

**BEAU JEST (1F, 1M)**  
**by James Sherman**

**SARAH:** Ok, listen, my parents will be here any second so pay attention. My father's name is Abe. He owns a chain of dry cleaning stores. My mother's name is Miriam. But I think you should call them Mr. and Mrs. Goldman. They live in Skokie on Kildare just off Dempster. You and I have been dating since January. We met at the wedding of my best friend, Marilyn Dintenfass. You think you can remember that?

**BOB:** Yeah, I guess ... Only ... Wow.

**SARAH:** What?

**BOB:** Well, no, I guess I can handle it. Uh ... See, all I heard was "You're going out with a Miss Sarah Goldman. You're going to dinner. Wear a suit."

**SARAH:** I'm sorry. I know this is crazy. It was all in kind of a rush which is why I called your escort service. I just need you to be my "imaginary" boyfriend for the night.

**BOB:** Right, right. No problem. I just think, uh ... What with your parents and all ... Maybe it'd be better if you had somebody who was Jewish.

**SARAH:** *(she freezes)* What?

**BOB:** Well, from what you're telling me ...

**SARAH:** You're Jewish.

**BOB:** No, I'm not.

**SARAH:** Your name is Schroeder. That's a Jewish name.

**BOB:** Not to me. My father was Polish. My mother was Italian.

**SARAH:** I specifically asked the escort agency for somebody Jewish.

**BOB:** I guess they thought Schroeder was a Jewish name, too. *(he holds his hands up in a shrug)* Honest mistake.

**SARAH:** *(she goes white)* OH MY GOD!!

- BOB:** I'm sorry. I didn't know.
- SARAH:** Oh, my God. I'm going to die.
- BOB:** I could call. See if they could find someone.
- SARAH:** No! No! There's no time. They'll be here any minute. Oh, God, I'm going to die.
- BOB:** *(taking control)* All right. All right. look. It'll be all right.
- SARAH:** No. I'm going to die. They'll find the body. You explain it.
- BOB:** Sarah. Sarah. It'll be all right. Look ... I'm a good actor. I was going to have to do some acting here anyway.
- SARAH:** They'll know.
- BOB:** No, it'll be all right. I can improvise. I took classes at Second City.
- SARAH:** Oh, God.
- BOB:** Hey, lots of people think I'm Jewish. I'm taken for Jewish all the time.
- SARAH:** They'll know.
- BOB:** I once did a six month tour of "Fiddler on the Roof." Topol thought I was Jewish.
- SARAH:** No, they'll know. They'll know.
- BOB:** They won't know.
- SARAH:** They'll know! They can spot a Jew a mile away. It's like radar. *(DOORBELL rings)* Uhhh! They're here. I'm going to die.
- BOB:** Sarah. Sarah. Take a deep breath. *(she does.)* One more. *(she does.)* Okay. Answer the door.
- SARAH:** *(goes to door, then turns back suddenly)* Oh! Your name is David Steinberg.

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**BEAU JEST (2F, 2M)**  
**by James Sherman**

*Sarah opens the door and her parents enter. Her mom immediately throws her arms up and hugs Sarah enthusiastically.*

