nothingness. Try to be nothingness for one minute. For one second. Absolutely nothing. I don't mean something. I don't mean wake-up-in-a-few-hours. I mean nothing. Nothing. No thing, nothing. No feel. No smell. No taste. No see. No nothing. No nothing. No me. No I. No I. *(He bolts upright, extremely agitated.)* Alice. Alice. *(He shakes her awake.)*

[ALICE: Come here, darling.]

No! Don't tempt me! You fall into a woman's arms you can't even begin to understand nothing, nothing just disappears, nothing just evaporates, all around you there's something, something, something.

Women are very dangerous, Alice. *(ALICE is asleep.)* Women make you believe that you're going to live forever. And you're not going to live forever. You're going to die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Stay away from me, Alice! Alice. Alice! Oh God, I love you, I love you, Alice, I love you. I love you, I love you. I love you. I love you and I love our daughters. I love their eyes, I love their hair, I love their little fingernails. I love their tiny shoes. I love those little sheets you bought them, the ones with the butterflies. *(Notices the sheet under him.)* I love this sheet. I love this sheet! *(Rubs the sheet.)* I don't want to leave this sheet! I don't want to! I love it! I love this sheet! I don't want to! Would it go on without me? Could it go on without me? Could it? Would it? Where would I be? Where's Marty, Alice? What happened to Marty? Where did he go? One minute he was riding his motorcycle, zooming with the wind on his face more alive than at any other time except inside a woman and the next minute, blotto! Gone! Zap! Disappeared! *People disappear off this planet, Alice. All the time.* Can't you save me? Can't your love save me? Save me, Alice, save me! [ALICE: In the morning.] *(Speaks directly into her face.)* You and me are going to die, Alice.

THE EXTRA MAN by Richard Greenberg

JESS, in his twenties, wears his neuroses on his sleeve as he analyzes the dinner party Laura is giving in the next room. He's a critic for various arcane film magazines.

SCENE: The kitchen of Laura's apartment.

TIME: The present.

JESS *(enters)*: Not that I don't love you, but your party makes me want to open a vein. Do you know what's going on out there? Okay. In the middle of the room, Paula Ellenbogen is holding forth on the topic of her recent dental surgery and displaying to anyone who'll take her up on it what she calls, "the gaping hole in my lower mandible." Randy is following Keith around the room, singing the overture to *Candide* or something into his ear—*directly* into his ear. And when