

DAD: Shut up shut up. Can't you understand? All I have now is that little bit I kept from her. That little room. I can't even paint anymore. Why would I want to? What do I care what I see, why would I describe it? I hid part a me from her to save somethin cause I was scared. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I shoulda given her that, too. If I'd given her everything, then when she died, I woulda died, too, and that woulda been the merciful end of it. Why did I save something? What for? It wasn't worth it. What I saved wasn't worth a goddamn thing. If I only know.

DONNA: I'm here.

DAD: I can't stand the sight a you. You remind me just enough ta make it unbearable. At least Mona don't look like her. You. Sometimes, the way you . . . Sometimes you could be her. But you're not. Sure I treated her like shit. I was so angry cause she had so much a me. I thought it was too much to let somebody have. And when she was dyin in the hospital, sure I didn't go an see her. I couldn't bear it. Don't you get it? I just couldn't bear to watch her leave me. You come here to tell me things you think I don't understand. So maybe you were right. Maybe you are turnin into your mother. And maybe this guy Tommy is turnin into me. I don't know. But the big news is you don't know who those people are. I promise you.

DONNA: You never told me.

DAD: It just woulda sounded like an apology for abuse.

DONNA: All my memories seem wrong now.

DAD: Good. Maybe now then you can remember a few things.

DONNA: Who am I?

DAD: Don't worry about it. I think you worry too much.

DONNA: I love this guy.

DAD: Come here, baby. I hate the sight a you, but let me hold you in my arms. (*He holds her.*)

DONNA: I don't see any future for me.

DAD: Good.

DONNA: It's not good.

DAD: You can't see the future anyway. It's a very realistic feelin you're havin.

DONNA: Can I move back home?

DAD: No.

DONNA: I want to.

DAD: You probably feel like suckin your thumb, too. But there's a time an place, an that time an place called home is gone now.

DONNA: What am I gonna do?

DAD: Well, that's a question. You could run away to the circus.

DONNA: This is the fuckin circus.

DAD: You wanna grapple an go inna single direction and stick with it, ride it out inna straight line right to heaven, the grave or whatever?

DONNA: Yes.

DAD: There's only one thing that goes straight, my baby, and it's not love. It is not love. You can chase that one forever, it won't come to you. It won't bow, it won't serve, it won't do what you want, what it should, it won't be how you thought, or was taught how it was meant ta be. You can't lead it cause it'll be draggin you wherever it wants. If you wanna go inna straight line, give up people. People are what zigzag. I'd rather predict the weather three months in advance, my sweet girl, then try to tell you one thing about the future of the dullest heart.

DONNA: I got one more question.

## ✧ Edmond

David Mamet

Characters: Edmond (37), Glenna (28)

Setting: New York City

Premiere: Goodman Theatre, Chicago, 1982

Publisher: Samuel French, Inc.

An ordinary man named Edmond tells his wife, "I can't live this life," and leaves his home. In a series of brief scenes, he

moves deeper and deeper into New York City's lowlife: bars, peep shows, whorehouses. Mugged by cardsharks, he pawns his wedding ring and buys a survival knife. Edmond is starting to lose his grip. He terrorizes a stranger on the subway. Then, when a black pimp tries to mug him, Edmond turns on him, beating him viciously. Right afterward, in a coffeehouse, he meets a waitress named Glenna. They go to her apartment.

(EDMUND and GLENNA are lounging around semi-clothed.

EDMUND shows GLENNA the survival knife.)

EDMUND: You see this?

GLENNA: Yes.

EDMUND: That fucking nigger comes up to me, what am I fitted to do. He comes up, "Give me all your money." Thirty-seven years fits me to sweat and say he's underpaid, and he can't get a *job*, he's *bigger* than me . . . he's a killer, he don't care about his *life*, you understand, so he'd do anything. Eh? That's what I'm fitted to do. In a mess of intellectuality to wet my *pants* while this *coon* cuts my *dick* off . . . eh? Because I'm taught to *hate*. I want to tell you something. Something *spoke* to me, I got a *shock* (I don't know, I got mad . . .), I got a *shock*, and I spoke *back* to him, that motherfucker, I came out there with my *knife*, and stuck it in his *neck*, eh? "Up your ass, you coon . . . you want to fight, I'll fight you, I'll cut out your fuckin' *heart*, eh, I don't give a fuck."

GLENNA: Yes.