**MIRIAM:** Hello!!

**SARAH:** *(kisses Miriam)* Hi mom.

**MIRIAM:** Sorry we're late.

**ABE:** *(he shouts all of his lines to no one in particular)* For an hour, we looked for a parking space!

**SARAH:** *(kisses Abe)* Hi dad.

**ABE:** Hello! For an hour, we looked for a parking space!

**SARAH:** Let me take your coats.

**MIRIAM:** It wasn't an hour.

**SARAH:** You could take a cab.

**MIRIAM:** From where can we afford cabs?

**ABE:** Next time, I said, we park the car at home and walk here!

**MIRIAM:** So ... Where is he?

**BOB:** *(steps forward)* Hi.

**SARAH:** Mom. Dad. This is David.

**BOB:** *(he turns to Abe and shakes his hand.)* Mr. Goldman.

**ABE:** How do you do?

**BOB:** *(he goes to Miriam and shakes her hand.)* Mrs. Goldman. Very nice to meet you.

**MIRIAM:** Oh! So handsome! ... Jewish, you don't look.

**BOB:** *(laughing.)* Oh! Everybody tells me that.

**MIRIAM:** What are you, Sephardic?

**BOB:** *(slightly worried)* No. No. I'm Jewish.

**MIRIAM:** *(with a knowing smile.)* Oh! I know what you mean.

**SARAH:** So ... Why doesn't everyone sit down! *(gesturing towards a seat for Bob)* David?

**BOB:** Thank you, Sweetheart.

**MIRIAM:** Oh! Listen how he calls her sweetheart.

**BOB:** Well, ever since that day when we met at Madeline's ...

**SARAH:** *(still smiling right at her parents)* Marilyn.

**BOB:** *(without missing a beat)* Marilyn's wedding, I've felt like the luckiest man on earth.

**SARAH:** David, sweetheart, let's not go overboard.

**MIRIAM:** Abe, where's the dish?

**ABE:** *(gesturing at the dish with both hands)* Where's the dish?!

**SARAH:** I got it.

**MIRIAM:** *(giving Sarah the casserole.)* Here. Put this in the oven at three-fifty.

**SARAH:** I'll put it in the microwave.

**MIRIAM:** Don't put it in the microwave.

**SARAH:** It'll take two seconds.

**MIRIAM:** Don't put it in the microwave.

**SARAH:** Everything else is ready.

**MIRIAM:** It doesn't taste right from the microwave. Put it in the oven.

**SARAH:** All right

**MIRIAM:** Please.

**SARAH:** I'll put it in the oven.

**MIRIAM:** And here. I got you a challah like you like from Kaufman's.

**SARAH:** Kaufman's is still surviving?

**MIRIAM:** They'll be there forever.

**BOB:** What's the matter with Kaufman's?

**MIRIAM:** Oh, you don't remember. Oh, it's a long time already. They had that thing with the salmonella.

**BOB:** Oh! Right. Of course. How could I forget?

**ABE:** You're a doctor. You know about these things. What causes that? That salmonella?

**BOB:** Right. I'm a doctor (*glares at Sarah*). That's very interesting, actually. Not many people know this ... Salmonella is caused by a rare bacteria that gets into the, uh ... salmon.

**SARAH:** (*changing the subject*) You made kugel. You didn't have to bother.

**MIRIAM:** For a special occasion, I make my special lukshen kugel. David, you like lukshen kugel?

**BOB:** Oh! Every chance I get.

**MIRIAM:** Well, you've never had lukshen kugel like my lukshen kugel.

**BOB:** I'm sure of that.

**ABE:** We're going to talk about it or we're going to eat it? Let's eat!

**MIRIAM:** Let's eat!

**BOB:** Let's eat!

**LOST IN YONKERS (2M)**  
**by Neil Simon**

**Jay:** I hate coming here, don't you?

**Arty:** (*In front of fan.*) It's hot. I'm so hot.

**Jay:** I'd hate coming here if I was cool. Pop doesn't even like to come and it's his own mother . . . I was so afraid of her when I was a kid. She'd come out of that door with a limp and a cane and looked like she was going to kill you. When I was five, I drew a picture of her and called it "Frankenstein's Grandma."

**Arty:** Did she ever see it?

**Jay:** If she did, you'd be an only child today. Pop said she could swing her cane so fast, she could have been one of the greatest golfers in the world.

**Arty:** All I remember was, I hated kissing her. It felt like putting your face on a wrinkled ice cube.

**Jay:** Yeah, she's cold all right. She was she only one at Mom's funeral who didn't cry . . . I wonder why Pop's talking to her for so long for.

**Arty:** Because she's deaf in one ear, isn't she?

**Jay:** Yeah . . . Did you ever notice there's something wrong with everyone on Pop's side of the family? Mom used to tell me that.

