

(Excerpt from *Dream on Monkey Mountain* by Derek Walcott)

In a dark and confusing forest, the Corporal enters, searching for Makak, Souris, and Tigre, who hide in the bushes.

CORPORAL LESTRADE: Ho! Ho! My bearers, ho! My head. My wound. Dusty blade. Gangrene. Delirium! Thrash that bush there! Build a fire for my safari. Set down the white man's burden. My back is breaking. Whisky and soda, you smoke-black sod. And start smoking out the mosquitoes. Bwana Lestrade is tired. Once I knew this jungle like the black of my hand. What-ho, chaps, more lights. Come dawn like thunder and we'll blow their brains out. [*He kneels down beside the fire*] Ah! Ashes! Ashes and naked footprints! Black footprints. Let me stalk and think. Aha! Oho! Over here! Over here, bring me my Mannlicher, then a gimlet. [*Looking down*] Uh-huh. Footpad of tiger, ferrule of rat, spoor of lion, and all leading up the garden path to... [*Looking up*] To Monkey Mountain.

[*Wild cackling laughter*]

Gibberish! No fear, lads! Steady on! A calm blue eye acquired this Empire. Mine, a tawny yellow. English! You animals! English! English!

(Excerpt from *Cinema Limbo* by Wade Bradford)

College-bound Vicky is an assistant-manager of a movie theater. Every geeky, dorky employee is attracted to her. Although she is amused by their attraction, she has yet to fall in love.

VICKY: I'm the kind of girl who takes pity on poor pathetic geeks who have never kissed a girl. Let's just say that I like someone who is easily trainable – someone who will truly appreciate me. It's sad, I know. But hey, I'll take an ego boost wherever I can get it. Unfortunately, these adorably nerdy boyfriends get boring after a while. I mean, I can only listen to their computer games and mathematic equations for so long. Of course, Stuart's different in a lot ways. He's terrible at math, for one. And he's pretty clueless about technology. But he's a comic book sort of geek. And a hopeless romantic. He's pre-occupied with holding my hand. Everywhere we go, he wants to hold hands. Even when we're driving. And he's got this new pastime. He keeps saying "I love you." It was so sweet and wonderful the first time he said it. I almost cried, and I'm not the kind of girl who cries easily. But by the end of the week, he must have said "I love you" about five hundred times. And then he starts adding pet names. "I love you, honey bunch." "I love you sweet-heart." "I love you my little smoochy-woochy-coochi-koo." I don't even know what that last one means. It's like he's speaking in some brand-new, love-infected language. Who would have thought romance could be so boring?

(Excerpt from *Oleanna* by David Mamet)

*In a small office, John, a professor, sits at his desk speaking to Carol, his student, across from him.*

CAROL: You said that education was “prolonged and systematic hazing.”

JOHN: Yes. It can be so.

CAROL: ...if education is so *bad*, why do you do it?

JOHN: I do it because I love it. *(Pause)* Let’s...I suggest you look at the demographics, wage-earning capacity, college- and non-college-educated men and women, 1855 to 1980, and let’s see if we can wring some worth from the statistics. Eh? And...

CAROL: No.

JOHN: What?

CAROL: I can’t understand them.

JOHN: ...you...?

CAROL: ...the “charts.” The *Concepts*, the...

JOHN: “Charts” are simply...

CAROL: When I leave here...

JOHN: Charts, do you see...

CAROL: No, I can’t...

JOHN: You can, though.

CAROL: NO, NO--I DON’T UNDERSTAND. DO YOU SEE??? I DON’T UNDERSTAND...

JOHN: What?

CAROL: *Any* of it. *Any* of it. I’m *smiling* in class, I’m *smiling*, the whole time. What are you *talking* about? What is everyone *talking* about? I don’t *understand*. I don’t know what it *means*. I don’t know what it means to *be* here...you tell me I’m intelligent, and then you tell me

I should not be *here*, what do you *want* with me? What does it *mean*? Who should I *listen* to...I...

*(He goes over to her and puts his arm around her shoulder.)*

NO! *(She walks away from him.)*

JOHN: Sshhhh.

CAROL: No, I don't under...

JOHN: Sshhhhh.

CAROL: I don't know what you're *saying*...

JOHN: Sshhhhh. It's all right.

CAROL: ...I have no...

JOHN: Sshhhhh. Sshhhhh. Let it go a moment. *(Pause)* Sshhhhh...let it go. *(Pause)* Just let it go. *(Pause)* Just let it go. It's all right. *(Pause)* Sshhhhh. *(Pause)* I understand... *(Pause)* What do you feel?

CAROL: I feel bad.

JOHN: I know. It's all right.

CAROL: I... *(Pause)*

JOHN: What?

CAROL: I...

JOHN: What? Tell me.

CAROL: I don't understand you.

JOHN: I know. It's all right.

(Excerpt taken from "Raising Arizona" by the Coen Brothers)

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

As children play around him, Hi bends down to pull a couple beers from the refrigerator. Speaking to Glen, his boss, he raises his voice to make himself heard over the noise:

HI  
Need a beer, Glen?

GLEN  
Does the Pope wear a funny hat?

Hi considers this.

HI  
...Well yeah, Glen, I guess it is kinda funny.

GLEN  
Say, that reminds me! How many Pollacks it take to screw up a lightbulb?

HI  
I don't know, Glen, one?

Hi looks down.

GLEN  
Nope, it takes three!

He starts laughing, then catches himself.

...Wait a minute, I told it wrong. Here, I'm startin over: How come it takes three Pollacks to screw up a lightbulb?

HI  
I don't know, Glen.

GLEN  
'Cause they're so durn stupid!

He laughs; Hi doesn't react.

GLEN  
...Shit, man, loosen up! Don't ya  
get it?

HI  
No, Glen, I sure don't.

GLEN  
Shit, man, think about it! I  
guess it's what they call a Way  
Homer.

HI  
Why's that?

GLEN  
'Cause you only get it on the Way  
Home.

HI  
I'm already home, Glen.

Glen watches a child in a cowboy hat reaching up to slap Hi  
on the ass.

GLEN  
Say, that reminds me! How'd you get  
that kid s'darned fast? Me'n Dottie  
went in to adopt on account of  
something went wrong with m'semen, and  
they told us five years' wait for a  
healthy white baby! I said healthy  
white baby! Five years! OK, what else  
you got? Said, two Koreans and one  
Negro born with the heart outside...

He takes a sip of beer.

...Yeah it's a crazy world.

HI  
Someone oughta sell tickets.

GLEN  
Sure, I'd buy one.