EDMUND: Eh? I'm saying, I don't give a fuck, I got some warlike blood in *my* veins, too, you fucking spade, you coon. "The *blood* ran down his neck."

GLENNA: (Looking at knife.) With that?

EDMUND: You bet your ass.

GLENNA: Did you kill him?

EDMUND: Did I kill him?

GLENNA: Yes.

EDMUND: I don't care.

GLENNA: That's wonderful.

EDMUND: And in that moment . . . when I *spoke*, you understand, 'cause that was more important than the *knife*, when I spoke back to him, I DIDN'T FUCKING WANT TO UNDERSTAND . . . let *him* understand *me* . . . I wanted to KILL him. (Pause.) In that *moment* thirty years of prejudice came out of me. (Pause.) Thirty years. Of all those um um of all those cleaning ladies . . .

GLENNA: Uh-huh . . .

EDMUND: . . . uh? . . . who *might* have broke the lamp. SO WHAT? You understand? For the first *time*, I swear to god, for the first *time* I saw: THEY'RE PEOPLE, TOO.

GLENNA: (Pause.) Do you know who I hate?

EDMUND: Who is that?

GLENNA: Faggots.

EDMUND: Yes. I hate them, too. And you know why?

GLENNA: Why?

EDMUND: They suck cock. (Pause.) And that's the truest thing you'll ever hear.

GLENNA: I hate them cause they don't like women.

EDMUND: They *hate* women.

GLENNA: I know that they do.

EDMUND: It makes you feel good to *say* it? Doesn't it?

GLENNA: Yes.

EDMUND: Then *say* it. *Say* it. If it makes you feel whole. *Always* say it. *Always* for yourself . . .

GLENNA: It's hard.

EDMUND: Yes.

GLENNA: Sometimes it's hard.

EDMUND: You're goddam right it's hard. And there's a *reason* why it's hard?

GLENNA: Why?

EDMUND: So that we will stand up. So that we'll be ourselves. Glenna: (Pause.) . . . THERE IS NO LAW . . . there is no *history* . . . there is just *now* . . . and if there is a *God* he may love the weak, Glenna. (Pause.) But he respects the strong. (Pause.) And if you are a *man* you should be feared. (Pause.) You should be *feared* . . . (Pause.) You must know you command respect.

GLENN: That's why I love the Theatre . . .

EDMOND: Yes.

GLENN: Because what you must ask respect for is your-  
self . . .

EDMOND: What do you mean?

GLENN: When you're on stage.

EDMOND: Yes.

GLENN: For *your* feelings.

EDMOND: Absolutely. Absolutely, yes . . .

GLENN: And, and *not* be someone else.

EDMOND: Why should you . . .

GLENN: . . . that's why, and I'm so proud to *be* in this profes-  
sion . . .

EDMOND: . . . I don't blame you . . .

GLENN: . . . because your aspirations . . .

EDMOND: . . . and I'll bet that you're good at it . . .

GLENN: . . . they . . .

EDMOND: . . . they have no bounds.

GLENN: There's nothing . . .

EDMOND: . . . Yes. I understand . . .

GLENN: To *bound* you but your soul.

EDMOND: (*Pause.*) Do something for me.

GLENN: . . . uh . . .

EDMOND: Act something for me. Would you act something  
for me . . . ?

GLENN: *Now?*

EDMOND: Yes.

GLENN: Sitting right here . . . ?

EDMOND: Yes. (*Pause.*)

GLENN: Would you really like me to?

EDMOND: You know I would. You see me sitting here, and  
you know that I would. I'd *love* it. Just because we both *want*  
to. I'd *love* you to. (*Pause.*)

GLENN: What would you like me to do?

EDMOND: Whatever you'd like. What plays have you done?

GLENN: Well, we've only done scenes.

EDMOND: You've only done scenes.

GLENN: I shouldn't say "only." They contain the kernel of  
the play.

EDMOND: Uh-huh. (*Pause.*) What *plays* have you done?

GLENN: In college I played Juliet.

EDMOND: In Shakespeare?

GLENN: Yes. In Shakespeare. What do you think?

EDMOND: Well, I meant, there's *plays* named Juliet.

GLENN: There are?

EDMOND: Yes.

GLENN: I don't think so.

EDMOND: Well, there are.—Don't. Don't. Don't. Don't be  
so *limited*. And don't assume I'm dumb because I wear a suit  
and tie.

GLENN: I don't assume that.

