

Key Exchange
By Kevin Wade
LISA

I don't know what it is, but it's something. I see it when you've had a few drinks, or when we're making love, and you'll say I love you, and damn it you mean it, and then you'll do a thing with your eyes, a funny little frown, and then you cut off, you order another drink, or roll over and make a joke and get out of bed. Anything you have to go out on the limb for, you tag a disclaimer on it and wiggle away. It makes me feel like shit. You either want me or you don't. This isn't a bicycle race, you're not pacing yourself in a pack. This is you and me. *(Pause)* I can't do this anymore. I'm tired of holding myself back. And I deserve better than this. I'm smart and pretty and funny and there are a lot of guys, good men, who would be proud to have me show them off to my father, and who would be pleased as punch to have a key to my apartment, and yes even happy to keep a box of Tampax in the bathroom closet. I have to go.

Lend Me a Tenor
by Ken Ludwig
SAUNDERS

Otello, Max. He's huge. He's larger than life. He loves with a passion that rocks the heavens, His jealousy is so terrible that we tremble with irrational fear for our very lives. His tragedy is the fate of tortured greatness, facing the black and gaping abyss of insensible nothingness. It isn't you, Max.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, May I have your attention please? I regret to inform you that Mr. Tito Merelli, the greatest tenor of our generation, scheduled to make his American debut with the Cleveland Grand Opera Company in celebration of our tenth anniversary season, is regrettably indisposed this evening. But, BUT! I have the privilege to announce that the role of Otello will be sung tonight by a somewhat gifted amateur making his very first appearance on this, or indeed any other stage, our company's very own factotum, gopher, and all-purpose dogsbody...Max!” Do you see the problem? Old women would be trampled to death in the stampede up the aisles.

Primary Colors:

Dir. Mike Nichols. Script by Elaine May. Universal. 1998

LIBBY:

You see Jack, she hasn't even heard. She's isn't even upset that you fucked your 17 year-old babysitter. And you know why, it's never the cheat that goes to hell, it's always the one who he cheated on. That's why you can still talk in that tender hearted voice about being in it for the folks and Suzie here can only talk in that voice from hell about your political career. Now what kind of shit is that, Jack? Oh, excuse me, I forgot it's the same old shit, it's the shit no one ever calls you on, ever, because you're so completely fucking special. Because everyone's always so proud of you. Me, too. Me the worst. It just makes it a whole lot easier for me. I mean it's totally depressing. What have I been doing this for my whole pathetic fucking life? So here's the deal. If you move on Freddie Picker, who I think we all agree Is a flawed but a decent man, I move on you. Yes, I will destroy this village in order to save it.

True Romance:

Tony Scott, dir. Script by Quentin Tarantino. Morgan Creek Prods. 1993

VINCENZO

Sicilians are great liars. The best in the world. I'm a Sicilian. And my old man was the world heavyweight champion of Sicilian liars. And from growing up with him I learned the pantomime. Now there are seventeen different things a guy can do when he lies to give himself away. A guy has seventeen pantomimes. A woman's got twenty, but a guy's got seventeen. And if you know them like you know your own face, they beat lie detectors to hell. What we got here is a little game of show and tell. You don't want to show me nothing. But you're telling me everything. I know you know where they are. So tell me, before I do some damage you won't walk away from.