**Arty:** She didn't tell me. Like who?

**Jay:** Like all of them. Like Aunt Bella . . . She's a little (*points to his head*) you know, closed upstairs.

**Arty:** I don't care. I like her. Nicer than "hot house" Grandma.

**Jay:** I didn't say she wasn't nice. But she's got marbles rolling around up there . . . Mom said she got that way because when she was a kid, Grandma kept hitting her in the

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head every time she did something stupid . . . which only made her stupider.

**Arty:** *(lays on the floor, in front of the sofa)* She wasn't stupid at making great ice cream sodas.

**Jay:** Hooray! Wonderful! She's 35 years old and she can make ice cream sodas. They don't give you a high school diploma for getting the cherry on top of the whipped cream.

**Arty:** She went to high school?

**Jay:** A little. She missed the first year because she couldn't find it.

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**RUMORS (1M, 1F)**  
**by Neil Simon**

**Chris:** (*paces back and forth when phone rings suddenly*) Oh, God! Ken, the phone is ringing! (*answers phone*) Hello? Dr. Dudley?...Oh, Dr. Dudley, I'm so glad it's you. Your service said you were at the theater.

**Ken:** (*rushes in*) Is that the doctor?

**Chris:** (*ignores Ken. Into the phone*) I never would have bothered you, but this is an emergency.

**Ken:** Is that the doctor?

**Chris:** (*ignores Ken. Into the phone*) I'm Chris Gorman. My husband is Ken and I are good friends of Charley Brock's.

**Ken:** Is that the doctor?

**Chris:** (*Turns, holds phone, yells at Ken*) It's the doctor! It's the doctor!!

**Ken:** (*Angrily*) Why didn't you say so? (*he exits rapidly*)

**Chris:** Dr. Dudley, I'm afraid there's been an accident...I would have called my own doctor, but my husband is a lawyer and under the circumstances, he thought it better to have Charley's own physician...Well, we just arrived here at Charley's house about ten minutes ago, and as we were getting out of our car, we suddenly heard this enormous—

**Ken:** (*rushes back in*) Don't tell him what happened!

**Chris:** What? Don't tell him??

**Ken:** Just do what I say.

**Chris:** What about Charley?

**Ken:** He's all right. It's just a powder burn. Don't tell him about the gunshot.

**Chris:** But what about the blood?

**Ken:** The bullet went through his earlobe. It's nothing. I don't want him to know.

**Chris:** But I already said we were getting out of the car and we suddenly heard an enormous—what? What did we hear?

**Ken:** We heard...

**Chris:** (*into the phone*) Just a minute, doctor.

**Ken:** We heard...we heard...we heard...an enormous - thud!

**Chris:** Thud?

**Ken:** When he tripped down the stairs.

**Chris:** Good. That's good. Dr. Dudley? Sorry, I was talking to my husband. Well, we heard this enormous thud! It seemed Charley tripped going up the stairs.

**Ken:** *Down!* Down the stairs.

**Chris:** *Down* the stairs. But he's all right.

**Ken:** He's sitting up in bed. He'll call him in the morning.

**Chris:** He's sitting up in bed. He'll call him in the morning.

**Ken:** *You!*

**Chris:** *You!* He'll call *you* in the morning.

**Ken:** You're very sorry you disturbed him.

**Chris:** I'm very sorry I disturbed you.

**Ken:** But he's really fine.

**Chris:** But he's really fine.

**Ken:** Thank you. Goodbye.

**Chris:** (*To Ken*) Where are you going?

**Ken:** *Him! Him!* Thank *him* and say goodbye.

**Chris:** Oh. *(into phone.)* Thank you and goodbye, Doctor...  
What?...Just a minute. *(to Ken)* Any dizziness?

**Ken:** No. No dizziness.

**Chris:** *(into phone)* No, No dizziness...What? *(to Ken)* Can he  
move his limbs?

**Ken:** Yes! He can move everything. Get off the phone.

**Chris:** *(angrily at Ken)* They got him out of *Phantom of the  
Opera!! (into Phone)* Yes, he can move everything ...  
What? *(to Ken)* Any ringing of the ears?