EDMOND: Because what we've *done* tonight. Since you met  
me, it didn't make a difference then. Forget it. All I meant,  
you say you are an actress . . .

GLENN: I am an actress.

EDMOND: Yes. I say that's what you *say*. So *I* say what *plays*  
have you done. That's all.

GLENN: The work I've done I have done for my peers.

EDMOND: What does that mean?

GLENN: In class.

EDMOND: In class.

GLENN: In class or workshop.

EDMOND: Not, not for a paying group.

GLENN: No. Absolutely not.

EDMOND: Then you are not an actress. Face it. Let's start  
right. The two of us. I'm not lying to *you*, don't lie to *me*.  
And don't lie to yourself. *Face* it. You're a beautiful woman.  
You have *worlds* before you. I do, too. *Things* to do. Things  
you can *discover*. What I'm saying, start *now*, start *tonight*.  
With *me*. *Be* with me. *Be* what you *are*.

GLENN: I am what I am.

EDMOND: That's absolutely right. And that's what I loved when  
I saw you tonight. What I *loved*. I use that word. (*Pause.*) I  
used that word. I loved a *woman*. Standing there. A working

woman. Who brought life to what she did. Who took a moment to *joke* with me. That's . . . that's . . . that's . . . God *bless* you what you are. Say it: I am a waitress. (Pause.) Say it.

GLENN: What does it mean if I say something?

EDMOND: Say it with me. (Pause.)

GLENN: What?

EDMOND: "I am a waitress."

GLENN: I think that you better go.

EDMOND: If you want me to go I'll go. Say it with me. Say what you are. And I'll say what I am.

GLENN: . . . what *you* are . . .

EDMOND: I've *made* that discovery. Now: I want you to change your life with me. Right now: for *whatever* that we can be. I don't know what this is, *you* don't know. Speak with me. Right now. Say it.

GLENN: I don't know what you're talking about.

EDMOND: Oh, by the Lord, yes you do. Say it with me. (*She takes out a vial of pills.*) What are those?

GLENN: Pills.

EDMOND: For what? Don't take them.

GLENN: I have this tendency to get anxious.

EDMOND: (*He knocks them from her hand.*) Don't take them. Go *through* it. Go *through* with me.

GLENN: You're scaring me.

EDMOND: I am not. I know when I'm scaring you. Believe me. (Pause.)

GLENN: Get out. (Pause.)

EDMOND: Glenna. (Pause.)

GLENN: Get out! GET OUT GET OUT! LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!!! WHAT DID I DO, PLEDGE MY LIFE TO YOU? I LET YOU FUCK ME. GO AWAY.

EDMOND: Listen to me: you know what madness is?

GLENN: I told you go away.

EDMOND: I'm lonely, too. I know what it is, too. Believe me.

Do you know what madness is?

GLENN: (*Goes to phone, dials.*) Susie . . . ?

EDMOND: It's self-indulgence.

GLENN: Susie, can you come over here . . . ?  
EDMOND: Will you please put that *down*? You know how *rare* this is . . . ? (*He knocks the phone out of her hands.* GLENN *covers.*)

GLENN: Oh fuck . . .

EDMOND: Don't be ridiculous. I'm *talking* to you.

GLENN: Don't hurt me. No. No. I can't deal with this.

EDMOND: Don't be ridic . . .

GLENN: I . . . No. Help! Help.

EDMOND: . . . you're being . . .

GLENN: . . . HELP!

EDMOND: . . . are you *insane*? What the fuck are you trying to *do*, for godsake?

GLENN: Help!

EDMOND: You want to wake the *neighbors*?

GLENN: WILL SOMEBODY HELP ME . . . ?

EDMOND: Shut up shut up!

GLENN: Will somebody help you are the get *away* from me! You are the *devil*. I know who you are. I know what you want me to do. Get *away* from me. I curse *you*, you can't kill me, get away from me I'm good.

EDMOND: WILL YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP? You fucking *bitch*. You're *nuts* . . . (*He strikes her with the knife.*) Are you *insane*? Are you *insane* you fucking *idiot* . . . *now* look what fucking *bitch* . . . You stupid fucking . . . *now* look what you've done. (Pause.) Now look what you've bloody fucking done.

## Entertaining Mr. Sloane

Joe Orton

Characters: Sloane (young), Kath (41)

Setting: A room

Premiere: New Arts Theatre, London, 1964