The Dutch Courtesan

By: John Marston

**CRISPINELLA**

Marry? No, faith; husbands are like lots in the lottery: you may draw forty blanks before you find one that has any prize in him. A husband generally is a careless, domineering thing that grows like coral, which as long as it is under water is soft and tender, but as soon as it has got his branch above the waves is presently hard, stiff, not to be bowed but burst; so when your husband is a suitor and under your choice, Lord, how supple he is, how obsequious, how at your service, sweet lady. Once married, got up his head above, a stiff, crooked, knobby, inflexible, tyrannous creature he grows; then they turn like water, more you would embrace, the less you hold.

A servant of Two masters

Carlo Goldoni

**Truffaldino**

I still need to eat, sir! I tried my Darling. I tried. My young master will never accept an opened letter. It must be sealed. But how am I going to do it? Ah Bread! This should seal it. My last bit of nourishment. Let this be an investment towards a larger meal. (to Stomach) What can I do? (puts bread in mouth) Ohhh…. What a taste. Slower. Slower. (swallows) Oh what have you done? Again! (tears off another hunk of bread) Don’t my darling. Wait. Wait! (struggling, pulls it out of his mouth) Restraint! There! (seals letter) Not too bad. Creative. Oh! I’ve forgotten! Porter! Porter!

The Enchanted

Jean Giradeaux

**The Mayor**

May the 14th. Today I feel sure that the ghost knows whatI am doing, and that he wants to help me I know . I know he is terribly shy. The moment I come near him, he vanishes in embarrassment. All the same, he’s certain to take the final step within a da or two. And when he does, what wonderful things he will have to tell me! And what wonderful things we shall do! Together we shall make the town perfect – and after the town, the district – and after that – who knows? – perhaps the world!

Uncle Vanya

By: Anton Chekov

**Astrov**

You’re right. Do you know why? Because I work to hard. I’m on my Feet from morning till night and when I finally get to bed, I just lie there, awake. I can’t sleep I lie there, trembling,, eyes open, waiting in fear for the next emergency call so it can start all over again. I haven’t had one free day the entire time you’ve known me, and you sit there and accuse me of looking old? Of course I look old, I’m bored. Life is boring. And people around here are idiots. If you spend all of your time around idiots, you become an idiot yourself. It’s inevitable. I let my moustache grow, it looks ridiculous doesn’t it? I am as idiotic as the rest of them. I can still use my brain, unlike the others, but my heart doesn’t work. No feelings, dead, numb. I want nothing. I love no one, except you.

Blithe Spirit

By: Noel Coward

**Charles**

Ruth, Elvira Are you there? I know damn well you’re there. I just wanted to let you know that I’m going away, so there’s no point in your hanging around any longer.. I’m going a long way away -Somewhere where I don’t believe you’ll be able to follow – in spite of what Elvira said, I don’t think Spirits can travel over water. Is that clear my darlings? In one of your more acid moments, Ruth, you said I had been hag ridden all my life! How right you were. But I’m free now, Ruth dear.. Not only of Mother and Elvira, and Miss Winthrop Lewellyn, but free of you too. And I should like to take this farewell opportunity to say, I’m enjoying it immensely.

Wetter Than Water

By: Deborah Pryor

**Chantel**

So I’m gonna teach you all about the native ways? Turn you from a tourist into a local in three easy steps? Some very important rules. One. You may have noticed the sun. It’s bad news. Maybe not other places, but here it’s so bright it shows you everything. And you don’t want to be seeing everything. So get some extra dark glasses. Two. Gotta keep a monster gun by your bed at night. Gotta shoot em’ on sight and show ‘em who’s boss right away. I’m serious, Jack. Three. Stick to the road. Cause of all that heat and the color, you’re liable to see things that ain’t there and get all off your course. Things falling apart and breaking down in the tall grass. Big Flowers rearing at you, poking you in the collarbone. Possums hanging upside down make faces at you, trying to get you to look at them. Don’t - whatever you do. Dark glasses, monster ammo, take the straight and narrow. Simple as that. We keep scorpions for pets – this big! Sometimes, I’m lying awake in the dark and I can hear them along the floor. They keep Armadillos for pets. They have dances and it sounds like championship bowling. Gotcha! Better run for help now, mister!