**Ken:** I can't believe this...No. Tell him no.

**Chris:** *(into phone)* Yes! A little ringing in the ears.

**Ken:** I told you to say no!

**Chris:** *(to Ken)* It sounds more believable to have ringing.

**Ken:** Jesus!

**Chris:** *(into phone)* Oh, Charley's calling me. *(calls out)* Just a  
minute, Charley. *(into phone)* He sounds a lot better. I  
have to go. Yes, Doctor, I will. *(she hangs up, furious at  
Ken)* Don't you *ever* do that to me again. He must  
suspect something. I didn't get his name right once.

**Ken:** If anyone calls again, don't answer it.

**Chris:** Then why did you tell me to answer that one?

**Ken:** Because I thought the bullet went through his head, not  
his earlobe. Fix me a double vodka, I left Charley  
standing in the shower.

**Chris:** If he drowns, you're making that call.

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**TWELFTH NIGHT (2F)**  
**by William Shakespeare**

**Olivia:** Give me leave, beseech you. What is your name?

**Viola:** Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

**Olivia:** My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world  
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:  
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

**Viola:** And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:  
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

**Olivia:** For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,  
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

**Viola:** Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalf.

**Olivia:** O, by your leave, I pray you,  
I bade you never speak again of him:  
But, would you undertake another suit,  
I had rather hear you to solicit that  
Than music from the spheres.

**Viola:** Dear lady,-

**Olivia:** So let me hear you speak. What might you think?

**Viola:** I pity you.

**Olivia:** That's a degree to love.

**Viola:** No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,  
That very oft we pity enemies.

**Olivia:** Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.  
O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion than the wolf!  
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:  
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,  
You were like to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, due west.

**Viola:** Then westward-ho!  
Grace and good disposition Attend your ladyship!  
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

**Olivia:** Stay!  
I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

**Viola:** That you do think you are not what you are.

**Olivia:** If I think so, I think the same of you.

**Viola:** Then think you right: I am not what I am.

**Olivia:** I would you were as I would have you be!

**Viola:** Would it be better, madam, than I am?  
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

**Olivia:** O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,  
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,  
Love sought is good, but given unsought better.

**Viola:** By innocence I swear, and by my youth  
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,  
And that no woman has; nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good madam: never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Exit Viola*

**Olivia:** Yet come again!

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**DRACULA (2F)**  
**by Bram Stoker**

**Lucy:** Oh Mina! You must be the happiest woman in all the wide world! A wedding in a castle!

**Mina:** I know Lucy, it's a dream come true!

**Lucy:** I should say so.

**Mina:** And I hope you'll be by my side?

**Lucy:** But of course!

**Mina:** As my maid of honor?

**Lucy:** What?

**Mina:** It is not only because you have been so sweet to me but because you have been and are, very dear to me. It was my privilege to be your friend and guide when you came from the schoolhouse to prepare for the world of life.

**Lucy:** Well in that case, it would be my privilege to be your maid of honor!

**Mina:** Marvelous! Now perhaps you can explain to me why Mr. Quincy P. Morris has been staring at you all evening. Why he looks like he might propose any moment!

**Lucy:** Actually ... he already did.

**Mina:** What?

**Lucy:** This afternoon.

**Mina:** Are you serious?

**Lucy:** He asked for my hand over tea.

**Mina:** And ...

**Lucy:** Well first I needed to respond to Jack ...

**Mina:** Jack? Forgive me, do you mean Dr. Jack Seward?

**Lucy:** I have to tell you something.

**Mina:** Don't tell me he proposed as well.

**Lucy:** He did. This morning.

**Mina:** You've had two proposals in one day??

**Lucy:** To be completely honest, I've had three!

**Mina:** Three proposals! Are you serious?

**Lucy:** Three proposals in one day! *(laughing)* Isn't it awful!

**Mina:** Lucy, what have you done!

**Lucy:** *(laughing)* Absolutely nothing! And please, you must keep it a secret, dear, from everyone except, of course, Jonathan. And for goodness sake, don't tell any of the girls, or they would be getting all sorts of ideas!

**Mina:** But who's the third proposal? Or did one of them propose twice?

**Lucy:** No no, good heavens. No, couldn't you guess?

**Mina:** *(thinks for a moment)* Arthur Holmwood?

**Lucy:** Mina, I love him. I'm blushing but I love him!

**Mina:** Well, he's certainly handsome, well off and of good birth! And ... an editor?

**Lucy:** Actually, now editor in chief at the London Times. Oh look, I know he's not a doctor like Jack or an oil man like Quincy but he has my heart. And now that he's been promoted ...

**Mina:** Lucy, if you love him, that's all that matters, I couldn't be happier for you! *(they hug)*.

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**DRACULA (2M)**  
**by Bram Stoker**

**Harker:** Count Dracula?

**Drac:** I am Dracula, and I bid you welcome to my house.

**Harker:** Thank you Count. Jonathan Harker.

**Drac:** You come to me as an agent of my friend Peter Hawkins, esq. to tell me all about my new estate in London.

**Harker:** I regret to inform you that an attack of gout has prevented Mr. Hawkins from absolutely any traveling for some time to come. The office thought that I might serve as a sufficient substitute.

**Drac:** But of course. Come in, the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest. You may go anywhere you wish in the castle ...

**Harker:** Thank you.

**Drac:** Except where the doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go.

**Harker:** I am sure.

**Drac:** The walls of my castle are broken. It is old and has many memories.

**Harker:** I am happy to say that your courteous welcome has dissipated all my doubts and fears.

**Drac:** Should you desire to eat, food can be brought to your room. I'm sorry but I will not join you as I have dined already, and I do not sup.

**Harker:** Thank you Count.

**Drac:** I am glad you have found your way here.

**Harker:** *(laughing)* Yes, well the locals are a superstitious lot but your man Renfield was able to help me with my luggage.

**Drac:** Good. Come, tell me of London and of the house which you have procured for me.

**Harker:** The estate which you purchased in London is called Carfax. The property is surrounded by a high wall, of ancient structure, and the house is very large and of all periods back, I should say, to medieval times.

**Drac:** I am glad that the estate is old and big. I myself am of an old family, and to live in a new house would kill me. We Transylvanian nobles seek not sunshine and sparkling waters which please the young. I, myself, am no longer young; and my heart is not attuned to mirth. I love the shade and the shadow and would be alone with my thoughts when I may. How did you come across so suitable a place?

**Harker:** At Purfleet just outside London. I came across a notice that the place was for sale.

**Drac:** Good. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to share its life, its change, its ... death and all that makes it what it is. But alas, when I go there, you my friend will not be by my side to correct and aid me.

**Harker:** Ah yes, Mr. Renfield said that the two of you would be traveling.

**Drac:** (surprised) Did he?

**Harker:** Yes, so I take it your intention is to visit London?

**Drac:** I myself am not yet strong enough to travel but I hope very soon to have the necessary strength to make the journey to your beautiful England where I might fully satisfy my ... thirst for your people, Harker Jonathan – nay – Jonathan Harker. Pardon me. I am still learning your manner of speech, your English accent - something, I hope with which you will help me.

**Harker:** It would be my pleasure, Count.

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**A CHRISTMAS CAROL (1F, 1M)**  
by Charles Dickens

**BELLE:** It matters little, to you Ebenezer, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve.

**SCRG:** What Idol has displaced you?

**BELLE:** A golden one.

**SCRG:** This is the even-handed dealing of the world! There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!

**BELLE:** Ebenezer Scrooge, you fear the world too much. All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?

**SCRG:** What then? Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you. (*pause*) Am I?

**BELLE:** Our engagement is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You are changed. When it was made, you were another man.

**SCRG:** I was a boy. 'Tis true, I am not now what I was then.

**BELLE:** I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I have thought of it, and can release you from our engagement.

**SCRG:** Have I ever sought release?

**BELLE:** In words? No. Never.

**SCRG:** In what, then?

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**BELLE:** In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us, tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? *(pause)*  
Ah, no.

**SCRG:** You think not.

**BELLE:** I do; and I release you from our engagement. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were.

*She starts to leave and then stops.*

**BELLE:** May you be happy in the life you have chosen.